

NOTICES
AND
ANECDOTES
ILLUSTRATIVE OF
THE INCIDENTS, CHARACTERS, AND SCENERY
DESCRIBED IN THE
NOVELS AND ROMANCES
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.
WITH
A COMPLETE GLOSSARY FOR ALL HIS WORKS.



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PREFACE.

No other part of the civilised world furnishes objects more calculated to invite poetic, romantic, or picturesque description, than the

“Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood!”

and although these have met with some share of attention, local and general manners and customs have been too neglected, or too commingled with the caricature of romance itself, to convey a just impression or knowledge of their past and present state. The changes in the manners of Scotland that have taken place, from time to time, since the era of William the Conqueror, have been so little noticed, that what knowledge we had of them until the appearance of the *Waverley Novels*, we owe more to essay writers than to any of the Scottish historians; and it must be allowed, that the tendency so lately manifested to pourtray the peculiarities in Scottish manners, has gone a great way in filling up the chasm in the literature of the country.

The methods of instruction in Scotland have been on the increase since the rebellion, in the year 1745; and the advances in literature keep pace, at least, with their corresponding attainments in the arts and sciences. Metaphysical speculation begins, perceptibly, to yield to the more seductive fascinations of national romance. At one period, however, and that, too, in what has been called the golden age of British literature, the early part of the last century, our novels contained only the most depraved pictures of human life, and our romances were generally too wild or too amatory, to be read without im-

minent danger. To this ~~the~~ succeeded another, whose distinguishing characteristic was monotonous simplicity; lives and adventures of love-sick ladies, or, what were still more tiresome and uninteresting, historical tales and rural stories. Such, however, was the taste of the age; and if, perchance, an historical novel or romance did appear, it was as soon eclipsed under the influence of some more amatory and feminine effusion.

The success of a few Gothic stories, as they were denominated, brought forward a whole host of others, written upon the same plan; and the metropolis was inundated with Lionels and de Montagues, and cross knights, and seneschals, and pilgrims and warders, and a thousand other ancient fragments, all huddled together without order or arrangement.

This age of novel-writing fretted its hour and vanished, and we reached a new era in composition, for which, indeed, it would be difficult to find an appropriate term; the *cacoethes scribendi* raged like an epidemic, infecting all who inhaled its contagious influence. Some good works occasionally appeared, but those were like wandering stars which ran their erratic course in the sky, with those around, which could either follow the new tract, or quit the old one. The greatest darkness is before the dawning; in the midst of the literary gloom burst forth Waverley, and the astonishment awakened by that powerful production was kept in constant exercise by its no less celebrated successors. The latter of these were evidently founded on a broad historical basis, and while reading their pages, it seems as if the times they recorded had returned again, and we became actual spectators of the scenes they displayed. But, notwithstanding the admiration which these works excited, it was thought by many rather a daring, if not an improper, act, thus to bring forward the real actors of history, and to place them in the same scenes with fictitious personages; alleging against this system, that it would confuse such as were unacquainted with the true circumstances, by causing them to blend romance with history. This danger is now too old to excite alarm, any more than the apprehension that the works of Æsop or Gay should cause the rising generation to believe that the inanimate subjects, without the aid of *prosopopæia*, can talk and reason, and hold “colloqui sublime,” like an M.P. or a blue stocking. There is indeed not only no real danger attending these historical novels and romances, but, if properly conducted, they produce actual good,—for such has been the

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care bestowed upon the Scottish series, that in many instances their composition must have required little less reading and research than that of a true history. Hence is induced a taste for biography and antiquities, and the consequent investigation of our ancient chronicles; for many will be led to turn to such scenes in order to learn more of the characters which had already interested them.

The antiquities of a country must be highly valuable to every one who would possess an intimate acquaintance with the ancient manners and customs of its inhabitants. The popular prejudices and superstitions enter no less forcibly than usefully into the general delineation. The terrors of man in that rude state of society in which science had not yet begun to trace efforts towards their causes in the established laws of nature, seem every where to have laid the foundation of a multiplicity of popular creeds, of which the object is to connect man with mysterious beings of greater power and intelligence than himself. The light of christianity and the progress of knowledge, which have done so much to rectify the judgment, as well as to purify the heart, have not yet altogether dispelled the illusions which had possessed the imagination during the infancy and helplessness of rational being.—These incidents, though of no great value in themselves, in conjunction with some general observation drawn from authentic historical sources, may not prove uninteresting to those who are curious to trace the history of national manners and popular superstitions of our own times; and, since it is as representations of Scottish manners, superstitions blended with historical incidents and characteristic traits, interspersed with scenery of the most romantic and picturesque hue, that the descriptions of the Waverley Novels are primarily intended—our materials have been directed into the same channels. Our intention is to revive him if possible in the memory of a grateful public, by designing the present volume as merely another stone to the cairn, the mountain cairn of his literary honours.

Some writers suppose a prevailing sentiment to influence their heroes, and every action they perform, and even every word which they utter, seem to be dictated by the ruling passion, and by that only. It is not thus, however, that human characters, even when under the influence of the strongest emotions, are actually displayed on the great theatre of life; and it is not thus, accordingly, that our great master of description has portrayed the characters which he employs.

So much interest, in fact, has this excellency of our author's thrown around them, that, if we rightly interpret the feelings of the generality of readers, from those manifested in some of our most popular periodicals, it has long been seriously believed and ultimately confirmed, that many of the portraits in novels have been copied from individuals, who either had lived, or were living at the time of their conception. This, no doubt, is a proud triumph of the author's genius ; and nothing surely could have been more flattering to him, however much it may have amused him in another point of view, than to find himself so completely master of the imaginations of his reader, as to have invested with a living interest whatever scenes he has chosen to fix upon, and to elevate into a gay resemblance of actual life the vivid creations of his own fancy. A little reflection, however, will at once evince what is the true secret of all this interest ; and while there is little doubt that the author has interwoven with his narratives whatever remarkable characters, or incidents, or scenes, his keen observation of life may have pointed out to him as proper for this purpose, it must always be believed that the living likeness of his characters, has, in the generality of instances at least, been derived, not from their invaluable accordance with any substantial originals, but from that elasticity of talent which has enabled the author to enter into the very soul, and to speak with the very tone and meaning of every individual actor, whom he has thought proper to introduce.

The Edition of Sir Walter Scott's Novels and Romances, referred to in the notes, is that published by Baudry, Paris, complete in twenty-four 8vo vols.

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HISTORICAL NOTICES AND ANECDOTES.

THE ANCIENT SCOTS.

To enable the reader, on whatever side of the Tweed he may reside, to appreciate more sensibly many of the characters, incidents, and scenes, original and select, introduced into the following pages, from many popular and well authenticated sources, it is presumed that some brief historical notices, by way of prelude, of the state of society among the ancient Scots, at peculiar periods of their history, may not be unacceptable.

Among civilized people, hospitality has always been held in the highest estimation. It was, indeed, believed, that the Gods sometimes vouchsafed to visit this terrestrial speck in the creation, in the disguise of distressed travellers, to observe the actions of man. The apprehension, therefore, of despising some deity instead of a traveller, induced people to receive strangers with respect, and thence the rights of hospitality were most sacredly and inviolably maintained. According to Macpherson,* no nation in the world carried their hospitality to a greater extent than the ancient Scots. It was ever deemed infamous for many ages, in a man of condition, to have the door of his house shut at all, lest, as the bards express it, "the stranger should come and behold his contracted soul." Some of the

* *Vide Ossian*, Vol. II. p: 9. Edit. 1796.

chiefs were possessed of this hospitable disposition to an extraordinary degree, and the bards, perhaps upon a private account, have never failed to recommend it in their Eulogia.

The English noblemen and gentlemen who accompanied James I. and his Queen to Scotland, introduced, it is said, a more luxurious mode of living into that kingdom than had been formerly known; and in consequence of an harangue against this, by a Bishop of St. Andrew, in 1433, an act passed, regulating the manner in which all orders of persons should live, and, in particular, prohibiting the use of pies and other baked meats (then first known in Scotland) to all under the rank of barons. It was the custom of great families to have four meals a day—namely, breakfast, dinner, supper, and livery, which was a kind of collation in their bed-chambers, immediately before they went to rest. They breakfasted at seven, dined at ten in the forenoon, supped at four, had their liveries between eight and nine, and soon after went to bed.

The barons not only kept numerous households, but very frequently entertained still greater numbers of their friends, retainers, and vassals. These entertainments were conducted with much formal pomp, but not with equal delicacy and cleanliness. The lord of the mansion sat in state, in his great chamber, at the head of his long clumsy oaken board; and his guests were seated on each side on long hard benches or forms, exactly according to their stations; and happy was the man whose rank entitled him to be placed above the great family silver salt in the middle. The table was loaded with great capacious pewter dishes, filled with salted beef, mutton, and butcher's meat of all kinds, with venison, poultry, sea-fowl, game, fish, and other materials, dressed in different ways, according to the fashion of the times. The side-boards were plentifully furnished with ale, beer, and wines, which were handed to the company when called for, in pewter and wooden cups, by the marshals, grooms, yeomen, and waiters of the chamber, ranged in particular order. But with all this pomp and plenty, there was little elegance. The guests were obliged to use their fingers instead of forks, which were not yet invented. They sat down at table at ten in the morning, and did not rise from it till two in the afternoon.

The diversions of the people continued much the same; as

tilts, tournaments, hunting among people of rank, boxing, quoit-throwing, pitching the stone, wrestling, constituted those of the common people. Such were among the early manners of the Scottish people, and which the author of *Waverley* has not failed to embody in a variety of shapes in the interesting series of novels from his distinguished pen.

DRESS, COSTUME.—The dress of the Scots and English nobility during the reigns of Richard and Henry VII. was grotesque and fantastical, such as renders it difficult at first to distinguish the sex.* Over the breeches was worn a petticoat; the doublet was laced like the stays of a pregnant woman, across a stomacher, and a gown or mantle with wide sleeves descended over the doublet and petticoat down to the ankles. Commoners were satisfied, instead of a gown, with a frock or tunic shaped like a shirt, gathered at the middle, and fastened round the loins by a girdle, from which a short dagger was generally suspended. But the petticoat was rejected after the accession of Henry VIII., when the trowsers or light breeches, that displayed the minute symmetry of the limbs, was revived, and the length of the doublet and mantle diminished.

The fashions which the great have discarded, are often retained by the lower orders, and the form of the tunic, a Saxon garment, may still be discovered in the waggoner's frock; of the trouse, and perhaps of the petticoat, in the different trowsers worn by smugglers and fishermen.

These habits were again diversified by minute decorations and changes of fashion: from an opinion that corpulence contributes to dignity, the doublet was puckered, stuffed, and distended round the body; the sleeves were swelled into large ruffs; and the breeches bolstered about the hips; but how are we to describe an artificial protuberance, gross and indecent in this age, if we may judge from the portrait of Henry VIII. and others, a familiar appendage to the dress of the Sovereign, the knight and mechanic, at a future period retained in comedy as

* The Scottish was apparently the same with the English dress, at this period, the bonnet excepted, peculiar both in its colour and form. The masks and trains, and superfluous finery of female apparel, had been uniformly prohibited; but fashion is superior to human laws, and the ladies still persisted in retaining their finery and muzzling their faces.

THE ANCIENT SCOTS.

a favourite theme of licentious merriment? The doublet and breeches were sometimes slashed, and with the addition of a short cloak, to which a stiffened cap was peculiar, resembled the national dress of the Spaniards. The doublet is now transformed into a waistcoat, and the cloak or mantle, to which the sleeves of the doublet were transferred, has been converted gradually into a modern coat; but the dress of the age was justly censured as inconvenient and clumsy. "Men's servants," to whom the fashions had descended with the clothes of their masters, "have," says Fitzherbert, "such pleytes upon theyr brestes, and ruffles upon theyr sleeves, above theyr elbowes, that yf theyr mayster, or theymselfe, hadde never so greatte neede, they coude not shoote one shote to hurte theyr ennemyes, till they had caste off theyr coats, or cut off theyr sleeves."

The dress of the peasantry was similar, but more convenient, consisting generally of trunk hose, and a doublet of coarse and durable fustian.

The materials employed in dress were rich and expensive; cloth of gold, furs, silks, and velvets profusely embroidered. The habits of Henry VIII. and his queen, on their procession to the Tower previous to their coronation, are described by Hall, an historian delighting in shows and spectacles. "His grace wared in his uppermost apparell a robe of crimsyn velvet, furred with armyns; his jacket or cote of raised gold; the placard embroidered with diamonds, rubies, emeraudes, greate pearles, and other riche stones; a greate banderike about his necke, of large bolasses. The quene was apparelled in white satyn embroidered, her hair hanging down to her backe, of a very greate lengthe, beweteful and goodly to behold, and on her hedde a coronall, set with many riche orient stones."

The attire of females was becoming and decent, similar in its fashion to their present dress, but less subject to change and caprice. The large and fantastic head-dresses of the former age were superseded by coifs and velvet bonnets, beneath which the matron gathered her locks into tuffs and tussocks; but the virgin's head was uncovered, and her hair braided and fastened with ribbons. Among gentlemen, long hair was fashionable throughout Europe, till the Emperor Charles, during a voyage, devoted his locks for his health or safety; and in England, Henry, a tyrant even in taste, gave efficacy to the fashion by a

peremptory order for his attendants and courtiers to poll their heads. The same spirit, probably, induced him, by sumptuary laws, to regulate the dress of his subjects. Cloth of gold or tissue was reserved for the Dukes and Marquesses; if of a purple colour, for the royal family. Silks and velvets were restricted to commoners of wealth or distinction; but embroidery was interdicted from all beneath the degree of an Earl. Cuffs for the sleeves, and bands and ruffs for the neck, were the invention of this period; but felt hats were of earlier origin, and were still coarser and cheaper than caps or bonnets. Pockets, a convenience known to the ancients, are perhaps, the latest real improvement in dress; but instead of pockets, a loose pouch seems to have been sometimes suspended from the girdle.

CRIMES, SUPERSTITIONS, CREDULITY. — Murders and assassinations are frequent in Scottish history about this period, for the people were cruel, fierce, and ungovernable; and, to judge from the desperate crimes of the nobility, their manners were neither more softened, nor their passions better controlled and regulated. But whatever be the crimes of a people, there is in human nature a reforming principle, that ultimately corrects and amends its degeneracy; and history furnishes repeated examples of nations passing from even a mean effeminacy, to an enthusiasm that regenerates every virtue. Such a change was effected in a partial degree by the reformation; which, recalling its proselytes from the errors and abuses of the Romish superstition, taught them to renounce the dissipation and vices of the age, to assume the badge of superior sanctity and more rigid virtue, to suffer in adversity with patience, and to encounter persecution and death with fortitude. Sectaries, from the constant circumspection requisite in their conduct, contract an habitual and gloomy severity; and foreigners, ever more observant than natives, discovered in the present period, symptoms of that puritanical spirit, which, at the distance of a century, was destined to give liberty to England, and law to kings.

The reformation might reflect discredit on recent miracles; but the period is still distinguished by excessive credulity. An Egyptian experiment, repeated by James IV. exhibits the su-

perstitious credulity of the Scots at this period : either to discover the primitive language of the human race, or to ascertain the first formation of speech, he enclosed two children, with a dumb attendant, in Inchkeith, an uninhabited Island of the Forth; and it was believed that the children, on arriving at maturity, communicated their ideas in pure Hebrew, the language of Paradise.

DOMESTIC MANNERS.—The domestic manners of the Scots have seldom attracted historical notice, and their advances in refinement are to be collected or conjectured from their peculiar customs, their progress in the arts, and their improvement in the various comforts of life. Their morals, contrasted with those of their ancestors, are arraigned as degenerate, by the historian Boethius, who accuses their intemperance, censures their luxury, and laments their departure from the frugal moderation and rugged virtues of the ancient Scots. His description, however, of these premature obdurate virtues is far from attractive: and what he denominates vicious intemperance, and excessive luxury, may be fairly interpreted an increasing refinement, and superior elegance of social life. The nobles, who resorted seldom to the cities, preserved in their castles their former rude, but hospitable magnificence, which increased their retainers, and strengthened their power, secured their safety, or enabled them to prosecute their deadly feuds. The people were divided into factions by those lords to whom they attached themselves, whose interest they espoused, and whose quarrels they adopted, and the clans peculiar at present to the Highlands were probably once universal in Scotland.

In the Highlands and on the Borders, clans were perpetuated by a constant warfare, that inured the people to the fierceness and rapine of a predatory life. As thieves and plunderers, their characters were proverbial; yet their depredations, committed generally on hostile tribes, assume an appearance of military virtue; and their mutual fidelity, their observance of promises, and, in the Highlands, their inviolable attachments to their chieftains, are circumstances sufficient almost to redeem their character. The Chattan clan, during the minority of James V., had made a destructive incursion into Murray, but after their

return were assailed and oppressed by superior forces; and two hundred of the tribe, rather than betray their chieftain, or disclose his retreat, preferred and suffered an ignominious death.

THE ENGLISH AND SCOTS.

LANGUAGE.—The mutability of language to the learned, whose fame depends on its duration, an incessant topic of serious regret, seems to be counteracted by the art of printing, which, in proportion as it disseminates a taste for letters, re-acts as a model on colloquial speech, and operates, if not entirely to repress innovation, at least to preserve the stability and perpetuate the radical structure of language. Such stability the English language has acquired from printing, and, at the distance of three centuries, still exhibits the same phraseology and syntactical form, varied only by those alterations essential to the progressive refinement of speech. The language of this period, if necessary to discriminate its peculiar style, was unpolished and oral; its character, its rude simplicity, neither aspiring to elegance nor solutions of ease, but written as it was spoken, without regard to selection or arrangement; reduced to modern orthography, it is only distinguishable from the common colloquial discourse of the present period by a certain rust of antiquity, by phrases that are abrogated, or words that are either effaced or altered. These, however, are not numerous; and we may conclude from the composition of the learned, that the language of the people differed little from the present unless in pronunciation, which, to judge from orthography, was harsh, and such as would now be denominated provincial or vulgar. Whatever has since been superadded, either by a skilful arrangement, or the incorporation of foreign or classical words and idioms, is more the province of critical disquisition than historical research; yet it merits observation, that the first attempts at elegance in the English language are ascribable in poetry to Surry; in prose, perhaps to Sir Thomas More, whose English style, as it was modelled on his Latin, is constructed with art, and replete with invasions approaching to that which, in contra-distinction to the vulgar, may justly be denominated a learned diction.

Thus history has already furnished sufficient specimens both

of the Scottish and English languages which descended from the same Gothic original, and, nearly similar in former periods, divaricated considerably during the present. This is to be attributed to the alteration and improvement of the English, for the Scottish were more stationary; nor is there in the language a material difference between the compositions of James I. and those of Bellenden, Dunbar, and Douglas, each of whom, by the liberal adaption of Latin words, enriched and polished his vernacular idiom. But for the union of the crowns, which in literature rendered the English the prevalent language, the Scottish might have risen to the merit of a civil dialect, different rather in pronunciation than in structure; not so solemn, but more energetic, nor less susceptible of literary culture.

DIET AND COOKERY.—The diet of the Scots was worse and more penurious at this time than that of the English. The peasants subsisted chiefly on oatmeal and cabbages, for animal food was sparingly used even at the tables of substantial gentlemen.

An English traveller who experienced the hospitality of a Scottish knight, describes the table as furnished with large platters of porridge, in each of which was a small piece of sodden beef, and remarks that the servants entered in their blue caps without uncovering, and, instead of attending, seated themselves with their master at table. His mess, however, was better; it consisted of a boiled pullet with prunes in the broth; but his guest observed, “no art of cookery,” or furniture of household stuff, but rather a rude neglect of both.

Forks are a recent invention, and in England, the table was only supplied with knives; but in Scotland, every gentleman produced from his girdle a knife, and cut the meat into morsels, for himself and the women, a practice that first intermixed the ladies and gentlemen alternately at table. The use of the fingers in eating required a scrupulous attention to cleanliness, and ablution was customary, at least at court, both before and after meals. But the court and nobility emulated the French in their manners, and adopted probably their refinements in diet. The Scottish reader will observe that the knight’s dinner was composed of two coarse dishes peculiar to Scotland; but others of an exquisite delicacy were probably derived from the French, and retained with little alteration by a nation otherwise ignorant

of the culinary arts. The Scots, though assimilating fast with the English, still resemble the French in their mess tables. The English at this period were reckoned sober : the Scots intemperate; they are accused, at least by their own historians, of excessive drinking, an imputation long attached to their national character.

FIELD SPORTS, GAMES AND DIVERSIONS.—The sports of the field are in different ages pursued with an uniformity almost permanent. Hunting has ever been a favourite diversion both with the English and Scots, and hawking has only been superseded by the gun; but it was still practised with unabating ardour, and cultivated scientifically as a liberal art. Treatises were composed on the diet and discipline of the falcon; the genus was discriminated like social life, and a species appropriated to every intermediate rank, from an emperor down to a knave or a peasant; nor were gentlemen more distinguished by the blazoning of heraldry, than by particular hawks they were entitled to carry. The long-bow was also employed in fowling, a sport in which dexterity was requisite; but archery was a female amusement; and it is recorded that Margaret, on her journey to Scotland, killed a buck with an arrow in Alnwick park.

The preservation of the feathered game was enforced in the present age by a statute, the first that was enacted of those laws which have since accumulated into a code of oppression.

The Scottish monarchs hunted in the Highlands, sometimes in a style of eastern magnificence. For the reception of James V., the queen his mother, and the pope's ambassador, the Earl of Athol constructed a palace, or bower of green timber, interwoven with boughs, moated round, and provided with turrets, portcullis, and drawbridge, and furnished within with whatever was suitable for a royal abode. The hunting continued for three days, during which, independent of roes, wolves, and foxes, six hundred deer were captured; an incredible number, unless that we suppose that a large district was surrounded, and the game driven into a narrow circle to be slain, without fatigue, by the king and his retinue. On their departure, the earl set fire to the palace, an honour that excited the ambassador's surprise; but the king informed him it was customary with Highlanders to burn those habitations they

deserted. The earl's hospitality was estimated at the daily expense of a thousand pounds sterling.

During the present period, several games were invented or practised to diffuse archery, for the promotion of which, bowls, quoits, cayles, tennis, cards and dice, were prohibited by legislature as unlawful games. Tennis, however, was a royal pastime in which Henry VIII., in his youth, delighted much; but the favourite court amusements, next to tournaments, were masques and pageants: the one an Italian diversion subservient to gallantry, the other a vehicle of gross adulation.

The diversions of people of rank continued much the same for about five centuries after the Norman conquest. But in the course of this period card playing was first introduced into Britain.

ANNO DOMINI 1400 AD A.D. 1548.—Civilization indeed had not hitherto made such progress in England as entirely to abolish slavery. Yet few land-owners or renters were to be found who did not prefer the labour of free-men^{*} to that of slaves. This circumstance diminished their number, and the perpetual civil contests enfranchised many, by putting arms in their hands. Within a few years after the accession of the Tudors, slaves were heard of no more.[†] Scotland was not so happy. The unfortunate death of the Norwegian Margate, had involved the realm in a long and bloody contest with its powerful neighbour;

* The value of free-men who would labour in agriculture was so well known, that statutes were passed to prevent any person who had not twenty-shillings a-year (equal to ten pounds sterling, modern money) from breeding up his children to any other occupation than that of husbandry. Nor could any one, who had been employed in such work until twelve years of age, be permitted to turn himself to any other vocation. *Public Acts.*—The condition of the slaves in England was as completely wretched as the despot, who owned them, might please to make. His goods were his master's, and on that account were free from taxation; and whatever injuries he might sustain, he had no power to sue that master in any court of justice.

† A reflection made at the close of the 15th century is the more remarkable (by Philip de Comines) as it was given voluntarily, at the close of the longest and most bloody civil war with which the English annals can be charged. "In my opinion," (says the judicious observer quoted) "in all the countries in Europe where I was even acquainted, the government is no where so well managed, the people no where less obnoxious to violence and oppression, nor their houses less liable to the desolations of war, than in England; for there the calamities fall only upon the authors."

and, although the gallant and free spirits of the Scots had preserved the independence of their country, notwithstanding their inferiority in numbers, wealth, and discipline, it could not prevent the preponderance of a most odious and tyrannic aristocracy. Perpetual domestic war loosened every tie of constitutional government; and a Douglas,* a Crichton,† or a Donald of the Isles,‡ by turns, exercised such despotism and inhumanity, as no monarch in the fifteenth century would have dared to practise.

* Oppression, ravishing of women, theft, sacrilege, and all other kinds of mischief, were but dalliance. So that it was thought less on in a dependor on a Douglas to slay or murder; for so fearful was their name, and so terrible to every innocent man, that when a mischevous limmer was apprehended, if he alleged that he murdered and slew at a Douglas's command, no man durst present him to justice. *Lindsay of Pettscotie.*

† In consequence of James I.'s opposition to the aristocracy, he was induced to silence his ministers, officers, and counsellors, not from haughty nobles who rivalled his power, but among the lower class of barons or private gentlemen. From these James selected accordingly several individuals of talent, application, and knowledge of business, and employed their counsels and abilities in the service of the state without regard to the displeasure of the great nobles, who considered every office near the king's person as their own peculiar and patrimonial right, and who had in many instances converted such employments into subjects of hereditary transmission. Among the able men whom James thus called from comparative obscurity, the names of two statesmen appear, whom he had selected from the ranks of the gentry, and raised to a high place in his councils; these were Sir William Crichton the Chancellor, and Sir Alexander Livingston of Calender; both men of ancient family, though descended from Saxon ancestors; they did not number among the greater nobles who claimed descent from Norman blood. Both, and more especially Crichton, possessed talents of the first order, and were well calculated to serve the state. Unhappily these two statesmen, on whom the power of a joint reigning devolved, were enemies to each other, probably from ancient rivalry; and it was still more unfortunate that their talents were not united with corresponding virtues; for they both appear to have been alike ambitious, cruel, and unscrupulous politicians. It is said by the Scots' Chronicles that, after the murder of the king, the parliament assigned to Crichton, the chancellor, the administration of the kingdom, and to Livingston the care of the person of the young king.

‡ The Lords of the Isles, during the utter confusion which extended through Scotland during the regency, had found it easy to reassume the independence of which they had been deprived during the vigorous reign of Robert Bruce. They possessed a fleet with which they harrassed the main land at pleasure; and Donald, who now held that insular lordship, ranked himself among the allies of England and made peace and war as an independent sovereign. The Regent had taken no steps to reduce that kingleet to obedience, and would probably have avoided embarking in so arduous a task, had not Donald insisted upon pretensions to the Earldom of Ross, occupying a great extent in the north-west of Scotland, including the large isle of Sky, and laying adjacent to, and connected with his own insular domains. The regent Albany, however, after the battle of Marlow, compelled him to submit himself to the allegiance of Scotland, and to

JURISPRUDENCE.—The endeavours of the First and Second James were turned towards improving the jurisprudence of the country, by engrafting on it the best parts of the English system; but the suddenness of their deaths and the weak reign of their successor James III., prevented these people from receiving much benefit from such laudable designs.

The parliament of Scotland at this period had nearly monopolized all judicial authority. Three committees were formed from the house (for there was only one) soon after the members met. The first, like the ‘Friars’ in England, examined, approved, or disapproved of petitions to the senate; the second constituted the highest court in all criminal prosecutions, as did the third in civil ones. And as every lord of parliament, who chose it, might claim his place in each of these committees, almost the whole administration of law, civil as well as military, resided in the breast of the Scottish nobility. There was another court, that of session, of which the members and the duration were appointed by parliament.

The judiciary (an office discontinued in England as too potent) was still nominally at the head of the Scottish law, and held courts which were styled justiciars, as did the chamberlain, chamberlains : from the courts there was allowed an appeal to a jurisdiction of great antiquity, styled, the Four Burroughs’ Court. This was formed of burgesses from Edinburgh, and three other towns, who met at Haddington, to judge on such appeals.

There was one abuse, however, which rendered every court of justice nugatory! It had become a custom for the Scottish monarchs to bestow on their favourites not only estates, but powers and privileges equal to their own. These were styled Lords of Regalities : they formed courts around them, had numerous officers of state, and tried, executed, or pardoned the greatest criminals. The good sense of James II. prompted him to pro-

give hostages for his future obedience. “Donald,” says Lindsay, “gathered a company of mischievous cursed limmers, and invaded the king in every airth, whenever he came, with great cruelty; neither sparing old nor young; without regard to wives, or feeble or decrepit women; or young infants in the cradle, which would have moved a heart of stone to commiseration; and burned villages, towns, and corn!

pose a remedy for this inordinate evil; but two admirable laws which he brought forward (the one against granting regalities, without consent of parliament; the other to prohibit the bestowing of hereditary dignities) were after his decease neglected; and Scotland continued two centuries longer a prey to the jarring interests of turbulent, traitorous noblemen.

Although every obstruction had occurred which ruinous foreign wars, and still more detestable civil contentions, could cause, some advantage in the interim had been gained to the cause of general security. About the middle of the 16th century, the parliament appointed justices and sheriffs, in Ross, Caithness, the Orkneys, and the Western Isles, where none had been before, and appointed courts to be holden from time to time, in very remote districts. There was need of this attention if the preamble to the acts is to be credited, "Through lack of justiciaries, justices, and sheriffs, by which the people *are become wild.*"* *Public acts, James VI.*

James V., who could sometimes exert a just and proper spirit, sailed in 1535 from Leith, and examined in person how far those wholesome regulations had been put in practice. He seized and brought away some of the most turbulent chieftains, and inspired the most ungovernable of his subjects with a decent respect for the laws.

The parliaments were frequently and regularly called, particularly by James IV. and V. Every thing which the nation could afford was granted by the house (for it was but single, the scheme which James I. had planned, of forming two chambers, having unhappily miscarried), and all possible care was there taken, that the king should not alienate the demesnes of the crown. In some instances this branch of the legislative appears to have trenched upon the royal prerogative,† and even to have assumed the executive power.

* "Justice," says Pennant, "was administered with great expedition, and too often with vindictive severity. Originally the time of trial and execution was to be within 'three suns.' About the latter end of the seventeenth century, the period was extended to nine days after the sentence; but since a rapid and unjust execution in a petty Scottish town in 1720, the execution has been ordered to be deferred for forty days on the south, and sixty on the north side of the Tay, that time may be allowed for an application for mercy."

† As in 1503, when an act was passed for prohibiting the king from pardoning those convicted of wilful and premeditated murder; but this appears

It is certain (as has been remarked by a well-informed historian) that this mixture of liberality and of caution in the Scottish representatives, at the same time that it maintained their kings in decent magnificence by the revenues of the crown lands, "prevented the subjects from being harrassed by loans, benevolences, and other oppressive acts, which were so often employed by the powers of Europe, their contemporaries." Yet as the government had very seldom sufficient strength to guard the unarmed members of society from assassination and pillage, arrayed under the banners of a factious nobleman, it may be doubted, whether the extortion and despotism of a Seventh or Eighth Henry, might not be more tolerable than the domestic tyranny* and murderous ravages committed by the satellites of a Douglas, a Home,† a Sinclair, or of a Hamilton.

MORALS, MANNERS, &c.—As regards moral habits, the English generally were still brave, humane, and (at least among each other) hospitable. That their priests and monks‡ were luxurious

to have been done at the monarch's own request, and was liable to be rescinded at his pleasure. James IV., Act 97.

* It appears that each great man had his courts, held by power delegated from the crown, "with a soc sac (a pit for drowning some offenders, particularly women), pit, and gallows, toill and paine, in-fang thief; he had power to hold courts for slaughter and doe upon ane man that is seized therewith in hand havand, or in back bearand."

† The Homes were intrepid border chiefs, and their asfrays were often taunted with that prevalent species of ferocity which characterised the times. Anthony d'Arcy, Seigneur de la Bastie, a French knight of great courage and fame, had been left by the regent (Albany) in the important situation of warden of the eastern marshes, and had taken up the duties of the office with a strict hand. But Home of Wedderburn, a powerful chief of the name, could not brook that an office usually held by the head of his house, should be lodged in the hands of a foreigner dependent on the regent, by whom Lord Home had been put to death. Eager for revenge, the border chieftain waylaid the new warden with an ambuscade of armed men. Seeing himself beset, the unfortunate d'Arcy endeavoured to gain the castle of Dunbar; but having run his horse into a morass, near Dunse, he was overtaken and slain. Home knitted the head of his victim to his saddle-bow by the long locks, which had been so much admired in courtly assemblies, and placed it on the ramparts of Home castle, as a pledge of the vengeance exacted for the death of the late lord of that fortress.

‡ The monks in rich monasteries lived more luxuriously than any order of men in the kingdom. The office of chief cook was one of the greatest offices in these monasteries, and was conferred, with great impartiality, on that brother who had studied the art of cookery with most success. The historian of Croyland Abbey speaks highly in praise of brother Lawrence Charteres, the cook of

and gluttonous, is known from their own prelates; and that their profligacy exceeded the usual natural bounds of licentiousness, we are but too well assured by the report of the visitation under Cromwell: but the faults of a singularly depraved and pampered race ought not to be laid to the door of a whole nation. The lower orders of the community were exceedingly ignorant; and as little attention was shown to instruct them in the religious duties of life, they repaid the neglect by plundering their superiors. But although twenty-two thousand persons are said to have been executed chiefly for theft, in the time of Henry VIII., yet was murder almost entirely unknown, and England might, in the 16th century, proudly vaunt, that the taking away life in cold blood, at least without some legal colour of justice, was a practice almost unknown within her limits.

An unhappy species of political rivalry, wherein each head of a party found it necessary to support its adherents in rapine and murder, lest he should be deserted by all, prevents the eulogy from being extended at this period to Scotland, wherein the example of the Douglas family, of the house of Hamilton, and many gallant but ferocious warriors, too plainly showed that it was possible to unite in the same person intrepid bravery against the foreign foe and inexorable cruelty of the defenceless neighbour.

The peace of the kingdom at this period was disturbed by the constant dissension kept up betwixt the parties of Hamilton and Douglas; that is, between the Earls of Angus and Arran. They used arms against each other without hesitation. At length (Jan. 1520) a parliament being called at Edinburgh, the Earl of Angus appeared with four hundred of his followers armed with spears. The Hamiltons, not less eager and similarly pre-

that monastery, who, prompted by the love of God and zeal of religion, had given £40 (a sum equivalent to £400 now) "for the recreation of the convent with the milk of almonds on fast days." He also gives us a long statute that was made for the equitable distribution of this almond milk, with the finest bread and best honey. Nor were the secular clergy more hostile to the pleasures of the table; and some of them contrived to convert gluttony and drunkenness into religious ceremonies by the celebration of glutton-masses, as they very properly called them. These were celebrated five times a year, in honour of the Virgin Mary; and the bone of contention was, who should devour the greatest quantities of meat and drink to her honour.

pared for strife, repaired to the capital in equal or superior numbers. They assembled in the house of the Chancellor Beaton, the ambitious Archbishop of Glasgow, who was bound to the faction of Arran by that nobleman having married the niece of the prelate. Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, a son of Earl Bell-the-cat, and the celebrated translator of Virgil, laboured to prevent the factions from coming to blows. He applied to Beaton himself, as official conservator of the laws and peace of the realm. Beaton laying his hand on his heart, pre-tested upon his conscience he could not help the affray which was about to take place. "Ah! my lord," exclaimed the advocate for peace, who heard a shirt of mail rattle under the bishop's rochet, "methinks your conscience clatters." The Bishop of Dunkeld then had recourse to Sir Patrick Hamilton, brother to the Earl of Arran, who willingly attempted to exhort his kinsman to keep the peace, until he was rudely upbraided with reluctance to fight by Sir James Hamilton, natural son to his brother, and a man of fierce and sanguinary disposition. "False bastard!" exclaimed Sir Patrick, in a rage, "I will fight to-day where thou darest not be seen." All thoughts of peace had now vanished; and the Hamiltons, with their friends and adherents, rushed furiously up the lanes which lead from the Cow-gate, where the bishop's palace was situated, with the view of taking possession of the High-street. But the Douglas party had been beforehand with them, and already occupied the principal street, with the advantage of attacking their enemies as they issued in disorder from the narrow lanes. Those of Angus's followers who were not armed, were supplied with lances by the favour of the citizens of Edinburgh, who handed them through their windows. These long weapons considerably added to the advantages of the Douglasses over their enemies; and rendered it easy to bear them down, as they struggled breathless and disordered out of the heads of the lanes. This was not the only piece of good fortune which attended Angus on the occasion; for Home of Wedderburn, also a great adherent of the Douglasses, arrived on the spot while the conflict was yet raging, and, darting through the Netherbow gate at the head of his formidable Borderers, appeared in the street in a decisive moment. The Hamiltons took to flight, leaving seventy killed behind them,

one of whom was Sir Patrick Hamilton, the peace-maker, who had vainly attempted to prevent this sanguinary and disgraceful rencontre.

The Earl of Arran and his natural son were in such imminent danger, that, in their flight meeting a collier's horse, they were glad to throw off its burthen, and both mounting the same steed, they escaped through a ford in the lock which then defended the northern side of the city. The consequences of this skirmish, which, according to the humour of the age, was long remembered under the name of "cleanse the causeway," raised Angus in a little time to the head of affairs.

Towards the 16th century, the manners of the English became more humane than those of their ancestors had been, whom continual warfare and an eager thirst for conquest and spoil had united to render ungentle and tremendous. Their exercises, sports, and passion for feasting, we have mentioned in another place. Dancing round the maypole, and riding the hobby-horse, were favourite country sports: but these suffered a severe check at the reformation, as did the humorous pageant of Christmas, personified by an old man hung round with savoury dainties.

There is reason to think that gaming was a favourite amusement of the Scots in the sixteenth century. Sir David Lindsay, in a tragedy, makes Cardinal Beaton declare, that he had played with the king for 3,000 crowns of gold in one night, "at cards and dice;" and an anonymous bard (cited by the historian of English poetry) avers, that

Halking, hunting, and swift horse ryming
Are chaungit in all his wrangus wymin:
There is no play bot 'cartes and dice.'

As to the tables of the Scots, no particular remark occurs, unless it be, that two national dishes (still cherished at the plentiful tables in the north) made in the sixteenth century a part of the usual meal. Hospitality from one end of the island, seems to have been especially harboured at religious houses; and if the monk or 'holy friar' was, to a proverb, fond of good living, jollity, and conviviality, he was not backward in imparting a share of his dainties to the benighted or wandering

stranger. The Scots afford, at this period, no material for any particular observation on their dress. The ladies, in spite of a legal ordinance, "that no woman cum to the kirk nor mercat with her face muffalit," appear by the declamations of their contemporary poets to have continued to use the fashion which they thought most becoming.

THE FIELD OF STIRLING.—Never was any race of monarchs more unfortunate than the Scottish; their reigns were generally turbulent and disastrous, and their own end often tragical. According to fabulous authors, more than one hundred had reigned before James VI., the half of whom died by violence; and of six successive princes, the immediate predecessors of that monarch, not one died a natural death. James III. came to an untimely end in Stirlingshire.

A misunderstanding subsisted between this prince and several of the chief nobility, during a great part of his reign; a minute investigation of the various causes of which, would be foreign to our purpose. James did not possess those talents for government which had distinguished several of his predecessors; for, though some wise and useful regulators were established in his reign, and his errors have no doubt been much exaggerated by faction, yet it cannot be denied that marks of an imprudent and feeble mind are visible in the general turn of his conduct.

A natural timidity of temper, together with a foolish attention to astrology, filled his mind with perpetual jealousy and suspicion; a fondness for architecture, music, and other studies and amusements, which, though innocent and useful, were too trifling to engage the whole care and time of one who held a sceptre over a fierce and turbulent people, rendered him averse to public business. Indolence and want of penetration led him to make choice of ministers and favourites who were not always the best qualified for the trust committed to them. The ministers of state had usually been chosen from amongst the nobility; but in the reign of James, the nobles, either from fear or hatred of them, or from a consciousness of his own inability to maintain his dignity among them, were seldom consulted in affairs of government, and often denied access to the royal presence.

This could not fail to excite the displeasure of the Scottish barons, who were naturally haughty, and who in former reigns,

had not only been regarded as the companions and counsellors of their sovereigns, but had possessed all the great offices of power and trust. Their displeasure arose to indignation when they beheld every mark of the royal confidence and favour conferred upon persons of mean rank, such as, Cochran, a mason; Hemonel, a tailor; Leonard, a smith; Rogers, a musician; and Torfilan, a fencing-master; whom James always kept about him, caressed with the fondest affection, and endeavoured to enrich with an imprudent liberality.

To redress this grievance, the barons had recourse to a method altogether characteristic of that ferocity which had always distinguished them. Unacquainted with the slow and regular method adopted in modern times, of proceeding against royal favourites and evil counsellors, by impeachment, they seized upon those of James by violence, tore them from his presence, and, without any form of trial, executed them with a military despatch and rigour. So gross an insult could not but excite some degree of resentment, even in the most calm and gentle breast; but true policy would have suggested to a wise prince, as soon as the first impulse of passion was over, the necessity of relinquishing a behaviour which had given so great offence to subjects so powerful as the Scottish barons were at that time; for their power was become so predominant by a concurrence of other causes, beside the nature of the feudal constitution, that the combination of a few of them was able to shake the throne. The attachment of James to favourites was, notwithstanding, so immoderate, that he soon made choice of new ones, who became more assuming than the former, and consequently objects of greater detestation to many of the barons, especially those who, by their near residence to the court, had frequent opportunities of beholding their ostentation and insolence.

At length matters came to an open rupture; a party of the nobility, after a series of combinations amongst themselves, took to arms; and having, either by persuasion or force, prevailed upon the Duke of Rothsay, the king's eldest son, a youth of fifteen, to join them, they, in his name, erected their standard against their sovereign, who, roused by the intelligence of such operations, quitted his retirement and also took the field. An accommodation at first took place; but upon what terms is not known. The transactions of the latter part are variously stated

by historians, and but darkly by the best. Those who lived nearest the time, and had opportunities of information, probably found that they could not be explicit without being obliged to throw reflexions upon either the father or the son; and, therefore, saw it prudent to be upon the reserve. Some affirm that the malecontents proposed, that James should resign his crown on behalf of his son; but this accommodation, whatever the articles were, as it appears to have been attended with no mutual confidence, was of very short duration. New occasions of discord soon arose: the malecontents asserted that James had not fulfilled his part of the treaty; but ignorance of the articles thereof renders us unable to form any other opinion concerning the truth of this change. It is certain, however, that the confederacy began now to spread wider than ever, so as to comprehend almost all the barons, and consequently all their military tenants and retainers upon the south side of the Grampian mountains.

Hostilities were first commenced by the malecontents, who seized upon the castle of Dunbar, and applied to their own use the arms and ammunition that were found in it. James was at that time in the castle of Edinburgh, in which, as a place of safety, he had shut himself up, till, by the arrival of his northern subjects whom he had summoned to his assistance, he should be in a condition to take the field; but as Stirling was more convenient for the rendezvous of the northern clans, he was advised to go thither. Upon his arrival he was denied access into the castle by James Shaw, the governor, who favoured the other party: and while he was deliberating which step to take upon this unexpected incident, intelligence was brought that the disaffected lords, at the head of a considerable army, had advanced to the Torwood within a few miles of him. The only alternative was, either to make his escape by going aboard Admiral Wood's fleet, which was stationed in the river Forth, near Alloa, or to engage the enemy with what forces he had. Though not distinguished for courage, he resolved upon the latter, and prepared for battle.

The two armies met on a tract of ground which goes by the name of the Little Cangler, upon the east side of a small brook called Sauchieburn, about three miles southward from Stirling, and one mile from the famous field of Bannockburn. The royal

army was drawn up in three lines; but historians differ as to their number, and the leaders under whom they were arranged; some, beyond all probability, making them amount to thirty thousand. Nor is it agreed in what part the king had his station; only we are told that he was armed cap-à-pie, and mounted on a stately horse, which had been presented to him by David Lindsay, of Byres, who informed his majesty that he might, at any time, trust his life to his agility and surefootedness. The army of the malecontents was likewise ranged in three divisions: the first, which was composed of East Lothian and Merse men, was commanded by the Lords Hume and Hailes, whose discontent arose from the king's annexing to his royal chapel, at Stirling, the revenues of the priory of Coldingham, to the disposal of which they pretended a right; the second line, which was made up of the inhabitants of Galloway and the shires upon the borders, was led by Lord Gray; the prince had the name of commanding what was called the main body, but was entirely under the direction of the lords about him. Showers of arrows from both sides began the action, but they soon came to a closer engagement with lances and swords. The royalists at first gained an advantage, and drove the first line of the enemy; but these, being soon supported by the Borderers, who composed the second line, not only recovered their ground, but pushed the first and second lines of the royalists back to the third.

The small courage James possessed forsaking him at the first onset, he put spurs to his horse, and galloped off with a view to get aboard Wood's ship, which lay in sight at the distance of five miles; at least from the route he took, this is supposed to have been his intention. As he was crossing the brook of Bannockburn, at the small village of Meltoun, about a mile to the east of the field of battle, a woman was drawing water at the brook; observing a man in armour, galloping full speed towards her, she left her pitcher and ran off, afraid of being rode down. The horse starting at the sight of the pitcher, threw the king, who was so bruised with the fall and the weight of his armour, that he fainted away. This disaster happening within a few yards of a mill, from which the village derives its name, the miller and his wife carried him into the mill, and, though ignorant of his name and station, treated him with great hu-

manity, administering to him such cordials as their house could afford.

When the king had recovered a little, he called for a priest, to whom, as a dying man, he might make a confession; and those about him demanding who he was, he replied, "I was your king this morning." By this time some of the malecontents, who, having observed the king's flight, had left the battle to pursue him, were come up to the place; and, as they were passing, the miller's wife clapping her hands with astonishment and grief called out, that if there was any priest among them he would instantly stop and confess the king. "I am a priest," said one of them, "lead me to his majesty." This person being brought in, he found the king lying in the corner of the mill, covered with a coarse cloth; and approaching him upon his knees, under pretence of respect, while treachery filled his heart, asked him if he thought he could recover if he had the proper help of physicians? James answering in the affirmative, the ruffian pulled out a dagger, and stabbed him several times through the heart.

The name of the person who committed this atrocious deed is certainly not known; nor would the discovery add much to the stock of historical knowledge. The place where it was committed is well known, in that neighbourhood, by the name of Beaton's mill, said to be so called from the person who at that time possessed it. It is yet standing, though now converted into a dwelling-house, new and more commodious mills having been erected near. The lower part of its walls are still the same which received the unfortunate James; the upper part of them have been renewed; and the reparation which it seems to have undergone appears to have had no other design than to perpetuate the memory of this tragical event, the circumstances of which have been so carefully handed down by tradition, that they are still related by the elderly inhabitants of the village, and perfectly correspond to the accounts which we meet with in the best historians.

After the king's flight, his troops continued to fight with great bravery; but an uncertain rumour of his death being brought, they began to retreat towards Stirling. They were not, however, pursued, for all hostilities immediately ceased. The army of the confederates lay that night upon the field, and next day marched back to Linlithgow. The number of the slain upon

both sides is uncertain, though it must have been considerable ; for the action lasted a good space, and was well maintained by the combatants on each side ; several of high rank fell upon the side of the royalists, among whom were the Earl of Glencairn, the Lords Temple, Erskine, and Ruthven.*

When the prince, who before the battle had given a strict charge about the safety of his father's person, heard the rumour of his death, he was deeply affected. It was not, however, till some days after the battle that he obtained the certainty of his father's death ; for, if any of the confederate Lords were in the secret, they kept it carefully from the prince ; and from the rest a report was spread, that the king had gone aboard Wood's fleet, and was still alive ; but the admiral being called before the young king and the council, declared that he knew nothing of his late master. So little had the prince been accustomed to his father's company, that he was almost a stranger to his person ; for, when Wood appeared before him, struck with his stately appearance, or perhaps with some resemblance he bore to the late king, he serenely asked him, "Sir, are you my father?" to which the admiral, bursting into tears, replied, "I am not your father, but I was your father's true servant."

At last the body of the king was discovered, and carried to the palace in Stirling castle, where it lay till it was interred with

* The ancient house of Ruthven, once the seat of the unfortunate Gowries, consists of two square towers, built at different times, and distinct from each other ; but now joined by buildings of later date. The top of one of the towers is called Maiden's leap, receiving its name on the following occasion : a daughter of the first Earl of Gowrie was addressed by a young gentleman of inferior rank in the neighbourhood, a frequent visitor of the family, who would never give the least countenance to his passion. His lodging was in the tower, separate from that of his mistress—

Sed vetuere patres quod non potuere vetare.

The lady, before the doors were shut, conveyed herself into her lover's apartment ; but some prying duenna acquainted the countess with it : who cutting off, as she thought, all possibility of retreat, hastened to surprise them. The young lady's ears were quick ; she heard the footsteps of the old countess, ran to the top of the leads, and took the desperate leap of nine feet four inches over a chasm of sixty feet, and luckily lighting on the battlements of the other tower crept into her own bed, where her astonished mother found her, and of course apologised for the unjust suspicion. The fair daughter did not choose to repeat the leap ; but the next night eloped and was married.

all due honour in the burial place of Cambus-Kenneth, near to that of his queen, who had died not long before. The inhabitants of that place still pretend to show a spot in which a king and a queen are buried; but no monument is to be seen. The battle was fought on the 11th of June, 1488, and was called the Field of Stirling.

The confederate lords endeavoured to atone for their treatment of their late sovereign, by their loyalty and duty towards the son, whom they placed instantly upon the throne, and the whole kingdom soon united in acknowledging his authority. As a penance, for the unnatural part he had acted towards his father, the monarch, according to the superstitious notions of those times, ever after wore an iron girdle upon his body, to which a link was added every year, till it became very ponderous.

The party who had taken arms against their late sovereign deemed it also requisite, for their future security, to have a parliamentary indemnity for these proceedings. Accordingly, in a parliament that met soon after, they obtained a vote, by which all that had been done in the Field of Stirling was justified and declared to have been lawful, on account of the necessity they lay under of employing force against the king's evil counsellors, the enemies of the kingdom. This vote, in law books, is called the proposition of the debate of the Field of Stirling.

NOTES OF SCOTTISH AFFAIRS, FROM THE YEAR 1680 TO 1701.—

The following memoranda, which tend to connect our subjects, may serve for notes to the history of a period as well known as any in the annals of Britain—or as characteristic facts of the manners of the age—are extracted from Lord Fountainhall's diary, a very limited edition (120 copies) of which was only printed. The original manuscript of the volume is preserved in the Advocate's Library at Edinburgh. It is merely necessary to observe, that the author (Sir John Landor, a distinguished judge in the court of session, called in courtesy to that station Lord Fountainhall) was a constant, close, and singularly impartial observer of the remarkable events of his time; and while his rank and character gave him access to the best information, he displayed much shrewdness in digesting it.

“The Duke of York took leave of his brother, King Charles II., the 20th of October, 1680, at Woolwich on the Thames, and after a great storm landed at Kirkaldie, the 26th ditto, with his Duchess. There, after he went to Leslie till the 29th ditto, frae thence to Holyrood House, thence went and saw Edinburgh Castle, where the great canon called Monns Meg being charged, burst in her off going, which was taken as a bad omen.

“A Mr. William Wishart, minister at Wells in Annan, turned papist.

“It is observed in England, that in the space of twenty years, the English changed oftener their religion than all Christendom had for 150 years; for they made four mutations from 1540 to 1560. King Henry the Eighth abolished the Pope’s supremacy, suppressed abbeys, but retained the bulk of the popish religion; his son, King Edward, brings in the protestant religion; Queen Mary throws it out; but Queen Elizabeth brings it in again.”

“The presbyterian lampoons upbraided Paterson, Bishop of Edinburgh, as a profligate and loose liver. See the answer to presbyterian eloquence, where there is much ribaldry on this subject. He is said to have kissed the band-strings in the pulpit, in the midst of an eloquent discourse, which was the signal agreed upon betwixt him and a lady to whom he was a suitor, to shew he could think upon her charms even whilst engaged in the most solemn duties of his profession. Hence he was nicknamed Bishop Bandstrings.”

The state of parties in Scotland, the clashing of personal and political interests; the barbarous tortures, and the executions of their opponents as the different sides prevailed; the ramifications of the Ryehouse plot in this country; the conflicts of episcopacy, presbyterianism and popery; besides private concerns, form many of the illustrative paragraphs of our miscellaneous record. For example, in 1684, we have

“Mr. Hunter, second minister of Stirling, staged for drunkenness, in spewing after he had taken the sacrament. Kennedy, provost of Stirling, and Mr. Munro, the first minister, were his

accusers, 6th of April, 1684. He after turned a buckle-beggar, and was suspended if not deprived by the bishop therefore; and married in his old age, a daughter of Anne Stevenson, a gardener at Habaye Hall."

TORTURE OF THE BOOTS AND THUMBKEN.—"Mr. William Spence, late servant to Argyle, is tortured by boots, to force him to reveal what he knows of the earle's and others' accession to the late English fanatic, Platt, and a design of rebellion; and in regard that he refused to depose if he had the key whereby he could read some letters of the earle's, produced by Major Holmes, in cypher; and seeing that he would not depose that he could not read them, and that they offered him a remission, it rendered him very obnoxious, and suspect of prevarication; so that after the torture he was put in General Dalryell's hands; and it was reported, that by a hair short and pricking (as the witches are used) he was five nights kept frae sleep, till turned half distracted; but he eat very little, on purpose that he might require less sleep; yet never discovered any thing." 26th July, and following days.

"Mr. Spence, Argyle's servant, is again tortured with the thumbkens, a new invention, and discovered by Generals Dalryell and Drummond, who saw them used in Muscovy; and when he heard they were to put him in boots again, being frightened therewith, desired time, and he would declare what he knew; whereupon they gave him some time, and sequestrat him in Edinburgh Castle, 6th August, 1684."

"Mr. William Spence, to avoid further torture, desyphered Argyle's letters, and agrees with Holmes's declaration, that Argyle and Loudon, Dalrymple of Stains, Sir John Cochran, and others, had formed design to raise rebellion in Scotland; and that there were three keys to the said letters, whereof Mr. Carstairs had two, and Holmes a third; and he approved of Gray of Crichtie, after Lord Gray, his explanation of the said letters; and Campbell of Arkanlass was apprehended by the laird of M'Naughten. Spence got the liberty of the castle, and recommended for a remission. And Gordon of Earlston was sent for from the Bass, to be tortured and confronted with Spence, and the council resolved not to admit of his madness

for an excuse (which they esteemed simulat), as Chancellor Gordon had done, August 22."

"Mr. William Carstairs, son of Mr. John Carstairs, minister of Glasgow, brought before the secret committee of council, and tortured with the thumbikens, whereon he confessed, there had been a current plot in Scotland for ten years, and that some were for rising in rebellion, other for associating with the English for keeping out [the] Duke of York, and to preserve [the] protestant religion."—

We here stop our extracts from the Fountainhall Diary, to make some observations relative to the introduction and the use made of the instrument of torture called the thumbikens.

In Scotland, where torture continued to be employed long after it was abandoned in England, there were two modes chiefly in use: the torture of the boots, and that of the thumbikens above alluded to. The exquisite picture of the torturing of Macbriar, in the "Tales of my Landlord,"* has made every one acquainted with the cruel process employed in the torture of the boots. We have collected some few particulars regarding its origin and employment in this country.

The thumbikens, as the name imports, was an instrument applied to the thumbs, in such a manner as to enable the executioner to squeeze them violently; and this was often done with so much force as to bruise the thumb-bones, and swell the arms of the sufferer up to his shoulders. The thumbikens used in torturing principal Carstares, was an iron instrument fastened to a table with a screw, the upper part of the instrument being squeezed down upon the thumbs by means of another screw, which the executioner pressed at the command of his employers.

The torture of the boots occurs at an earlier period of our history than that of the thumbikens; and is mentioned in conjunction with some other torturing instrument, of which we have not been able to find any description in the writings of our antiquaries. Thus we read, that in 1596, the son and daughter of Aleson Balfour, who was accused of witchcraft, were tortured

* The materials of this picture are evidently drawn from the account given by Wodrow of the torturing of Mitchel, in the first volume of his history.—*Vide* *Old Mortality*, p. 509.

before her to make her confess her crime in the manner following: "Her son was put in the buits, where he suffered fifty-seven strokes; and her daughter about seven years old, was put in the pilniewinks." In the same case, mention is made, besides pilniewinks, pinniewinks, or pilliwinks, of caspitanos or caspicaws, and of tosots, as instruments of torture.* Lord Royston, in his manuscript notes upon Mackenzie's criminal law, conjectures that these may have been only other names for the buits and thumbikens;† thus much seems certain, that in those times there was some torturing device applied to the fingers which bore the name of pilniewinks;‡ but it will immediately appear, that the most authentic accounts assign the introduction and use of the instrument known by the name of thumbikens to a much later period.

"It has been very generally asserted," says Dr. Jamieson, "that part of the cargo of the invincible Armada was a large assortment of thumbikens, which it was meant should be employed as powerful arguments for convincing the heretics." The country of the Inquisition was certainly a fit quarter from whence to derive so congenial an instrument; but other accounts, as we have said, and these apparently unquestionable, assign it a later introduction, and from a quarter and by means of agents very well fitted for the production and importation of such a commodity. In the torturing of Spence, Lord Fountainhall mentions the origin of the thumbikens, stating that this instrument "was a new invention used among the colliers upon transgressors, and discovered by Generals Dalrymple and Drummond, they having seen them used in Muscovy."

The account which Bishop Burnet gives of the torturing of Spence confirms the then recent use of the thumbikens. "Spence," says he, "was struck in the boots, and continued firm. Then a new species of torture was invented; he was kept from sleep eight or nine nights. They grew weary of managing this; so a third species was invented; little screws of steel were made use of, that screwed the thumbs with so exquisite a tor-

* Maclaurin's Criminal Cases, Introduct, p. 35.

† Quoted by Maclaurin, *ibid*, p. 36.

‡ See News from Scotland, declaring the damnable Life of Dr. Fian, a noted robber, who was burned at Edinburgh in January, 1591.

** Decisions, vol. 1. pp. 299, 300.

ture that he sunk under it." This point we think is put beyond all doubt by the following act of the Privy Council in 1684, quoted in Wodrow's invaluable History: "Whereas there is now a new invention and engine called the thumbikens, which will be very effectual to the intent and purpose aforesaid (i. e. to expiscate matters relating to the government), the Lords of his Majesty's Council do therefore ordain, that when any person shall by their order be put to the torture, that the boots and thumbikens both be applied to them, as it shall be found fit and convenient."

Thus, then, it seems clear that the thumbikens, whether imported from abroad or invented at home, was a mode of torture which had been only recently introduced, at the frightful period to which we have just been referring; period well fitted either for the reception or the production of any new device calculated to extend the outrages of power over its unhappy victims. This being the case, we see no good reason for not going a step farther, and taking the account of its introduction from Lord Fountainhall. It was upon the persecuted presbyterians that this species of torture was first inflicted; and who among all their persecutors was more likely to enhance their sufferings by any new device, than the ruthless commanders whom this judge, their contemporary, points out as its authors?

It was during this atrocious persecution, when every right and feeling of humanity were trampled under foot with a degree of wantonness and barbarity unparalleled in the annals of any other country, that the use of the torture reached its height. "To so great an extent," says Mr. Hume, in his Commentaries on the Criminal Law, "was this iniquity carried in those days, that confessions obtained in this way were made use of as an evidence *in modum adminiculi*, towards the conviction even of third parties; the confessor of William Carstares, for instance, against Baillie or Jerviswood."† Every one at all acquainted

* History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland, vol. II. p. 347.

† See Hume's Commentaries, vol. II. c. 12. Nothing can more clearly show the darkness of men's minds in those dire times, as to the plainest principles of justice and evidence, than the following passage of Lord Fountainhall: "Some doubted how far testimonies extorted *per torturam* could be probative against third parties, seeing witnesses should be so far voluntary and spontaneous, as to be under no terror of life and limb; but others judged them best to be credited then." Decisions, vol I. p. 302.

with Scottish history must know, that Mr. Carstares, afterwards principal* of the University of Edinburgh, was deeply concerned in those unfortunate transactions which brought Argyll to the scaffold in Scotland, and Russel and Sydney in England. He was seized in England, and being sent to Scotland was, on the 5th of September, 1684, tortured with the thumbikens before the Committee of the Privy Council, in order to force him to reveal the names of the associates. An hour and a half of this cruel operation, during which the sweat streamed from his face, and some cries of agony were extorted, did not, however, render him subservient to the wishes of his inhuman tormentors, among whom the Earl of Perth, true to the infamy and atrocity of his character, stood conspicuous; urging the executioner to press the screws, while the Duke of Hamilton† and the Earl of Queensbury left the room, unable any longer to witness the revolting spectacle. It was this same miscreant Perth, who some time before, at the trial of Sir Hugh Campbell for rebellion, endeavoured in his then capacity of Justice general, to urge on and lead a suborned witness who was unable to say any thing against the prisoner, till he, the Justice general, was stopped by the jury; and this because he had obtained a promise of Sir Hugh's estate for his brother, provided Sir Hugh should be condemned. Burnet tells us (vol. II. p. 249), that the Duke of York when in Scotland had been to behold the sufferings of those tortured before him, "with unmoved indifference, and with an attention as if he had been to look on some curious experiment." Carstares, we have said, did not utter any confession when under the hands of the arch-inquisitor, though the passage quoted above from Mr. Hume's Commentaries might lead the reader to that conclusion; as would also the first notice of his case by Lord Fountainhall (vol I. p. 300). It appears he was afterwards prevailed upon to give some information respecting Baillie of Jerviswood and others, under an express stipulation that he should not be brought forward as a witness,

* Sometimes jocularly called Cardinal Carstares.

† "The Duke of Hamilton opposed torturings, alleging, at this rate they might, without accusers or witnesses, take any person off the street and torture; and he retired and refused to be present, on this ground, that if the party should die in the torture, the judges were liable for murder, or at least severely answerable."—*Fountainhall's Chronological Notes.*

and that no use should be made of his communications at their trial; but no faith was kept with him in this respect; and his declaration so obtained was, as Mr. Humes states, admitted as an *adminicle* of evidence in the shameful trial and condemnation of Mr. Baillie.

It would appear from Lord Fountainhall, that the new torture of the thumbikens was looked upon as extremely cruel; and he adds that the Privy Council would have "contracted some task" by the frequent use of it at this time, had they not succeeded therein, by extorting some confessions. He mentions, too, that in some of these successful cases it had proved its efficiency over the boots, because tried upon persons having small legs.

After the revolution, the Privy Council of Scotland presented Mr. Carstares with the identical thumbikens with which he had been tortured in 1684.* This curious relic is, we are informed, still preserved by Mr. Dunlop, Banker in Greenock, grand nephew of the same Mr. Carstares.

There is an anecdote handed down among the descendants of Mr. Carstares, in regard to this instrument, which we shall copy here, as we find it narrated in the fifth volume of "the Statistical Account of Scotland." "I have heard, principal," said King William to him, when he waited on his majesty after the revolution, "that you were tortured with something they call thumbikens; pray what sort of instrument of torture is it?"—"I will show it you," replied Carstares, "the next time I have the honour to wait on your majesty." The principal was as good as his word.—"I must try them," said the King! "I must put in my thumbs here—now, principal, turn the screw.—O, not so gently—another turn—another.—Stop! stop! no more; another turn, I'm afraid, would make me confess anything."

What share of truth there may be in this story we know not; but whatever King William's personal opinion of the use of the torture may have been, this much is certain, that there is one case recorded in the proceedings of the Privy Council of Scotland which shows that the thumbikens were employed under the sanction of his sign manual, in the year 1690. This was in the case of Neville Pain or Payne, the person to whom George Duke of Buckingham addressed his Essay upon Reason and

* M'Cormick's Life of Carstares.

Religion. He was accused of having gone to Scotland to promote a jacobite plot, and was, in consequence of the King's warrant, already mentioned, "put to the torture of the thumbikens," but without making any disclosure.* This was, we believe, the last occasion on which this instrument was employed; but it was not till the year of the Union that torture was expressly forbidden by the law in Scotland; the claim of right in 1689 having only declared, "that using torture without evidence, or in ordinary crimes, was illegal."

We shall here close these notices of the thumbikens, an instrument of vulgar sound, but well calculated, as we have seen, for terrible purposes, with this reflexion—that it is never useless to explore any piece of history which illustrates the state of manners and law,—which makes us acquainted with the heroic sufferings of our forefathers, and the evil doings of their rulers,—which is calculated to sharpen our moral feelings against the abuses of power, or to show, what is more grateful, the solid advances made by our country in the acts of legislation and government.

EXECUTION OF RUMBOLD, THE PROJECTOR OF THE RYE-HOUSE PLOT.—Resuming our notices from Lord Fountainhall's diary, we have the following particulars, among others, of the plot which takes its name from the house in which the conspirators used to assemble.

"Phisitions having given in their verdict, that Mr. Rumbold was in hazard of death by his wounds, the council ordained the justice court to sit on him, 25th June, 1685; and 26th he was tried, and charged with a design to murder the late king at Ryhous, in April, 1683, which he positively denied thatt (was) sworn against him in England; yet the advocat part-frae that, lest it should have disparaged the credit of the English plot; and insisted on his associating with Argyle, and invading Scotland; and that he was with Campbell or Arkenlass, against the Athol men, where two or three of them were killed, which he confessed. And being asked if he was one of the masked executioners that were on the scaffold at the murder of King Charles the 1st, denied it; but that he was of Cromwell's regi-

* Rose's Observations on Mr. Fox's Historical Work, p. 179—180.

ment then, and was on horseback at Whitehall that day, as one of the guard about the scaffold. And that he was at Dunbar, Worcester, and Dundee, a lieutenant in Cromwell's army. He said Sir James Steuart, advocate, told them all would be ruined by Argyle's lingering in the Highlands, and not marching presently to Galloway. And being asked, if he owned his majesty's authority, he craved leave to be excused, seeing he heeded neither offend them nor grate his own conscience, for they had enough to take his life; beside, his rooted opinion was for a republic against a monarchie; to pull down which he thought it a duty, and no sin; and on the scaffold began to pray for that party, but was interrupted; and said, if every hair in his head were a man, he would venture them all in that quarrel; he otherwise behaved discreetly enough, and heard the ministers, but took none of them to the scaffold. He was drawn on a hurdle thereto, then hoysed up a little in the gallows by a pully, and hanged a while, and let down not fullie dead, his breast ripped up, and his heart pulled out and thrown in the fire; then his head was stricke off, and his body cut in four quarters, and ordered to be affixed att Glasgow, Dumfries, New Galloway, and Jedburgh, and his head to be affixt on the west post of Edinburgh; but thereafter were, by order from the king, sent to England, to be affixt at London, where he was best known. The order came to Scotland 3rd August, 1685.—*Nota*, he was tryet 25th, and execute 26th June, 1685."

"Some of the common prisoners that came with Argyle, are given by the council to Scot of Pitlochrie and others, for the plantations. But some of them was more perverse than others, in mincing the king's authority, to the number of forty, ordered to have a piece of their lugg (ear) cut off, and the women disowning the king to be burnt in the shoulder, that if any of them return, they might be known thereby, and hanged. 5th August, 1685."

"A drummer was shot in Leith (for saying he could ran his sword through all the Papists) by martial law; though he denied the words, yet declared he would not redeem his life by turning Papist, 23rd February, 1686. Witnesses were Irvine of Bonshaw, &c. who falling out called one another perjured."

"A fencing-master, condemned to be hanged by criminal

court, for uttering words approveing the late rabble. It was proven that he said, if the trades' lads would fall on the town guard, he should secure their captain, Patrick Grame, for his part; and for drinking the confusion of papists, though at the same time he drank the king's health; yet the chancellor was inexorable, and beat his own son for pleading for him (and this was called to remembrance, when the chancellor was taken and maltreated by Captain Boswell, in Kirkaldie, who took him by sea when making his escape to France, after the usurpation in 1688), and so he was hanged on the 5th of March, 1686, and died piously. He was dealt with to accuse Queensberry with accession to the rabble, but refused."

"There being a band given into Mackenzie's chamber, to one Douglas, to registrat; and he having given up the principall to one Weddell, the granter, and given the pursuer an extract, they were both pillored, and had their luggs nailed to the Throne, 27th March 1685; and Weddell warded till he pay the debt."

"The chancellor, thesaurer, and Ross, Archbishop of St. Andrews, come from London to Edinburgh, 8th of April, 1685, having been only eight days by the way; and the council ordered the Shiles wherthrow the chancellor was to pass, to attend him."

"The late king's statue on horseback was set up in the Parliament Close, 16th April, 1685. It stood the town of Edinburgh more than £1,000 sterling."

THE HIGHLAND FIRE-CROSS.—"The fire-cross by order of council is sent through the west of Fife and Kinross, as nearest Stirling, that all betwixt sixteen and sixty might rise and oppose Argyll."

This is a remarkable instance, perhaps the latest of the fire-cross having been sent round by command of government. Patin, in his account of Somerset's expedition, thus describes it: "And thys is a cross (as I have hard sum say) of ii brandes ends caried a crosse upon spears point, with proclamation of the time and place when and whether they shall cum, with how much provision of vitail. Some others say it is a crosse, painted all red, and set for certayn days in the fields of that baronie, whereof they will have the people to cum: whearby all between

sixty and sixteen are peremptorely summoned ; that if they come not with their vitayll according at the time and place then appointed, all the land thear is forfated straight to the kynges vse, and the Tariers taken for traitours and rebels.”

THE COVENANTERS.—Notwithstanding the great degree of interest attached to the history of the reformation in Scotland, it is only latterly that much attention has been paid to it, and many who had taken it for granted that the reformers were foolish, and violent, and detestable enthusiasts, have with some astonishment discovered that they displayed in their efforts to introduce the protestant faith an intrepidity, a zeal, and an elevation of principle which we cannot too highly venerate. The reformation in this country was, from its infancy, interwoven with political freedom. It was, at its commencement, strenuously opposed by the united energy of the monarch and the church ; and it thus becomes necessary to gain the esteem and support of the people, in order to counterbalance the resistance which threatened to render its accomplishment impossible. It was, through the prudence of those who conducted it, gradually disseminated ; and it at length was so extensively embraced, that it completed its triumph by obtaining the sanction of the legislature. Still, however, much ground was left for diversity of sentiment ; and various causes united in producing a state of the public mind which gave rise to the most memorable events,—events which powerfully affected our civil condition, and the complexion of the national character.

From the connexion which Knox had with Calvin and the other illustrious divines of Geneva, he was led, as soon as the ascendancy of the reformation was secured, to give to the ecclesiastical polity which was to be introduced, a popular form ; his views were carried fully into effect, after his death, by Melvil, who succeeded in overthrowing the modified system of episcopacy which he found existing, and in establishing the presbyterian discipline. To this discipline James VI. gave occasionally a cold and reluctant support ; but he did not conceal the jealousy with which he regarded it ; and although he did not, while he remained in Scotland, directly attempt its subversion, he exerted his influence in making such changes as, by restraining the honest and manly independence of some of the most eminent

ministers, would, he trusted, render it subservient to the views and designs of the court. After he had ascended the throne of England, and had been gratified with the obsequiousness of the bishops, who exhibited, to be sure, in this respect, a very marked, and to him a very delightful, contrast to the rugged plainness of the former ecclesiastics, he determined, as the most effectual mode of strengthening the prerogative, to introduce episcopacy into his native kingdom. To attain his object, he had recourse to means which alienated the affections of a vast proportion of his subjects, which still more endeared them to the principles to which they had been previously attached, and inspired them with the conviction that it was a duty which it would be impiety to neglect, to defend, even against the sovereign himself, these principles.

His unfortunate and infatuated son, when he at length turned his attention to Scotland, resolved to go far beyond what his father had effected, and to compel his countrymen to submit to a perfect uniformity of faith and polity with their southern neighbours. The rashness with which he made the attempt, his disregard of the plainest indications of aversion to his measures, the violence of the bishops whom he selected, and the disgust of the nobility excited by his marked partiality to the prelates and his conferring upon them some of the most splendid civil offices, soon formed a general resolution to oppose his innovations. The opposition was identified, in the public estimation, with religion itself, and by the most awful and striking oaths, administered with whatever could increase their efficacy, the enemies of episcopacy, bound themselves to exterminate prelacy, and to re-establish that form of polity which, from numberless associations, they regarded with the utmost reverence, and which they were prepared to defend with the most ardent zeal.

The limits to which we must necessarily here confine ourselves, render it impossible to give even a faint sketch of the part which they acted in the civil commotions that terminated in the execution of the king; but it may be evident, from what has been already stated, that the feelings of the people must have been strongly excited, and it cannot be a matter of wonder that, accustomed as they were to consider their cause as the cause of God, almost constantly employed in those exercises of

devotion in which they implored his blessing upon it, and stimulated by the homely but energetic address of their beloved pastors, many of them yielded to the fervour of a heated imagination, and were influenced by what, when the causes which produced it have ceased to operate, must appear to be the wildness of enthusiasm. This was the unavoidable effect of the circumstances under which they were placed,—it was the excess into which the weakness of our nature, under these circumstances, could scarcely fail to be betrayed; but we must penetrate through it, to appreciate their character, and we shall find that the great body of them were actuated by the most heroic attachment to freedom, and by the firmest determination not to bow their necks to the crushing oppression of the most savage despotism.

During the period which elapsed between the death of Charles and the restoration of his son, they split, as might have been anticipated, into parties, and there was certainly, amongst many of those who assumed the appellation of Protesters, a degree of fanaticism which bewildered their understandings, and which, when aggravated, as it afterward was by the horrors of persecution, did lead to the most lamentable departure from duty and from humanity; but this under a gentle administration would have gradually yielded to the milder spirit of their brethren, while the activity and earnestness which distinguished their ministry might have remained.

Charles II., although he declared his purpose of supporting the religion supported by law, in language, about the meaning of which no honest man could hesitate, and which, if it were intended to deceive, threw indelible infamy upon both the king and the men who advised him, soon directed against presbytery the fury of an iron government. He abolished his judicatories, and, by virtue of his prerogative, forced episcopacy, in a form much more obnoxious than it had previously assumed in Scotland, upon a nation penetrated with the conviction that submission to it was impiety, and little disposed to venerate authority which had not scrupled to contaminate itself by having recourse to the meanest dissimulation, and by forming an union with the basest apostacy. We must read the history of the dire persecutions, must read the shocking details which, in sad abundance, have been transmitted to us, and which are so

authenticated, that without prejudice a scepticism must admit their reality to have an adequate conception of the profligacy, the cruelty, and the vile oppression which prevailed in Scotland; the heart sickens at the dismal narration, and we must hence extinguish every feeling of humanity and patriotism, if we do not sympathize with the unhappy presbyterians and covenanters,* who were tortured because they would not abjure a cause implicated with the freedom of their country, and, as they were satisfied, with the eternal salvation of its inhabitants.

The following account of the state of the public mind as to the episcopacy, at the period of the restauration, we extract from a popular work, the nature of which it may convey some idea.†

“Episcopacy had never been popular in Scotland, not in the dayes of ancient ignorance; but since the reformation, in regarde Scotland was reformed by a set of Missionaries from Geneva, bishops were always looked at with a frown. Indeed the people of Scotland (leaving the arguments from Scripture, and the testimonies of Jerom to scholars) used much to insist upon a sort of popular concrete arguments. The bishops had almost all been both patrons of sin and patterns of profaneness; and if a man in repute turned bishop, it was observed he changed both frame and practice for the worse; and, as Beza has foretold, bishops would introduce epicurisme and atheism, so Scotland found godliness withered, and wickedness overspread the land first and last. They had a sting for no man but a puritan or a presbyterian; beside they knew well that the bishops, having perjured themselves most solemnly, would do as the fallen angels did,—endeavour to corrupt mankind by involving all Scotland in their own sin, that so their personal sin might be excusable, as being the sin of the times. They had also seen a curse attend almost all the bishops’ persons and families, and all that were active to introduce them were plagued as these that rebuilt Jericho, and such as these they loved not. It was also found by experience, that as episcopacy is a branch of popery, so it led always to the root, and therefore bishops were looked at as the papists’ harbingers. So the body of the people of Scotland were heart enemies to bishops; and even those of the ministry

* See Balfour of Burley. *Passim*.

† The surest and true History of the Church of Scotland, from the restoration to the year 1678. By the Rev. James Kirton.

who pyned with bishops in their pretended synods and presbyteries, protested themselves enemies to episcopacy, protesting they believed what they did might well consist with the principles of a presbyterian, and they kept themselves in place only that they might be in condition to oppose the bishops' cause, which they alleadged the ministers turned out could not so well doe."

We cannot close this brief history of the Covenanters without a few words in relation to the "Tales of my Landlord," so much connected with the present subject, and to the deep interest excited by which we suspect that we owe the publication of the work above quoted, and of the commentary so preposterously attached to it. The title of this fascinating work exempts the author of it from the obligation of accuracy, as to the history upon which his tale is founded; and we do not think that he is amenable at the bar of criticism for the colouring spread over the incidents so admirably interwoven in his story, provided no other charge can be brought against him. But all tales, whether historical or not, ought to have a salutary tendency; if they be calculated to mislead our moral judgment, they cannot be too severely censured. Upon this score we cannot acquit the author of the "Tales of my Landlord." He has certainly, and it is admitted both by friends and foes, sought to hold up to ridicule the whole body of the Covenanters, and to invest their opponents with a gallantry and generosity of spirit which are very apt to captivate general readers. Now, as the Covenanters, with all their faults, did resist despotism, and their earthly persecutors did what lay in them to entail it upon their country, there is some danger that we associate the cause of the presbyterians with the men who supported it, as he had painted them, and may thus vastly undervalue the freedom which it is our duty and should be an happiness to revere. But we do not regret that the Tales were published, because we are persuaded that the curiosity which they have excited, and which graver works would not have raised, graver works now alone will satisfy; and although, no doubt, many readers of the tales will, after getting a new novel, think no more of the Covenanters, yet there are not a few who will seriously inquire what they actually were, and how they really conducted themselves. We anticipate from

this inquiry the happiest results; for whilst the errors and crimes of some of the Covenanters will be discovered, their merit upon the whole will be duly appreciated, and what is of much more consequence, their very opinion respecting them, the views of the misery and oppression to which they were subjected, will kindle that pure love of liberty to which we owe our invaluable constitution, and which we must cherish in the rising generation,—if that constitution is to be transmitted to our children.

There is extant in MS. an account of the transactions in Scotland, during some part of the civil wars in the reign of Charles I., the author, one Spalding, commissary of Aberdeen; his principles were those of a loyalist, but he writes with great appearance of impartiality and like an honest man. Some years ago there was a plan for printing of Spalding's memoirs; but at that time there was not the same curiosity for anecdotes as now. Whether or not these memoirs have been printed we cannot say: the following, however, are specimens transcribed from the MS. copy; and from which we may see the miseries of civil war, and how thankful we ought to be for the tranquillity we enjoy both in church and state.

P. 128. The Covenanters wore blue ribbons.

P. 138. Men and women were urged to swear that they did subscribe, and swear this covenant willingly, freely, and from their hearts, and not from any fear or dread.

P. 153. Marquis of Huntley's declaration to the Covenanters. "For my own part, I am in your power, and resolve not to leave that foul title of traitor as an inheritance to my posterity; you may take my head from my shoulders, but not my heart from my sovereign."

P. 168. When the first army (Lord Burleigh's) came to Aberdeen, every captain and soldier had a blue ribbon about his neck; in despite and derision whereof, some women of Aberdeen, as was alledged, knit blue ribbons about their messous (lap-dogs) craigs (necks), whereat the soldiers took offence, and killed all their dogs.

P. 390. Lord Ludovic Gordon left his father (1642), and carried off a little cabinet, containing his jewels, and went to Holland.

P. 462. Upon a feast-day, Mr. Andrew Cant, Minister of Aberdeen, would not give the blessing after the forenoon's sermon, but after the afternoon's sermon, once for all.

P. 503. Lord Sinclair's soldiers (Covenanters) did no good, but much evil, daily debauching in drinking, whoring, night-walking, combating, swearing, and brought sundry honest women's servants to great misery, whose bodies they had abused—the regiment consisted of 260. Besides the women who went with them, information was lodged against 65 of their whores.

P. 967. Montrose, on his return to Aberdeenshire, burnt the village of Echt, and most of the corn and straw, and carried off the cattle; burnt the house of Pittordice and Dorlatham.

P. 980. The proprietors sought redress from the Committee of Estates. The Committee ordered them, for their indemnification, to take possession of the Estates of certain Roman Catholics in Aberdeenshire.

P. 971. About November, 1644, Ludovic Gordon married Mary, daughter of Sir John Grant, of Frengheie; her portion, 20,000 marks.

P. 1004. Montrose wasted the lands of the Covenanters in Moray, he burnt the houses of Bandalloch, Grangehill, Brodie, Cubon, and Innes; plundered Burgie, Letham, and Duffus, destroyed salmon boats and nets.

P. 1005. Elgin plundered, especially by the laird of Grant's soldiers.

P. 1006. Lord Graham, a youth of 16, died at Bog (Gordon Castle), "a proper youth, and of singular expectations."

P. 1007. Cullen house plundered, the Countess of Findlater, by promise of a ransom of 20,000 marks, redeemed the house, and the rest of her husband's house from fire. Boyne burnt, Banff plundered, every man seen in the street was stripped naked.

P. 1010. The estate of Frendraught laid desolate.

P. 1015. Durie's and Fintrie's burnt and desolated.

P. 1016. Barns of Dunother burnt, and town of Stonehaven.

P. 1017. Cowie, Setteresso, Urie, Arbuthnot. "The people of Stonehaven and Cowie came out, men, women, and child-

ren at their foot, and children in their arms, crying, howling, weeping, praying the Earl (Qu. who?) for God's cause to save them from this fire how soon it was kindled; but the poor people got no answer, nor knew they were to go."

P. 1017. Brechin plundered, 60 houses burnt.

P. 1026. The troops of Harvie, at that time serving with the Covenanters, plundered Newton and Haithill.

P. 1028. Montrose's troops burnt Coupar of Angus, and slew Mr. Robert Lindsay, at Coupar, and some others.

P. 1031. Lieut. General Baillie burnt Atholl, he commanded the Covenanters.

P. 1034. The overthrow of the Covenanters at Aldern, attributed to one Major Drummond, who wheeled about unskillfully through his own foot, and broke their ranks; he was condemned to be shot, and sentence was executed against him.

P. 1035. Campbell, of Lawers, Sir John Murray, and Sir Gideon Moor, killed at Inverlochic.

P. 1035. Montrose plundered the priory of Elgin. "But being church building, he would not burn the same;" much burning in Elgin.

P. 1031. Cullen burnt up, this means the Royal Borough, vulgarly called Cullen, properly Inver Cullen; in the same way Inver Bervie is called Bervie.

STATE OF THE SCOTTISH ARMY UNDER GENERAL ALEXANDER LESLIE, IN THE YEAR 1641.—In the summer of 1640, an army was suddenly collected in different parts of Scotland, in the view of repelling an expected invasion from England, and placed under the command of General Alexander Leslie, aided by various other officers, who like himself had learned the military art, and acquired no small share of military fame, under Gustavus Adolphus. On the approach of the English forces under the Lord Conway, the Scottish army crossed the border, and on the 28th of August at Newburn, on the river Tyne, encountered and repulsed their opponents, and obtained complete possession of Newcastle and the neighbouring county, as far as the borders of Yorkshire. In this situation they remained for more than a year; but during the period of inactivity, it is creditable to the talents of Leslie and his officers, that he not only maintained the

most exact discipline among his troops, but that he was enabled to improve their skill in all the military exercises, to a degree that had till then been but little known in Great Britain.

Among these officers, one of the most eminent was Colonel Sir Alexander Hamilton, general of the artillery, or master of the ordnance, a younger brother of Thomas first Earl of Haddington; and who, like the commander-in-chief, had been recalled by his countrymen from a distinguished station in foreign service, to take a share in that distracting and unhappy warfare with which his native kingdom was threatened. In a petition to the king and parliament of Scotland, Colonel Hamilton states it as "not unknown that his whole study has been in the art of military discipline, especially anent artillery, wherein he being employed in Germany upon honourable and good conditions, he was recalled therefrom to England, where his majesty was graciously pleased to grant him pensions and allowances eight hundred pounds sterling by year," and in the history of the civil wars, his eminent services as a soldier, more especially in his own department of the ordnance, are commemorated. It was unquestionably owing to his superior skill in the management of his artillery, that the affair of Newburn had been terminated so advantageously and with such small loss to the Scottish army.

In the month of August, 1641, King Charles I., in the course of his journey into Scotland, visited the army at Newcastle, and was entertained by Leslie with a display of its exact discipline and soldier-like appearance, which probably was intended by the general for other purposes besides those of common military parade. Of this royal review, and of the conduct of the army and its commander, on their soon after returning from England, a most curious and not uninteresting account was published at the time in one of those small pamphlets which was then issuing daily from the press, and of which we shall here present our readers with a reprint. It is of English composition, but will be found to do ample justice to the military character of the Scottish army and their able commanders, not omitting what was due to the warlike inventions of "that their famous engineer Sandy Hamilton," who will be readily recognized as the person of whom we have already given some account.

"General Leslie being advertised of the time of his majesties

coming to Newcastle, that he might as well appear in his own art and lustre, as in his dutie and loialty to his soverane (having first made his choice of fit ground) hee drew out his whole forces, both horse and foot, with the artillerie: and the better to express the soldier's salute and welcome of their king, he rallied his men into two divisions of equal number, ranging them in a great length, with an equal distance between them of about eight score, which rendered them the more conspicuous, and with the braver aspect to the beholders. Through these the king was to pass; whether being come, the general alighting from his horse (which was presently taken by two of his footmen) hee prostrated himselfe and service before the king, upon his knees, his majestie a while privatelie talking to him, and at his rising gave him his hand to kiss, and commanded his horse to be given to him, whereon remounted, he ridd with the king through the armie.

“In the first place stood Highlanders, commonly called Red-shanks, with their plaids cast over their shoulders, having every one his bow and arrows, with a broad slycing sword by his syde; these are so good markesmen that they will kill a deere in his speed; it being the cheepest part of their living, selling the skins by great quantities, and living on the flesh. Next were musketeers, interlaid with pikes, and here and there intermixt with those dangerous short gunners, invented by that their famous engineer Sandy Hamilton, and were for the sudden execution of horse, in case they should asaile; then again bowes, muskets, and pikes, for a good distance in both sides. In the midway, the artillery was placed by tiers, consisting of about 60 pieces of ordnance, the cannoniers standing in readiness with fired linestocks in their hands. The horsemen were here placed on both sides, which served as wings or flanks to the whole army, and so forward in the same order, but disposed into so goodly a presence and posture, and with such suitable equipage and militarie accommodations that they appeared ready to give or take battle, or forthwith to have gone upon some notable designe. And as the king passed along, they gave such true fyre, as it is believed, since the invention of gunnes, never better was seen or heard: they discharged wondrous swift, but with as good a method and order as your skillfulest ringers observe with bells, not suffering the noise of the one to drowne the other. Tho

king received such contentment, that whereas his dinner was appointed and provided at the maiors of Newcastle, hee yet went and honored Generall Lesly with his presence at dinner, who hath not only gained a good report with his majestie to be a brave soldier, but also a singular esteem to be a most expert and able commander and generall, by such of our English officers as were then with his majestie."

"The Scots when they marched out of Newcastle, their artillerie being mounted upon their carriages, advanced first forth with the cannoniers and other officers thereto belonging, and some troops of horse; then most of the regiments of foot; after them their provision baggage and carriage; then followed the rest of the foot; and all the rest taking their leaves in a most brotherly and friendly manner. Being gone some four miles from the town, their general having directed them to march forwards, he returned to Newcastle, accompanied with some few of his officers, causing the toll-bell to be rung up and downe the towne, proclaiming that if any of the towne were not yet satisfied for any thing due to them from any of his officers or soldiers, let them bring in their tickets, and he would pay them, which he did accordingly, to the great content of the townsmen, and much applause of the general and the whole armie. And after a solemne taking of his levee, he followed the armie, going all the way along with them in the reere, as they marched, and not any thing taken from any man in all the iourney, to their singular commendation, and gayning the good esteem of all that passed by.

TIPPERMUIR.*—The extraordinary battle, or rather route, of Tippermuir, near Perth, took place on the 19th of May, 1644, the Marquis of Montrose being general for the King, and the Lord Elcho for the Covenant. Montrose's army consisted of 2000 foot and 500 horse, partly Irish and partly Highlanders, while the force under Elcho amounted to 5000 cavalry and infantry. The Covenanters were disgracefully defeated in a single charge, 300 slain chiefly in the pursuit, and many taken prisoners;—"Quorum alii præstito sacramento militari, victoris

* An original extract from the Minutes of Perth, respecting the surrender of that town to Montrose's army, in 1644.

arma sequuti sunt : sed mala fide, plerique enim omnes defecere. Reliquos data, solemnī modo, fide, nunquam in posterum contra regem ejusve duces militaturos libertati restituit.” * In the conflict Montrose had only two of his men wounded.

Spalding, in his *naïve* manner, gives the following account of the Marquis's motions previous to the battle of Tippermuir and of the affair itself. It may be remarked, that he errs respecting the death of Lord Kilpont, who was not assassinated during the battle, but in a subsequent tumult of the Highlanders and Irish :

“ Ye heard before of M'Donald's taking service with Montrose, his landing and progress with the Irishes, and what order the estates took in setting forth proclamations. As M'Donald marched in through Badenoeh, M'Donald of Keppach and his forces came willingly unto him, with divers others; the tutor of Struan, and his friends and followers, at his coming to Athol, came unto him; and here likewise James Marquis of Montrose trysted with this M'Donald and his Irishes. He came secretly from England, accompanied only with Crouner Hay and Crouner Sibbald, as was said; and clad in coat and trews, upon his foot he came to Athol, where divers gentlemen of that country met him, especially the Stuarts of Athol, and offered their service to him. The Lord Kilpont came there with some friends. This mighty Marquis of Montrose, clad now with the king's commission and authority, calling now to mind the manifold injuries and oppressions done to him by the estates, especially by Argyle, since the beginning of this covenant, and resolving to revenge the king's quarrel and his own both against the king's rebels and his mortal enemies, to the utmost of his power (which indeed he did after a miraculous manner in several battles, as ye shall hear, to the great fear and terror of all Scotland), he marches from Athol above St. Johnston. The general committee of estates at Edinburgh, hearing of the Irish progress, hastily raises out of the shires of Fife, Perth, and Angus, an army of about 6000 foot and 800 horse, with expert officers and commanders, ammunition, powder, ball, and four field pieces, to go upon the Irishes. They were well in order both horse and foot; they march forward, and upon Thursday the first of September both parties meet upon a muir four miles

* Rer. Montisros. Cap. V.

bewest St. Johnston, called Tibbermuir; but the Lieutenant foresaid, Montrose, routed and defeated their haill forces with great slaughter, killed 1300, some say 1500, of their men, and took 800 prisoners, whom they made to serve in their wars. They got plenty of arms, powder, ball, their canon, and some horse, bag, and baggage, with little loss for themselves. Lieutenant Montrose atchieved the victory with few men, not exceeding 3000 foot, with few or no horsemen at all, and with loss of some but not many men, and with none of note except the Lord Kilpont, who was by one of his own men suddenly and unhappily slain, to the Lieutenant's grief. After this conflict, he upon the morn, being Monday the 2nd of September, takes in the burgh of St. Johnston, with little debate, and small blood. They plunder the town for goods, monies, arms, ammunition, and such of their men as they thought meet to serve in the wars, with all the horse they could get, whereof this lieutenant was scarce, as I have said.

“The defeat of the Covenanters by Montrose, was so complete and terrific, that, after a lapse of eighty years, the remembrance of it could still appal the courage of the presbyterian party. Upon the breaking out of the insurrection in the year 1715, the Earl of Rothes, sheriff and lord lieutenant of the county of Fife, issued an order, for all the fencible men in the countie, to meet him at a place called Cashmoor; the gentlemen took no notice of his orders, nor did the commons, except those whom the ministers forced to go to the place of rendezvous, to the number of fifteen hundred men, being all that their utmost diligence would perform; but those of that countie having been taught by experience that it is not good meddling with edge tools, especially in the hands of Highlandmen, were very averse from taking arms. No sooner they reflected on the place of rendezvous, Cashmoor, than Tippermuir* was called to mind; a place not far from thence where Montrose had routed them, when under the command of my great grand uncle, the Earl of Wemyss, then generall of God's armie; in a word, the unlucky choice of a place called Moor, appeared ominous; and that with the flying report of the Highlandmen having made themselves master of

* See Legend of Montrose.

Perth, made them throw down their arms and run, notwithstanding the trouble that Rothes and the ministers gave themselves to stop them.”*

The surrender of Perth to the Marquis of Montrose, was deemed by the great body of the Covenanters, an act of cowardice or treachery, or both. An apologetical paper (without a date) was given in, either to the parliament or the committee of estates,† by Messrs. John Robertson and George Halyburton, ministers of Perth, the latter of whom, in spite of all the covenanting fervour displayed in this curious document, deserted his party at the restoration, and was consecrated Bishop of Dunkeld. He is thus characterized by Kirkton: “Mr. George Halyburton for Dunkeld, was a man of utterance, but who had made more changes than old Infamous Eccebolius, and was never thought severe in any, he seemed to be so ingenious, and never was: you may guess what savour was in that salt.”‡ We are told in the memoirs of the Reverend Thomas Halyburton, that the bishop “who proved a cruel persecutor of his former friends, was scarce well warm in his nest, when the Lord smote him with sore sickness, of which he died, and went to his place.”

THE REBELLIONS.—The following traces of the memorable rebellions in the year 1715 and 1745, will throw considerable light on many of the incidents of the Scottish Novels, without a knowledge of which some of the most interesting incidents might be obscured, to such as may not have perused the history of these eventful times.

The Earl of Mar, who was secretary of state to Queen Anne, finding himself left out of public employment by George I., wrote a letter to him, complaining of neglect and misrepresentation, and hinting at former services, and expressing his zeal for the protestant succession. But this letter not having the desired effect, his resentment hurried him into a rebellion against a Prince to whom he had sworn allegiance. Having for this end

* MS. Memoirs of Lord St. Clair.

† Or perhaps to the general assembly of the Church, for no mention of it occurs in the books of the committee of estates, preserved in the Register House.

‡ Kirk. Hert. p. 136.

concerted proper measures with the Jacobites* and Papists at London, about the middle of August, 1715, he set out for Scotland, where he proclaimed a great hunting,† at which it is a custom there for the country people round to appear well armed.

At an entertainment after the sport, he made his intentions known to them in a speech full of invectives against the new succession and King George. At first he gained little credit, being suspected; but some coming into his measures, their number by degrees increased, the earl continually encouraging and uniting them by promises of dissolving the union, and assurances that thousands were engaged with him; that Ormond and Bolingbroke were gone over to France to engage the Regent to assist them with men and money, and that they would certainly land very soon, together with the Duke of Berwick, at the head of a very considerable force.

Having obtained the Pretender's commission of Lieutenant General, on the 9th of September, 1715, the Earl of Mar hoisted his standard at Kirk-Michael, and proclaimed him king. He continued here four or five days, and then, with his company, consisting of no more than 60 men, marched to Moulin, thence to Logarth, thence, increased to 1,000, to Dunkeld, and from thence, being 2,000 strong, they set forward for Perth. This

* The term Jacobite is derived from Jacobus, and was a reproachful epithet bestowed on persons who disapproved of the revolution of King William, and who continued still to assert the right and adhere to the interests of the de-throned tyrant James, and his family. It has, moreover, been applied to all such as have vindicated the execrable doctrines of passive obedience, non-resistance, and the divine right of Kings, and who, consequently, hold high notions of their prerogatives. In this last sense it has much the same import with *Tory*. The epithet *Whig* is generally understood to denote a friend to civil and religious liberty; a stern advocate for the rights of the people, but who, nevertheless, is zealous for the support of the king in all his just prerogatives, though at the same time desirous of reducing him to an incapacity of abusing his power. Whatever, says Mr. Belsham, tends to enlarge the power of princes or magistrates beyond the precise line or limit of the general good, whatever imposes oppressive, or even superfluous restraints upon the liberty of the people, or introduces any species of civil inequality, not founded upon the basis of public utility, is the very essence of *Toryism*. On the other hand, genuine *Whiggism* is nothing more than good temper and good sense, or to adopt higher and more appropriate terms of expression, benevolence and wisdom applied to the science of government. The term Whig, says another writer, combines all that is honorable in loyalty, with all that is consistent in patriotism.

† The rebellion in 1715, was said to be a hunting match in the isle of Skye.

town was seized, September 16th, by John Hay, brother to the Earl of Kinnoul, at the head of 200 horse, before the arrival of the Earl of Rothes who was marching to secure it for the King, with 300 men. Here the rebels furnished themselves with arms, by sending out parties for that purpose, and by seizing a ship bound for the north to the Earl of Sutherland, who was raising his tenants for the King, in which they found 300 complete stand.

Mackintosh now joined them at Perth with 500 stout well disciplined and armed; these marched to the sea coast of Fife, and there with five other regiments, viz. Mar's own, Strathmore's, Nairn's, Murray's and Drummond's, in all 2,500, having seized all the boats on that coast, embarked, and, in spite of the King's ships in the Frith, 1500 of them got safe on shore, the rest putting back.

Mr. James Murray* arrived at Perth from France, and took the character of Secretary of State to the Pretender. About that time a strong party attempted to surprise the garrison of Inverlochy, and took two redoubts, in which were an officer and 20 men, but the main garrison being on their guard, obliged them to retreat, and they marched thence into Argyleshire. They, also, just before this, attempted to surprise the castle of Edinburgh. Lord Drummond with ninety choice persons, all gentlemen, were picked out for the enterprize; they had corrupted one Aniesly, a sergeant, a corporal and two sentinels in the castle; these were to assist upon the wall near the sally port, by drawing up a scaling ladder; but all the joints of it not coming at once, it proved too short for any to get over the wall. The officers of the garrison, in the meantime, had intelligence of the design, and getting their men silently together, discovered the ladder, unloosed it at the top of the wall, let it fall, and immediately ordered the sentinel to discharge his piece; upon this the rounds also fired upon the gentlemen at the foot of the ladder, who immediately dispersed, four only being taken.

The Pretender was proclaimed from place to place, and a declaration was published by the Earl of Mar, requiring the people every where to resort to their new master's standard.

* The same individual, or one of the same name, was secretary in 1745. His wife, finely dressed with ribbons, &c. assisted on horseback at the proclaiming the young Pretender in Edinburgh.

His numbers daily increasing, and receiving assurances from France that the Pretender would soon join him in person, he prepared to cross the Forth and advance to Edinburgh; but finding a detachment was ordered to watch him, he put it off, and published a proclamation for an assessment, which was answered in a counter proclamation by the Duke of Argyle, and several declarations were made on both sides.

Oct. 18.—2,300 of the western Highlanders, commanded by General Gordon, came from Inverary, the chief town in Argyleshire, but thought fit to retire, finding that the Earl of Ilay (now Duke of Argyle) was ready to receive them.

Oct. 23.—The Duke had notice that about 200 foot and 100 horse were marching towards Dumfriesshire; upon this he immediately detached a party of dragoons under Lord Cathcart, who came up with the rebels at five the next morning, and killed and wounded several, and took 17 horsemen; a few days after, 400 of Breadalbin's men were surrounded by Lord Ilay and obliged to separate and return home.

Nov. 12.—The Duke of Argyle, having received advice that the rebels, to the number of 8,000, were preparing to join Gordon with the western clans, and to attempt crossing the Forth, resolved to prevent them; he accordingly advanced with all his forces towards Dunblain. This occasioned a general engagement at Sheriffe Moor, near that place (Nov. 13), the success of which was differently represented, each side claiming the victory, the left wing on each side being routed.* Soon after this battle the rebels lost Inverness, which was held for them by Sir John Mackenzie; this was a great check to Mar, who retired again to Perth, where he lay all the remainder of that and the next month, during which time 8,000 Dutch reinforced the Duke of Argyle.

Nov. 22.—The Pretender landed near Aberdeen, from whence he marched to Scoon, two miles from Perth, and issued out several proclamations; one for a general thanksgiving for his safe arrival, another for praying for him in the churches, a third for the currency of foreign coin, a fourth for summoning the convention of States, a fifth for arming all effective men,

* The party, also, that crossed the Firth, and went into England to join Forster and Derwentwater, was obliged to surrender the same day at Preston.

from sixteen to sixty, and ordering them to repair to his royal standard. He was here addressed by the Episcopal clergy, the magistrates and citizens of Aberdeen; and in the meantime the Earl of Mar, to raise the affections of the people, published a circular letter full of his master's praise (Jan. 17), who soon after unhappily issued an order for burning the country. The war-rant for exercising this cruelty was directed to James Graham, the younger, of Braes, and the reason of it was to deprive the King's army, which was advancing towards the rebels, of ~~large~~ ~~large~~ or quarters. But it was of no service to them, for the Duke of Argyle, having got 2,000 waggons, and fourteen days provisions, proceeded, and put them in such consternation that several of their posts were abandoned; as also the castles of Braco and Tullibardine.

According to this order, several towns, as Auchterarder, Blackford, Dunning, and Muthell, and other small villages, were burnt to the ground; by which the poor inhabitants, being only the old infirm men, the women and children (the able-bodied being forced from their homes, either into the Rebellion, or to seek shelter), were driven out, and exposed to the open air, which made a most dismal sight, to behold those under these unhappy circumstances, exposed in the extremest season of the year, and in one of the coldest winters that has been felt these many ages; so great a load of snow upon the earth, that a speedy dispatch or death, would have been more eligible to these poor naked creatures, than the unconceivable pains that follow cold, hunger, and nakedness, to the old and infirm; besides the tenderness of the other sex and sucking infants."*

Nov. 31.—His Grace passed the Em, and advanced within eight miles of Perth, which the rebels also abandoned immediately, passing over the river Tay on the ice, and the Pretender and the Earl of Mar followed; whereupon the Duke of Argyle ordered 400 dragoons and 1,000 foot to take possession of the place. The whole army followed; from hence his Grace pursued the flying enemy with the utmost expedition, with six squadrons of dragoons, three battalions, and 800 detached foot. The next day (Dec. 1) they proceeded to Dundee, from whence the rebels retired to Montrose, keeping two days' march before the

* Patten's Hist. p. 79.

King's forces, which the Duke divided so as to pursue them in every route.

At Montrose, the Pretender received advice that the King's army was advancing, and ordered the clans which had remained with him, to be ready to march about eight at night to Aberdeen, where he assured them a considerable force from France would soon join them. At the hour appointed for his march, he ordered his horses to be brought before the door of the house in which he lodged, as if he designed to go with them, but at the same time he slipped privately out on foot, accompanied by only one domestic, went to the Earl of Mar's lodgings, from thence by a byway to the water-side, where a boat waited, and carried him on board a French ship; and about a quarter of an hour afterwards two other boats carried the Earl of Melfort, the Lord Drummond, Lieut. Gen. Sheldon, and ten other gentlemen on board the same ship, when they put to sea. The Earls of Marischall and Southesk, the Lord Tinnmouth, son to the Duke of Berwick, Gen. Gordon, and many gentlemen and officers of distinction, were left to shift for themselves; of which 47 were cast away in a boat. The clans for the most part dispersed, and ran to the mountains, and about 1,000 of them, who continued in a body, marched to Aberdeen; but being pursued from place to place, and waiting in vain for the assistance their master promised at parting, they all either dispersed, or threw themselves on the mercy of his Majesty, or followed, as opportunity afforded, their fugitive master into France.

A List of the CLANS OF SCOTLAND, with the badges of distinction worn in the bonnets of each.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Badges.</i>	<i>Names.</i>	<i>Badges.</i>
Buchanan,	Birch.	Graham,	Laurel.
Cameron,	Oak.	Grant,	Cranberry Heath.
Campbell,	Myrtle.	Gunn,	Rosewort.
Chisholm,	Alder.	Lammet,	Crab-Apple Tree.
Colquhoun,	Hazel.	M'Allister,	Five-leaved Heath.
Cummin,	Common Sallow.	M'Donald,	Bell Heath.
Drummond,	Holly.	M'Donnell,	Mountain Heath.
Farquharson,	Purple Fox Glove.	M'Dougall,	Cypress.
Ferguson,	Poplar.	M'Farlane,	Cloud Berry Bush
Forbes,	Brown.	M'Gregor,	Pine.
Frazer,	Yew.	M'Intosh,	Boxwood.
Gordon,	Ivy.	M'Kay,	Bulrush.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Badges.</i>	<i>Names.</i>	<i>Badges.</i>
M'Kenzie,	Deer Grass.	Menzies,	Ash.
M'Kinnan,	St. John's Wort.	Murray,	Juniper.
M'Lachlan,	Mountain Ash.	Ogilvie,	Hawthorn.
M'Lean,	Blackberry Heath.	Oliphant,	The great Maple.
M'Leod,	Red Whortle Berries	Robertson,	Fern or Brechins.
M'Nab,	Rose Buck Berries.	Rose,	Brier Rose.
M'Neill,	Sea Ware.	Rose,	Bear Berries.
M'Pherson,	Variegated Boxwood	Sinclair,	Clover.
M'Quarrie,	Black Thorn.	Stewart,	Thistle.
M'Rae,	Fir Club Moss.	Sutherland,	Cat's-tail Grass.
Munro,	Eagle's Feathers.		

The Chief of the Clans to have two Eagle feathers, with the badge of their clan on their bounets.

A List of the most considerable Chiefs in Scotland, with the number of men they could raise in 1715, under the Earl of Mar.

f. signifies for the then government, *a.* against it, *n.* neuter, *m.* major part, *r.* in the rebellion.

DUKES.	MEN.		
<i>f.</i> Hamilton.	1000 <i>f.</i>	<i>a.</i> Linlithgow	300 <i>r. m.</i>
<i>f.</i> Buccleugh	1000 <i>f.</i>	<i>a.</i> Hume	500 <i>r.</i>
<i>n.</i> Gordon, 3000, <i>a. m.</i> most with the		<i>r.</i> Perth	1500 <i>r. m.</i>
Marq. Huntley, <i>r.</i>		<i>r.</i> Wigton	500 <i>a. m.</i>
<i>f.</i> Argyle	4000 <i>f. m.</i>	<i>a.</i> Strathmore	300 <i>a. r.</i>
<i>f.</i> Douglas	500 <i>f.</i>	<i>f.</i> Lauderdale	300 <i>f.</i>
<i>f.</i> Athol, <i>a. m.</i> 6000, <i>a. m.</i> with the		<i>r.</i> Seaforth	3000 <i>r. m.</i>
Marq. Tullibardine, <i>r.</i>		<i>f.</i> Dumfries.	200 <i>f.</i>
<i>f.</i> Montrose	2000 <i>a. m.</i>	<i>r.</i> Southesk.	300 <i>r.</i>
<i>f.</i> Roxburgh	500 <i>f.</i>	<i>f.</i> Weems	300 <i>f.</i>
MARQUIS.		<i>n.</i> Airly (Ogilvy)	500 <i>r. m.</i>
Annandale	500 <i>f.</i>	<i>a.</i> Carnwath	300 <i>r.</i>
EARLS.		<i>a.</i> Panmure.	500 <i>r. m.</i>
<i>n.</i> Errol.	500 <i>a. m.</i>	<i>f.</i> Kilmanock	300 <i>f.</i>
<i>a. r.</i> Marischall	500 <i>a. m.</i>	<i>f.</i> Dondonald	300 <i>f.</i>
<i>f.</i> Sutherland	1000 <i>f.</i>	<i>a.</i> Breadalbin	2000 <i>r. m.</i>
<i>a. r.</i> Mar	1000 <i>r.</i>	VISCOUNTS.	
<i>f.</i> Rothes	500 <i>f.</i>	<i>a.</i> Stormont.	300 <i>a.</i>
<i>f.</i> Mortin	300 <i>f.</i>	<i>r.</i> Kinnure.	300 <i>a. r.</i>
<i>f.</i> Glencairn	300 <i>f. m.</i>	LORDS.	
<i>f.</i> Eglington.	300 <i>f. m.</i>	<i>f.</i> Forbes	500 <i>f. m.</i>
<i>f.</i> Cassilis.	500 <i>f.</i>	<i>a.</i> Lovat	800 <i>a. m.</i>
<i>f.</i> Murray	300 <i>a. m.</i>	<i>f.</i> Ross	500 <i>f.</i>
<i>n.</i> Cathress.	500 <i>a. m.</i>	<i>f.</i> Rae	500 <i>f.</i>
<i>a.</i> Nithsdale.	300 <i>r.</i>	<i>a. r.</i> Nairn	1000 <i>m. r.</i>
<i>a.</i> Wintoun.	300 <i>r.</i>	CLANS.	
		<i>a.</i> Sir Dan. Macdonald	1000 <i>r.</i>

a. r. Glencary . . .	500 a.	f. Laird of Grant. . .	1000 f.
a. r. Clanronald. . .	1000 a.	a. Laird Appin. . .	300 a. r
a. r. Keppoch . . .	300 a.	n. M'Leod . . .	1000 f.
a. r. M'Intosh . . .	1000 a.	a. r. M'Kenning . . .	200 a. m
a. r. M'Gregor . . .	500	a. r. Glenco . . .	100 a. m.
a. r. S. Robertson. . .	300 r.	a. r. Glemoriston . .	100 a.
a. Macpherson. . .	500 a. r.	M'Neil . . .	120 a. r.
a. Sir Ed. Cameron . .	1000 a. r.	a. r. Straglass. . .	100 a. r.
a. Sir J. Maclean . .	1000 a. m.		

Having already traced the rebels that rose in Scotland, through several stages to the battle of Dunblane, and from thence to Aberdeen, where in their distress they were deserted by the Pretender, and left to shift for themselves, we shall now conduct those that took up arms in England to their defeat and capture at Preston, in Lancashire.

The grand scheme having been concerted in London, a correspondence was established with the conspirators in the several parts of Britain, not by letter, but by means of Colonel Oxburgh, and several gentlemen, all Irish and Papists, riding from place to place as travellers, who negotiated the affair, and ripened things to action. Their first public rising was on hearing that warrants were come down to Northumberland, for the apprehension of Lord Derwentwater and Mr. Forster, on which they called a general meeting; and as they had no hopes of lying concealed, and were in danger of separate commitments and examinations, which would inevitably ruin the undertaking, they resolved to appear in arms.

The next morning (Oct. 6) Mr. Forster, and about twenty gentlemen met accordingly at Greenrig, and went to a rising called the Waterfalls, from whence they could see any that should come either to join or oppose them. They were soon joined by Lord Derwentwater, who came that morning from his seat at Dilston, with some friends and all his servants, mounted on coach-horses and well armed. They were now about sixty horsemen, and agreed to march to Plainfield, on the river Coquet; next morning their number still increasing, they proceeded to Warwick, where they staid till the tenth; and Mr. Forster, in disguise, after making a speech, proclaimed the Pretender; thence they marched to Morpeth, and in their march received considerable additions. At Felton bridge they were joined by several Scotch horse, so that when they entered this place they

were three hundred strong, all horse; for they would entertain no foot, because they could not provide them with arms. They told the common people, who in great numbers offered to join them, that they should soon have arms and ammunition, and that they would form a regiment. This they hoped to have made good, by the seizure of Newcastle.

About this time, Lancelot Errington, with a small party, had surprised the castle in Holy Island; but the place was immediately retaken by a detachment from Berwick, sword in hand, and Errington narrowly escaped with his life. From Morpeth they approached Newcastle, but did not find things show to their advantage; however, expecting to be master of it in a few days, they marched in the mean time a little westward to Hexham; here they were joined by more Scotch horse, and from thence marched to Dilston, with the intention of surprising Newcastle, but went back again on receiving intelligence that their design was discovered—that Lord Scarborough had entered the town with his friends, and the militia, and seven hundred keelmen were arming: a battalion of foot, and part of a regiment of dragoons, were also arrived by long marches from Yorkshire, and Lieut. General Carpenter, who had been ordered to go in pursuit of the rebels, arrived also at Newcastle, on the 18th, with Hotham's foot, and Cobham's, Molesworth's, and Churchill's dragoons. The rebels therefore departed from Hexham on the 19th, having staid there three days, proclaimed the Pretender, and seized all the arms and horses they could find. Just before the rebels left that place, they received advice that Lord Kenmure, and other Scotch noblemen, had entered England with a considerable force to join them, and were come to Rothbury; upon which, by a forced march, they joined him that night.

Next day the whole body marched to Wooler, in Northumberland, where receiving intelligence that a detachment of Highlanders had advanced to Dunse, they immediately marched for Kelso, which they entered without opposition, and soon after arrived the Highlanders, with old Brigadier Macintosh at their head. Next morning they proclaimed the Pretender and read a manifest of the Earl of Mar. They demanded here, as well as at other places, the public revenues, and seized what arms and ammunition they could find. The rebels now consisted

of five Scotch troops of indifferent horse, tolerably well armed, and six regiments of foot, and a considerable number of what they called volunteers; these were commanded in chief by Lord Kenmure; the English consisted also of five troops of horse, not so well armed, and some volunteers, commanded in chief by Lord Derwentwater,—the whole making about 1400 men.

Having continued at Kelso till Oct. 27, General Carpenter, who was in pursuit of them, had leisure to concert his march. He reached Wooler on the 27th, and intended to be at Kelso the next day. Upon this the rebels called a council of war, in which the Earl of Winton, as he had before done, pressed them to return to the west of Scotland; but this was rejected by the English. It was then proposed to pass the Tweed, and attack the King's forces, while they were fatigued, they not amounting to more than 500 men, whereof two regiments of dragoons were newly raised, and had never seen service; but this wise advice was likewise rejected, and no resolution taken, farther than that they should go to Jedburgh, and there they staid till the 29th. Having now an opportunity of getting the start of General Carpenter by three days, it was resolved, in an evil hour for them, to cross the mountains, and march into England. In this march the Highlanders mutinied, and absolutely refused to enter England, but were at length prevailed upon. Next morning they went to the Langholm, and from thence sent a strong detachment to block up Dumfries, which, being situated by a navigable river, on the Irish Sea, maintains a very considerable trade with England, and the west of Scotland; had they but persevered in this resolution, they would certainly have made themselves masters of it, and might then have furnished themselves with arms, money, and ammunition, and have opened a passage to Glasgow, one of the best towns in Scotland, or to England. There they might have received the Highland clans and gentlemen from the west, besides succours from France and Ireland, no men-of-war being in those seas at the time. Nothing could be a greater mark of their insatiation, or of the interposition of Providence; for, instead of taking this opportunity, they determined to come into Lancashire, and an order was sent for the detachment to return, and meet the rest of the enemy at Langtown, in Cumberland.

Here the Highlanders, sensible of the misconduct, halted a second time; but were at length, by money and promises, prevailed with to go on, except about 800 who deserted, choosing rather to surrender as prisoners than go forward to certain destruction. The Earl of Winton also withdrew with his men, but joined them again soon after, though much dissatisfied with their measures. They left the small cannon they had brought from Kelso, at Langholm, first nailing it up. They proceeded then to Langtown, within seven miles of Carlisle; next day they entered England, and marched to Brampton, a small market town belonging to the Earl of Carlisle, and here they proclaimed the Pretender. The Highlanders from this day had sixpence a head to keep them in temper. They halted one night at Brampton, to refresh the men, who had marched above a hundred miles in five days. The following day they reached Penrith. Here the sheriff and his posse, Lord Lonsdale, and the Bishop of Carlisle, with 1400 men, met to oppose their march, but ran away with the greatest precipitation, on the appearance of a few Highlanders sent only to reconnoitre. This animated the rebels, and furnished them with some arms.

Nov. 3. Having staid at Penrith one night, proclaimed the Pretender, and seized the public money, they marched to Appleby; and next day proclaimed the Pretender; here again they took possession of the public money. Thence they proceeded to Kendal on the 5th, and on the 6th, to Kirby Lonsdale. Here they were joined by some Lancashire Papists. On the 7th, they marched to Lancaster, where they proclaimed the Pretender with greater formality than usual, seized the public money, and were joined by considerable numbers well armed, which greatly animated the Highlanders, who received them with three cheers.

From Lancaster, the rebels marched to Preston, with the intention of possessing themselves of Warrington Bridge, and the town of Manchester, where they expected great numbers to join them, not doubting but by this means to get possession of the great and rich town of Liverpool, which could receive relief but by that bridge. Their horse accordingly reached Preston that night, and the next day the foot. Two troops of Stanhope's dragoons quitted the place on their approach, which much enraged them. There they received a considerable reinforcement, all Papists. The whole of this time they were so astonishingly

stupid and negligent, 'as to be utterly ignorant that the King's forces were ready to fall upon them; and when Mr. Förster had given orders to march from Preston to Manchester, he could scarce credit the report that General Willis was advancing from Wigan to attack them; but was soon convinced of the truth of it by messengers on all sides.

The alarm being now given, a party marched out of the town to Ribble Bridge, and Mr. Forster, and a party of horse went beyond it, to get a certain account of things; when discovering the vanguard of the dragoons, he returned another way than by the bridge, and sent orders immediately to prepare to receive the King's troops, while he went to seek a ford in the river, in order for a passage to come behind them. The rebel foot that advanced to the bridge were a hundred stout well armed men, commanded by a bold experienced officer, who would have defended the pass to the last drop of blood, till the rest of the troops had withdrawn themselves out of the town. But this party was ordered to retreat to Preston: another fatal step never to be retrieved; for here alone they were in a condition to make an effectual stand. General Willis, who expected their greatest effort here, could not credit the advanced guard, who assured him this post was abandoned; and when it was confirmed to him on all hands, he suspected some stratagem. He therefore proceeded with great caution; but finding all the hedges clear, he concluded the enemy fled, and that they would by long marches endeavour to get back into Scotland; but he soon found they intended to receive him in the town.

While General Willis was making the necessary disposition for the attack, the rebels were barricading the streets, lanes, and houses, forming four main barriers, one a little below the church, defended by Brigadier Macintosh, one at the end of a lane into the fields, supported by Lord Charles Murray; another, called the Wind-Mills, by Colonel Macintosh; and the fourth in the street leading towards Liverpool, by Major Muller and Mr. Douglas. An obstinate engagement presently ensued, the rebels several times repulsing the King's troops, who as often returned to the charge. But the rebels learning at length, from prisoners, that Lord Carpenter was on the point of joining General Willis, with three regiments of dragoons, and finding,

contrary to the assurance of their leaders, and their own expectation, that not a man of the King's troops had joined them, they began to open their eyes, and perceived nothing but inevitable destruction before them ; and that the most they could hope for, was to obtain a capitulation, and terms for their lives.

While their spirits were thus failing them, the attack was renewed with great vigour by the united force of the Generals Willis and Carpenter, and the rebels, to complete their despair, found their gunpowder fail them. In this dilemma the rebels were for rallying out sword in hand ; but this motion was overruled, and General Forster, prevailed on by Lord Weddington, and Colonel Oxburgh, resolved on a capitulation.

Oxburgh pretending acquaintance with some of the King's officers, offered to go out and treat for a surrender ; this was done without the knowledge of the rebels, who were told that General Willis had sent to offer honourable terms to them, if they would lay down their arms. The Colonel, with a trumpet, went out to General Willis, and all the answer he could procure was, that they must submit to the King's mercy, for that no terms could be made with rebels. On his carrying the answer into the town, Captain Dalsie was sent to desire a short time to consider of it, which was granted, and on General Willis's sending for their final answer, they pretended a dispute between the Scotch and the English, and desired a cessation till next morning at seven o'clock to reconcile them. This was granted, on condition that no new entrenchment should be thrown up, that they suffered none of their people to escape, and that they sent out the chiefs of the English and Scots as hostages. Lord Derwentwater accordingly came out as one of the hostages. Next day Mr. Forster went out to acquaint General Willis they were ready to surrender at discretion, as he had demanded ; but Macintosh being by, said that he would not answer that the Scotch would surrender in that manner ; to which Willis replied that they might then go back, and make the best defence they could, and the consequence would be, that he would not spare a man of them, if they fell into his hands.—Macintosh then went back, but presently returned in great haste, crying that the Lord Kinmure and the rest of the Scotch would surrender on the same terms with the other troops. Thus they were all

made prisoners, the next morning at seven o'clock, being the 14th of November; and thus an end put at once to the rebellion which had made such rapid advances.

THE MEMORABLE 'FORTY-FIVE.'—The national tranquillity was again disturbed in the reign of George II., A. D. 1745, by another adventurer. This was the son of the old Pretender, and commonly called the young Pretender. This aspiring claimant landed in Scotland, and the boldness of the enterprise astonished all Europe. After gaining some trifling advantages over the King's forces, he made an irruption into England, and, for a short time, greatly alarmed the pusillanimous part of the nation. Retreating northwards, he was at length totally defeated by the Duke of Cumberland, in the battle of Culloden, near Inverness, in 1746. Immediately after the engagement, the Pretender sought safety by flight. He continued wandering among the wilds of Scotland,* for nearly six months; and as thirty thousand pounds were offered for taking him, he was constantly pursued by the troops of the conqueror, and often hemmed round by them, but still rescued by some lucky accident from the impending danger; at length he escaped from the isle of Uist to Morlaix. In the mean time the scaffold and gibbets were preparing for his adherents, many of whom were hanged in the neighbourhood of London and other parts. The Earl of Kilmarnock and the Lords Balmerino and Lovat were beheaded on Tower-hill. Thus terminated the last efforts of the Stuarts for reascending the throne, and all pretentions are now for ever extinguished in the demise of the late Cardinal York, at Rome.†

* At Port Ree in the isle of Skye, his shoes were worn out, and a friend furnished him with a new pair, and kept the old ones till his own death, when, as Boswell informs us, in his Journal, a zealous Jacobite gave twenty guineas for them.

† A Mr. Watson was stated some years ago to be the proprietor of the archives of the Stuart family, which he discovered, and bought of M. Tassoni, the Pope's auditor, and executor to the will of the late Cardinal York, the last of the Stuart race. These papers were brought from Civita Vecchia to England in two British men-of-war. They are numerous, authentic and very valuable—being estimated at half a million. They illustrate every thing obscure in the history of the last Stuarts, and throw new lights on the literature, the history and politics of the most interesting period of modern times. In the literary part is a correspondence between King James and Fenelon, Swift, the Bishop of Rochester,

The first authentic account received in England of the landing of the young Pretender mentioned the circumstance only as a probability. For many weeks the thing was laughed at in all companies; General Cope's march was looked upon as a parade of triumph rather than an enterprise of danger; and the public in idea again saw the roads crowded with rebellious chains, and the gibbets loaded with Highlanders. Their march southwards was the first step that transpired, and people rather laughed than were alarmed at the seizure of Perth by the rebels; and so very wise and sanguine, at the time, were the coffee-house politicians, that Sir John Cope's passing them, was extolled as a master-piece of military stratagem, since the small band of desperate rebels were now betwixt two fires—not a single rebel would be able to escape, and all the difficulty was where to find prisons sufficient to stow them away, when they should throw themselves on the mercy of the government. Those pleasing ideas were heightened and encouraged by a loyal address from the city of Edinburgh, which was presented in a manner in the very teeth of the rebellion, and the dutiful flourishes of the gallant volunteers, who were to “cock up the Pretender's beaver.” But the most animating accounts published by authority a few days before the fatal action of Gladsmuir were, that the rebels were not above “3000 naked, needy, miserable wretches, and that their numbers were rather diminishing than increasing.” After such assurances, it was looked upon to be the height of folly and madness, not without a small spice of disloyalty, to doubt of their utter ruin in a very few days. Every post brought accounts of their cowardice, their desertions, their unruliness; nay, the very mention of the King's troops had made them scamper. It turned out, however, in the end, that the foe was not such a wretched body as had been represented, and the people soon saw how fatally they had been deluded; still it was hoped they would dissipate upon their first march of General Wade. But how were they undeceived when more recent and authentic accounts swelled the numbers of the followers of the young Pretender, to 8, 10, as far as 11,000 men;

Lord Bolingbroke, Marshal Keith, and other equally celebrated personages. In the political part, there are above six thousand autographs of the Stuart family, as well as a great number of letters from Charles XII., Peter the Great, Louis XIV., and almost all the sovereigns in Europe.

and that they had even dared to enter England at a time when there were upward of 60,000 men under arms to oppose them. The subsequent operations will be better seen by the following extracts from the Public Prints.

Aug. 1, 1745.—The following article, dated from Paris, July 19, O. S. appeared in the London newspapers of this date. —The Pretender's eldest son put to sea, July 14, from Belle-Isle (others say Nantz), in an armed ship of 60 guns, provided with a large quantity of warlike stores, together with a frigate of 30 guns (others 18) in order to land in Scotland, where he would find 20,000 men and 40 transport ships, &c. at his disposal, to make good his pretensions to the crown of Great Britain; he was to be joined by five ships of the line from Brest, and 4,500 Spaniards who were embarking at Ferrol.

Hague, July 30.—Several foreign ministers have an account that a principal officer of the French Navy had been several months raising, on pretence for the India service, 100 men. They were called "Grassins de Mer," were clothed in blue faced with red, and embarked at Port Lazaro in Britany, on July 14, on board a frigate of 18 guns, in which was the Pretender's eldest son, who came incog. from Normandy, and about 50 Scots and Irish. The frigate was joined off Belle-Isle by the Elizabeth of 66 guns. He intended to go round Ireland and land in Scotland, but was met on the 20th by some English merchant ships convoyed by three ships of war, and of which, the Lion, bore down upon the Elizabeth and attacked her. Upon which the Pretender sailed away in the frigate. The fight lasted nine hours, but night coming on, the Elizabeth, quite disabled, got away to Brest, the captain and 64 men killed, 136 dangerously, wounded and a greater number slightly. She had on board £400,000 sterling and arms for several thousand men. The French court pretend to know nothing more of the affair, than that this person had sent a letter to complain of being neglected by them, but adding, that he would hazard his life in trying his father's faithful subjects rather than return to Rome.

Aug. 7.—A proclamation was issued, ordering a reward of £30,000 for apprehending the eldest son of the Pretender and the like in Ireland.

Aug. 11.—Was committed to Edinburgh goal, by warrant of his Majesty's advocate, Hex. Fraser, some time servant to

John Drummond, Captain in the French service, and John Macleod, lately come from Holland, as guilty of treason.

Aug. 22.—A letter from Inverness, dated August 16th, says, “several of the Camerons and Macdonalds are in arms, but there are no foreign forces, or councils among ’em; so that any commotion these madmen occasion, must very soon be quashed. Sir Alexander Macdonald dined on Monday last with the Lord President and the Laird of Macleod, and gave all assurances, that neither he nor any of his people shall aid or abet the invaders of our country.” On the contrary, another letter says, “that a body of 24 of the rebels came lately into the country of Ranerch, and would have carried along with them 100 men of the inhabitants, in order to make them accomplices, with the same ease as they use to drive off the cattle, and that a detachment of them have taken a captain of the army two miles from Fort Augustus. Their numbers are uncertain, as they stand dispersed for want of provisions in any one place. It were wished they were twice as numerous as they are, that they might be necessitated to eat up one another. However, they must be starved to death with cold, having nothing to cover them but the canopy of heaven.

Another letter says, “the young Chevalier is certainly landed in the Highlands with about 40 men, and is seemingly joined by 500 clans, commanded by General Macdonnel, uncle to the Earl of Antrim; that a detachment of the last week come down to Ranerch, carried along with them several people to accompany them in their distracted purposes to the hills.”

Two letters from Fort Augustus and Fort William, of the 14th and 10th inst. insinuate apprehensions of a speedy visit from the rebels. Among the reports current one is, that they have erected a standard with the motto—‘Tandem Triumphans.’

Sept. 1.—A letter dated the 24th past, from a person of distinction in the north-west of Scotland, says, two companies of St. Clair’s and Murray’s, going between Fort Augustus and Fort William, were attacked by a body of Highlanders. It was a bloody battle: but the soldiers having spent all their ammunition, which was eleven charges, were attacked in front, flank and rear, and obliged to surrender prisoners, after the loss of a good number on each side. Captain Scot was wounded in

the action. Captain Sweetman of Guise's regiment, who was taken prisoner by the Highlanders, went post through Leeds for London on Thursday se'nnight. He was seized by eight persons at an inn in the Highlands, where he went to call for a dram, and carried to the Pretender's camp, who treated him very civilly, suffered him to go away on his parole, gave him a manifesto and a passport directed to all sheriffs, sheriffs' deputies, constables, &c. in Scotland, and signed Charles Pr. Custos Regni. The captain said he supposed the rebels to be about 1,800 strong : that a nobleman's brother was standard bearer : that except the Macdonalds of Clanronald, of Kappach and Glengarry, and of Lintochmoidart, the Camerons of Lochyell, and the Stuarts of Appin, there are none of the clans in person with the young Chevalier, but about 2,500 of their men, not all armed : and that General Cope would be up with the rebels about the 27th ult.

One of the Pretender's printed manifestos is dated 1743, when the last invasion was intended ; and the other in 1745, in which he declares his son Regent for Scotland ; and makes large promises for securing the Scots in their rights and liberties, of dissolving the union, and taking off the malt tax.

Sept. 4.—A detachment of the rebels took possession of Perth, and proclaimed the Pretender the same evening ; but the provost and magistrates had left the place before the proclamation began, and others were appointed in the room. The rebels were joined at Perth, by the Duke of Perth, Lord George Murray, brother to the Duke of Athol, the Hon. William Murray, Esq. ; the Lord Nairn, Messrs. Oliphant, of Gask, elder and younger, and several other disaffected gentlemen. George Kelly, Esq., who was committed to the Tower with the late Bishop of Rochester, in 1721, and made his escape some time since, is made captain of a company of rebels.

Sept. 7.—The rebels proclaimed the Chevalier at Dundee, searched the whole town for horses and arms, levied the public money, giving receipts for the same, and carried up the ship of Captain William Graham, of Perth, from the road of Dundee, to Perth, supposing her to have gunpowder on board.

Sept. 17.—A proclamation was published by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, in which the city offers £6,000 for apprehending the Pretender or his son, if either of them should attempt to land in

Ireland. Several regiments of horse and foot are to be speedily raised in this kingdom.

Sept. 20.—On advice at five this morning, that the rebels were in full march that way to the number of 5,000, having left 2,000 in Edinburgh—the Mayor of Newcastle summoned all the inhabitants to appear at Guildhall, where he made a speech to them, desiring all who were willing to stand by the town to subscribe their names to a paper, which 3,000 did. They are now under arms. All the town gates are built up with a stone wall two yards thick, except Newgate, Sandgate, and the Bridge. General Cope is about seven miles from the rebels, with 2000 regular foot, 900 Highlanders, and two regiments of dragoons.

Sept. 21.—The rebels left Perth on the 11th, and marched that day to Dunblain, 20 miles; the next day they only marched two miles, to Down; and on Tuesday, the 13th, they passed the Forth, at the Forth at Trews, five miles above Stirling: they then seemed to direct their march towards Glasgow; but on the 14th, in the morning, they turned eastward, and marched by Falkirk towards Edinburgh; and when the letters on the 16th came away, were within a few miles of that city.—On the 16th, in the afternoon, Brigadier Fowkes marched to Preston-Pans, six miles east of Edinburgh, with two regiments of dragoons, in order to join Sir John Cope, who was just arrived from Aberdeen, where he had embarked, and was then making a disposition to land the troops under his command at Dunbar, eighteen miles east of Edinburgh, the wind not being then fair to carry the transports up to Leith. By letters of the 18th, the rebels had taken possession of the town, and proclaimed the Pretender there on the 17th.—General Guest, who commanded at Edinburgh, had retired into the castle, where the public officers and inhabitants had secured their most valuable effects, and General Cope being joined by the two regiments of dragoons, was on his march the 18th, towards Edinburgh.

Sept. 16.—Friday last, we learnt that 300 of the Highland host having advanced up to the bridge of Stirling, as if designed to force their passage, General Blakeney, at the head of [part of] Gardiner's dragoons, fired several shots at them, which the Highlanders returned: in the mean time their main body crossed the Forth at different fords above Stirling. Here—

upon General Blakeney, to avoid being surrounded, marched his dragoons down to Falkirk.—The Lord Provost and magistrates of Edinburgh were immediately convened and the cannon of the city arsenal brought out; the gentlemen volunteers mounted guard at the Exchequer, as did the new regiment in the Justiciary Hall; and the whole of the inhabitants were on the alert. On Saturday, we heard that the Highlanders had entered the town of Stirling, and that the young Chevalier had been the first who put foot in the water, and waded through the Forth at the head of his detachment.—That day and yesterday were wholly employed in completing the scaffolding upon the ramparts, erecting palisades and barricades at the several gates. The cannon, having been proved by a double charge and ball, in presence of the magistrates, were ordered to be directly planted on the bastions and proper places.—Yesterday morning the affair turned a little more serious upon our hand; we were assured that the Highlanders were arrived (at least their vanguard) at Linlithgow, twelve miles west of this metropolis: this being confirmed, and reports spreading that detachments of them were coming down as far as Kirkleston, Warnsburgh, and Gogan, five or six miles distant; and as Colonel Gardiner's dragoons were then under arms at Corstorphine, two miles west of us, at eleven o'clock the fire-bell of this city was rung, in order to alarm and arm the inhabitants; and at twelve o'clock General Hamilton's regiment of dragoons decamped from Leith Links, in order to join Colonel Gardiner's regiment at Corstorphine; they galloped through the city in most high spirits, brandishing their swords and huzzaing; the gentlemen of the association of this city received them under arms with loud huzzas, as did the city guard.—Immediately after, all the city guard, headed by four captains, &c. marched out of town, as did a body of the gentlemen volunteers, in order to flank or file with the dragoons as occasion should offer, for want of military foot.—At the same time the new city regiment was put under arms all day and night.—About nine o'clock yesternight, the above two regiments of dragoons returned to this side of the Coltbridge, and continued under arms all night, as did the city guard.—We were very quiet all night, and heard nothing certain of the march of the Highlanders.—It was indeed this

morning said, that a body of them had entered Borostonress yesterday, carried off some barrels of powder, arms, and other things. That a detachment of them had come down to Kirkliston water, and that the main body was near the house of Hopton.—His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch's doers have sent into this place a great many of his grace's tenants and dependents, in order to defend the city; and yesterday Sir Robert Dickson, of Carberry, ordered 200 of his people for the same purpose. The magistracy, especially the Lord Provost, are indefatigable in providing for the defence of the government and security of the city, and scarce get sleep or rest two hours of the twenty-four. All this night they were assembled in council, and the whole inhabitants were under arms.—Several suspected people, who had come into town, have been taken up as suspected, and some as spies, particularly David Graham, designated servant to Mr. Norwell, of Boghall, and who has been seized on suspicion of high treason, as reconnoitring the troops here, and dispersing manifestos.

We have just now heard, that between six and seven this morning, a detachment of the Highlanders was seen marching down Dundas hill, and another crossing Kirkliston water, making hither, so that we are apprehensive of a visit. Meantime the whole city is in arms, and ready to give them a warm reception.

The Caledonian Mercury of the 17th, relates that the night before the magistrates being met, a petition was presented, desiring them to consult the welfare of the city; and that a letter from the pretended regent was produced, informing them that he was come to enter his beloved metropolis of Scotland; upon which it was resolved, that as the King's dragoons were retired, and the President of the Sessions was absent, a deputation should be sent out, which was done; the agreement made was not known; but early in the morning 1000 Highlanders peaceably entered the city. Soon after their master came in a Highland habit, and went to Holyrood Palace, where he changed his dress, and the pursuivants being sent for, and clothed, they proclaimed the Pretender. The writer adds, that the arms delivered to the inhabitants were returned to the castle; that (only seizing the sentinels) their new guests behaved

well, paying for what they wanted; all was quiet, the tradesmen went regularly on in their business.

Sept. 24.—By an express arrived this morning, we are informed that Sir John Cope, with the troops under his command, were attacked by the rebels on the 21st instant at day-break, at Preston, near Seaton, 7 miles from Edinburgh; that the King's troops were defeated, and that Sir John Cope, with about 486 dragoons, had retired to Lauder. Brigadier Fowkes, and Colonel Lascelles, had got to Dunbar. The Earls of Loudon and Hume, and some of the gentlemen volunteers were at Lauder with Sir John Cope.

Sept. 28.—By letters from Berwick of the 23d and 24th, we are informed, that about 500 of the dragoons, under Sir John Cope, were then there; that some of the foot had likewise got to that place, and others were gone to Carlisle, and that La Roque's regiment of Dutch troops landed there on the 23d in the morning.—That the rebels, after the late action, lay for some time at Dudingston and Musselburgh, near Edinburgh, and then returned to that city; since which there were no certain accounts of their motions. Among the principal officers killed is Colonel Gardiner.

The following is the Rebels' account of the battle of Glads-muir;* as published in the Caledonian Mercury, at Edinburgh, by authority.

“Sept. 21.—The Grants of Glenmoriston joined this army yesterday. That morning the Prince put himself at the head of the army at Duddingston, and presenting his sword, said, ‘My friends, I have flung away the scabbard.’ This was answered by a cheerful huzza.—The army marched and drew up on Carberry-hill, where we learned that General Cope had fallen

* * 'Tis computed above 500 of the enemy was killed, and 900 wounded, and that we have taken about 1400 prisoners. All their cannon, mortars, several colours, standards, abundance of horses and arms, were taken; as was all their baggage, equipage, &c. The Prince, as soon as victory declared for him, mounted his horse, and put a stop to the slaughter; and finding no surgeons amongst the enemy, dispatched an officer to Edinburgh, with orders to bring all the surgeons they could find, to attend; which was accordingly done.

By statements on the opposite side, the Pretender's forces were computed at 3000 strong.

down into the low country, east of Preston-Pans. This directed our march along the brow of the hill, till we descried the enemy; upon which the Highlanders gave a shout by way of defiance, expressing such eagerness to run down upon them, that nothing less than authority could restrain them from coming to action directly.

“Some gentlemen went out to observe their camp and reconnoitre the ground, while the army advanced, till it came opposite to, and at half a mile’s distance from the enemy. These gentlemen returning, informed that they had got into a fastness; having a very broad and deep ditch in front, the town of Preston on the right, some houses and a small morass on the left and the Firth or Forth on the rear. This made it impracticable to attack them in front, but at the greatest risk.

“That evening Mr. Cope discharged several cannon at us. A gentleman who had seen their army that day advised us, that they were above 4000 strong, besides volunteers, seceders, &c. from Edinburgh, and several gentlemen at the head of their tenants; that General Hamilton’s dragoons stood on their right, Colonel Gardiner’s on their left; the regiments of Lascelles and Murray, five companies of Lee’s, four of Guise’s, three of the Earl of Loudon’s, and a number of recruits for regiments abroad and at home formed the centre; and that they were all in top spirits.

“About three in the morning of Saturday, the 21st, we got off the ground, and marched eastward; then turning north, formed a line to prevent the enemy’s retreat through the east country, while another body of men were posted to provide against their stealing a march upon us towards Edinburgh.

“The disposition of the attack being made, the Prince made a short speech to his people; after which he marched to engage them thus: The right wing was commanded by the Duke of Perth, a lieutenant-general, and consisted of the battalions of Glengary, Clanronald, Keppoch, and Glenco. The left by Lieutenant-General Lord George Murray, consisting of the Camerons of Lochyel, the Duke of Perth’s battalions, Ardsheel’s, the Macgregors, &c. The right wing in the march extended itself so far towards the sea, that being arrived in a hollow they could not observe the enemy was drawn up, till our left was actually

engaged, which exposed our left to the flank fire of the enemy ; upon which also their artillery played, but did no other mischief than carrying off the calf of a gentleman's leg.

"The signal having been given to form and attack, nothing could parallel the celerity and dexterousness with which the Highlanders performed that motion, except the courage and ardour with which they afterwards fought ; and pulling off their bonnets, looking up to heaven, they made a short prayer, and ran forward. They received a very full fire from right to left of the enemy, which killed several ; but advancing up, they discharged and then threw down their muskets, and drawing their broad swords, gave a most frightful and hideous shout, rushing most furiously upon the enemy ; so that in seven or eight minutes both horse and foot were totally routed and drove from the field of battle ; though it must be owned that the enemy fought very gallantly ; but they could not withstand the impetuosity, or rather fury of the Highlanders, and were forced to run when they could no longer resist.

"Some dragoons formed soon after on a neighbouring eminence ; but observing our men marching to attack them, fled to Dalkeith ; others took shelter in the neighbouring villages ; others got to Leith ; Major Crawford rode up to the castle of Edinburgh ; and was followed by a few dragoons. We know not what became of General Cope.

"The second line, which was commanded by Lord Nairn, and consisted of the Athol men, Strowman's people, and Mac-lachlans, &c. could not come up to have a share of the honour.

"We had killed on the foot in this battle of Gladsmuir, near Seaton-house, Captain Robert Stuart, of Ardsliel's battalion ; Captain Archibald Macdonald, of Keppoch's ; Lieutenant Allan Cameron, of Lindevra ; and Ensign James Cameron, of Lochyel's regiment.

"Captain James Drummond, alias Macgregor, of the Duke of Perth's regiment, was mortally wounded. About 30 private men killed, and 70 or 80 wounded.

"The enemy had killed, Colonel Gardiner, Captains John Stuart of Phisgill, Rogers and Bishop, and Ensign Forbes."

From the journal of Sir John Cope, relative to the consequences and result of the Battle of Gladsmuir, we extract the

following apologetical remarks for the conduct of his troops on this occasion.

“We marched from Dunbar* on the 19th towards Edinburgh; we encamped that night upon the field western of Haddington, and set out from thence early next morning. On this day’s march we had frequent intelligence brought, that the rebels were advancing towards us with their whole body, with a quick pace. We could not therefore get to the ground it was intended we should, having still some miles to march through a country, some part of which was interlined with walls. The general therefore thought it proper to choose the first open ground he found, and a better spot could not have been chosen for the cavalry to act in. We got out of the defiles in our way, and came to this ground just in time before the enemy got up to us.

“We had no sooner completed our dispositions and got our little army formed in excellent order, when the rebels appeared upon the high ground south of us. We then formed a full front to theirs, prepared either to wait their coming to us, or to take the first advantage for attacking them. During this interval we exchanged several huzzas with them, and probably from their not liking our disposition they began to alter their own. They made a large detachment to their left towards Preston (as we imagined) in order to take us in flank, their number being vastly superior to ours.

“Our general having upon this, with several of the officers, reconnoitred their design, immediately caused us to change our front, forming us with our right to the sea, and our left where our front had been: this disposition disappointed their project of taking us in flank, and that part of their army immediately counter-marched back again.

“The night coming on, and the enemy so near, we could only content ourselves with a small train of six gallopers, to throw a few shot amongst an advanced party of theirs who had taken

* Cope, after encountering many hardships and difficulties, got to Dunbar after the 16th September, and all the troops were landed there on the 17th and the artillery on the 18th, on the first and nearest place they could land on the south side of the Forth. Here they received the news of the city of Edinburgh having been given up to the rebels on the 17th.

possession of the churchyard of *Tranent*, that lay between their front and ours.

“Till about three in the morning, of a very dark night, our patrols could scarce perceive any motion they made, every thing seemed so quiet; but about this hour the patrols reported them to be in full march towards the east; at four they reported that they were continuing their march north-east. From this it appeared, that they designed to attack our left flank with their main body; and upon the general’s being confirmed that this was their intention, he made a disposition in less time than one would think it possible, in which he brought our front to theirs, and secured our flanks by several dikes on our right, towards *Tranent*, with our left flank inclining to the sea.

“The moment this disposition was completed, three large bodies in columns, of their picked-out Highlanders, came in apace, though in a collected body, with great swiftness. And the column which was advancing towards our right, where our train was posted, after receiving the discharge of a few pieces, almost in an instant, and before day broke, seized the train, and threw into the utmost confusion a body of about 100 foot of ours, who was posted there to guard it.

“All remedies, in every shape, were tried by the general, brigadier Fowke, the earls Loudon and Hume, and the officers about them, to remedy this disorder, but in vain. This, unhappily, with the fire made (though a very irregular one) by the Highland column on our right, struck such a panic into the dragoons, that in a moment they fled and left Gardiner, their colonel (who was heard to call upon them to stand), to receive the wounds which left him on the field. His lieutenant-colonel, Woitney, while within his horse’s length of them, coming up with his squadron to attack them, received a shot which shattered his arm, and was left by his squadron too. And from this example, the whole body became possessed with the same fatal dread, so that it became utterly impossible for the general, or any one of the best intentioned of his officers, either to put an end to their fears, or stop their flight, though he and they did all that was in the power of men to do, and in doing it, exposed themselves in such a manner to the fire of the rebels, that I cannot account for their escaping in any other way, but that all of it was aimed at the run-away dragoons, who, in spite of all

endeavours to stop them, ran away from the field, through the town of Preston; Gardiner's by the defile which passes by his house, which was in our rear on the right, and Hamilton's by one on our left, north of the house of Preston.

"At the west end of the town of Preston, the general, with the earls Loudon and Hume, stopped and endeavoured by all possible means to form and bring them back to charge the enemy now in disorder on the pursuit, but to no purpose. Upon which, he put himself at their head, and made a retreat leisurely, towards the road leading south from Edinburgh, to Gingle-Kirk, and thereby kept a body of about 450 of them together, and carried them into Berwick next day.

"Brigadier Fowke, seeing things in this extremity with the dragoons, and hearing of several discharges in his rear, galloped towards it, believing that it came from a body of our foot, who might be still maintaining their ground, hoping by them to retrieve the fortune of the day; he was mistaken, it was the rebels, the smoke of their fire, and the little day-light prevented his discovering who they were, till he was close upon the right flank of their main body; and he must have fallen into their hands, if Captain Wedderburn, a foot officer of ours, had not called out aloud to him to apprize him of his danger.

"I am told, that Colonel Lascelles behaved very gallantly. Being deserted by his men, he fell into the enemy's hands upon the field; but in the hurry they were in, he found means to make his escape eastward, and got safe to Berwick.

"I do not mention the behaviour of the officers; I saw a good many of them exerting themselves to rally the dragoons, before they entered the defiles through which they fled from the field. In general, I have not heard one single suggestion against any one man, who had the honour to carry the King's commission either in the dragoons or foot, as if he had not done his duty. Neither officers nor general can divest men of dread and panic when it seizes them; he only can do that who makes the heart of man. To their being struck with a most unreasonable panic, and to no one thing else, the disgraceful event was owing. The ground was to our wish, the disposition was unexceptionable, and we were fully formed.

"I know you will expect that I should inform you what were the number on both sides in the action.—Of our side, I am

convinced we were not above 1,500 men who should have fought. As to them, it was so dark when they came to attack us, that I could only perceive them like a black hedge moving towards us. Some people magnify their numbers, others endeavour to lessen them; but by the best accounts and the most to be depended upon (which I have been able to get), they were not less than 5,000 men."

The following details of the motions of the rebels are extracted from the London Gazette and provincial Newspapers.

• *Oct. 30.*—There are advices from Berwick of the 25th at night, that the carriages which the rebels had demanded from different places, all came into Edinburgh upon the 22d and 23d, but were immediately dismissed; and the people belonging to them were told, they should have some days' notice before their march to get them ready again. Upon the 22d they had a general review between Leith and Edinburgh. Upon the 26th Glenbucket's and the Athol men marched to Musselburgh, and gave out they were to stay there till further orders. The rebels seemed to be packing up their baggage upon that day, and their cannon, consisting of seven pieces, were sent to the Eastward. A detachment of 5 or 600 of their men was stationed at Alloway, at a narrow passage upon the Firth, where they were erecting a battery to secure a passage, and building flat-bottomed boats for bringing over their arms, &c., landed at Montross and Stonehaven. The Ludlow and Fox men of war were in the road of Leith. It was reported, that the rebels had great differences amongst themselves. They had a small camp upon the plain between Inverosk and Dalkeith. Lord Loudon was at Inverness with a good number of men, and had, by those accounts, been joined by the Sutherland people, the Monroes, &c. The Campbells of Argyleshire were said to be in arms for the king, and encamped at Inverary. Other letters mention, that John Campbell, Esq. Lieut. Col. to Lord Loudon's Highland regiment, had, with three companies thereof, attacked, disarmed, and dispersed 700 of the Macleans, who were upon their march to join the rebels near Edinburgh. General Blakeney and his men, in Stirling castle, were all well. Marshal Wade was at Newcastle upon the 29th, with all the troops from Doncaster, excepting those from Ireland, which are one day's march behind. The

seven battalions from Flanders were all safe arrived at Newcastle and Berwick, together with the seven companies of Brackel's regiment, Dutch, which had been left in Holland.

Nov. 4.—By letters from the North of the 31st of last month, there is an account, that the rebels continue to seize on all the horses, forage, and provision, they can find between Berwick and Edinburgh, in order to distress his Majesty's troops on their march. Their counsels are so various and fluctuating, that they frequently contradict and countermand the orders of the preceding day; they plunder the country, and raise all the ready money they can lay their hands on from the collectors of cess, customs, and excise, in the distribution of which to their chiefs and superiors, few or none are contented with their proportion, and consequently there are great jealousies and ill blood amongst them. Marshal Wade proposed to march towards Berwick yesterday or to-day. On Saturday, the 26th of last month, the main body of the rebels having almost entirely evacuated Edinburgh and Leith, pitched their tents to the west of Inverask church. They had seven or eight pieces of cannon pointed South-West, placed on the South-West of their camp. Their sick, and some of their baggage, were sent to the westward. They had ordered 100 light waggons, and a number of baskets for carrying on horseback, to be made; and from the gentlemen and farmers in the shire of East Lothian, had got between six and seven hundred of their best working horses. They had taken possession of a place on the Forth called Haigen's Nook, some miles below Stirling, and had placed a battery on both sides the Forth at that place, to keep off the men of war's boats that might hinder their crossing. One of these batteries consisted of six, the other of five pieces of cannon.

Nov. 5.—The freshest intelligence from Scotland mentions the arrival of four ships in all, in the North ports of that kingdom, with arms, &c., for the use of the rebels, viz, one at Montrose, two at Stone Hyve, and the fourth at Dunatyr. That the cargo of the first was carried South in eighty-five carts; and that of two others in more than a hundred, drawn each by two horses. That they brought some brass cannon, and one piece of five-inch bore, with some gunners and officers. That the small arms of the first cargo were carried part to Dunkeld, and part to Perth, being intended for the Athol men and Mac

Donalds, and all the rest were gone forward towards Edinburgh. That half of Lord Ogilvy's men had deserted; and that a party of the rebels in Angus was employed in forcing them to return, and Lord Strathmore's men to join them, threatening to burn their houses in case of refusal; whereupon many of the country people were gone out of the way. That the rebels had small parties in the passes upon the road to Inverness, who searched all passengers, and about forty men at Perth to guard the officers who are prisoners there; that the rebels, who remained encamped at Dalkeith the 31st past, had received 1000 recruits, being the most part Athol men, with some few of the Gordons. That the carts which went west from Edinburgh the week before with the sick and wounded, carried likewise some chests of arms, which were distributed amongst those recruits, upon their coming to the South side of the Forth. That late at night, on the 31st, about 400 of their men came to Dalkeith camp from Allowa, and brought with them six pieces of brass cannon, much of the same size with those they had taken at Preston. That they had with them above 100 carts loaded, partly with chests, and partly with biscuit, and 12 or 16 French engineers.

Nov. 5.—By letters of the 3d inst. from Berwick, there are accounts, that upon the 27th past a party of the rebels had been at Glasgow to demand the old subsidy for the tobacco brought in seven ships, and just then landed at Greenock, which amounted to £10,000 sterling. That they had also demanded three years excise upon the small beer, which likewise amounts to £10,000 sterling. That upon the 31st past, two hundred small carts, in which were six field-pieces, ammunition, small arms, &c. lately landed at Montrose, and which came over the Firth at Haigen's Nook, passed by on the west side of Edinburgh, and went to Dalkeith, attended by two considerable bodies of the rebels. That the Pretender's son left Edinburgh about six that evening, and came the length of Pinkie, about four miles to the east of that city, with those of the rebels called the life-guards, and lay there that night. That all their baggage, six pieces of six-pounders, and one field-piece, were to be sent off that night or the next day to Dalkeith, and their whole army to follow at the same time. That about one o'clock upon the 1st instant, the Pretender's son proceeded to Dalkeith, from

which place a considerable body of the Highlanders, who called themselves the advanced guard, marched that evening to Pen-nycook, and another to Loan Head, both which places are at a small distance from Dalkeith, upon the road leading westward to Peebles, Moffat, Carlisle, &c.; those advanced parties gave out, that their whole army was to follow them the next day. That the Pretender's son was to set out from Dalkeith upon the 3d, and that they were to march through Annandale to Carlisle. That the better to disguise their motions, billets for quarters had been sent to Musselburgh, Fisheraw, Inverask, Preston-Pans, Tranent, Haddington, and other villages upon the east road to Berwick, whilst considerable numbers were to march by night to the westward. That they had along with them above a hundred and fifty carts and waggons full of baggage, besides great numbers of baggage-horses, and that they gave out that their intention was to proceed directly into England, to endeavour to slip by the troops under Marshal Wade, and to get into Lancashire.

Nov. 8.—By advices from the North of the 5th instant, there are accounts, that the rebels were marching southwards towards Longtown and Carlisle, as was supposed, in three different columns, the westermost of which was thought to be their main body, by the Pretender's son being with them, who was to take his quarters at Broughton near Peebles, being the house of Murray, his secretary. The middle column marched by Lauder, Selkirk, and Hawick, and the easternmost column by Kelso. Marshal Wade was at Newcastle upon the 5th, and upon advice of the march of the rebels southwards, had countermanded the march of the army under him to Berwick. Several companies of foot, as also the baggage of several regiments landed at Berwick, had orders to march to Newcastle, and to join their corps. Lord Kilmarnock, who stiles himself colonel of a regiment of horse, had sent a summons upon the 3d inst. to the provost of Kelso, for furnishing quarters and provisions for 4000 foot and 1000 horse of the rebels, requiring him also to send the same orders to the magistrates of Wooller. That on Saturday the 2d, General Guest had made a sally from the castle of Edinburgh, and seized about 2000 loaves, which had been provided for, and were to be sent after the rebels, who had with them, as it was said, only four days' provision when

they marched. The two regiments of dragoons of Hamilton and Ligonier were posted at Wooller, Whittingham, &c. to observe their motions : they are under the command of Colonel Ligonier. The marshal had ordered the regiments, who had been quartered in Newcastle since their landing, to join and encamp with the other forces upon the 6th. The horse and dragoons continued at Durham. The left column of the rebels marched upon the 3d inst. from Dalkeith and Newbottle to Lauder. The number of the rebels who were at Peebles upon the same day amounted to between 4 and 5000 with 150 cartloads of baggage and some artillery. Other letters mention, that the French arms, ammunition, and baggage, &c., landed some time since at Montrose, had been brought to Perth, from whence horses had been pressed to carry it to Allowa on the 27th past, under pain of military execution. That part of the said baggage had been ferried over that night, which continued the Monday and Tuesday after; but that General Blakeney having had notice that the rear of the men who conducted it was to pass over on Wednesday morning, had dispatched Captain Abercrombie with some soldiers and countrymen to attack them, which they accordingly did, wounded some, took several prisoners, some cows, horses, and a great deal of baggage, arms, &c. with some money, and great quantities of letters. That all these were brought into Stirling castle between seven and eight that night. That it was reported that there were 24 French engineers along with the said baggage, &c. and that Glengyle, with 150 men and 7 pieces, of cannon that had been mounted on the Highlanders' battery at Allowa, was gone to take possession of the castle of Down, five miles beyond Stirling, and that General Blakeney was preparing to attack them there.

Nov. 10.—By letters from the north, of the 6th, there is advice, that that part of the rebel army which came to Kelso, continued there till nine that morning; their numbers were between 3 and 4000. At ten, they began to pass the Tweed, and continued passing till after it was dark; they took the road to Jedburgh, and by the motions of the other two columns, as well as by what they gave out themselves, they were marching towards Longtown for Carlisle. Marshal Wade was at Newcastle, upon the 7th, and it was thought would continue there till their

designs could be more certainly known; the horse under him had been ordered to join the army at Newcastle the day before. The Pretender's son arrived at Kelso upon the 4th at night; the party with him is said to consist of the best of their men, the Camerons and Macdonalds. They had no cannon, and no more baggage than what could be carried in thirty carts and upon twelve horses, and one covered waggon with the Pretender's son's baggage. All the cannon and heavy baggage had been sent towards Peebles, where the Duke of Perth commands, who is their general-in-chief; Lord George Murray acted as Lieutenant-General; Lord Elcho as Colonel, of what they called the life-guards; Lord Kilmarnock, as Colonel of Hussars, and Lord Pitsligo commanded the Angus horse. Many of the rebels have deserted on their march from Edinburgh, and particularly at Kelso, and many stragglers with their arms have been seized, and delivered by the country people into the castles of Edinburgh and Stirling, or to the commanders of his Majesty's ships.

Nov. 15.—Letters of the 9th from Berwick mention that Lord Justice Clerk, and Mr. Dundas, his Majesty's Solicitor-general, with others of his Majesty's servants in Scotland, who had retired to that place, intended to set out next day upon their return to Edinburgh, in order to resume the functions of their several posts.

Letters of the 11th state, that Lieutenant-General Handasyd intended to begin his march the next day towards Edinburgh, and to take with him Price's and Ligonier's regiments of foot, and the two regiments of Hamilton's and Ligonier's dragoons.

The following account of the motions of the rebels from the 7th to the 10th inst. was received by the same express.

On Thursday, the 7th of November, the rebels marched from Hawick to Halyhaugh, where the Pretender's son lay that night. On Friday, the 8th, they marched part of the cavalry to Langholm, and infantry to Cannoby, on the Scotch side, and the rest of the cavalry crossed the river, and lay at Longtown, and the Pretender's son lay at Mr. David Murray's at Ridding. On Saturday, the 9th, they marched towards Rowcliff, where they crossed the river within four miles of Carlisle, and thence pursued their march to Murray's, on Brough side, where they lay that night, about four miles southward of Carlisle; and that afternoon part of the corps which took the route by Moffat, with

the artillery, joined them, and all the rest next day, except about 200, which could not join before the 11th. On Sunday, the 10th, part of their corps approached the walls of Carlisle, first bending towards the Irish gate, but afterwards marched round to the English gate, in order to reconnoitre the place, as it was judged, during which motions they were fired at from both town and castle, and it was supposed they intended to make a vigorous attack in the night between the 10th and the 11th, the firing continuing till midnight. On the same day, the two regiments commanded by Lord Ogilvy and Gordon, of Glenbucket, crossed the river, about two miles above Rowcliff, at which time they were counted, and found both together to make up but 400.

- Nov. 15.—A letter, dated the 12th inst. from Mr. Thomas Pattenson, Mayor of Carlisle, brings advice, that on Saturday night, the 9th inst., that city was surrounded by about 9000 Highlanders; that at three o'clock that afternoon, he, the Mayor had received a message from them, to provide billets for 13,000 men, and to be ready that night, which he refused. That the next day, at three in the afternoon, he received a message in writing from the person stiling himself Prince Charles, and subscribed Charles P. R. in the following words :

"Charles, Prince of Wales, Regent of the Kingdom of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging."

"Being come to recover the King our father's just rights, for which we are arrived with all his authority, we are sorry to find that you should prepare to obstruct our passage; We therefore, to avoid the effusion of English blood, hereby require you to open your gates, and let us enter, as we desire, in a peaceable manner; which if you do, we shall take care to preserve you from any insult, and set an example to all England of the exactness with which we intend to fulfil the King our father's declaration and our own: But if you shall refuse us entrance, we are fully resolved to force it by such means as Providence has put into our hands, and then it will not perhaps be in our power to prevent the dreadful consequences which usually attend a town's being taken by assault. Consider seriously of this, and let me have your answer within the space of two hours, for we shall take any farther delay as a peremptory refusal, and take our measures accordingly.

*November, 10, 1745,
Two in the afternoon,*

For the Mayor of Carlisle."

That he, the Mayor, had returned no answer thereto but by firing the cannon upon them. That the said pretended Prince,

the Duke of Perth, with several other gentlemen, lay within a mile or two of the city; but that their whole army was, at the time of dispatching the above advice, marched for Brampton, seven miles on the high road to Newcastle.

Nov. 16.—By advices from the north of the 12th, at night, there are accounts, that the main body of the rebels marched upon the 11th to Brampton. The Pretender's son lodged on the 9th at night, at Murray's, at a little village, three miles west of Carlisle; on the 10th, at night, at Blackhall, three miles south of Carlisle, and was at Warwick Castle by ten o'clock on the 11th. A body of the rebels, which the garrison took for the rear guard, appeared the same day upon Stanwix Bank, but the guns firing upon them, they fled in great haste. The same night this body took up their quarters at Rickarby, and at several villages near it upon the north side of the river Eden; but receiving an express ordering them to march to Brampton without loss of time, they set out immediately from thence, but were not able to march above a mile and a half that night, their carriage-horses having failed them. Some stragglers had been brought into Carlisle, and two carriages laden with biscuit. Upon the 12th the rebels remained at Brampton, Warwick Bridge, and the villages between those two places. They gave out that their whole army was to join that night, and that they had orders to hold themselves in readiness to march at ten o'clock, upon the 13th. They had 16 field-pieces along with them, and seemed to be greatly surprised that the town of Carlisle had not surrendered upon their appearance before it the Sunday before.

The rebels who continued before Carlisle, from Saturday till Monday last, retreated with their carriages and 16 field-pieces to Brampton, eight miles east from thence. They have continued there, and have been collecting their forces till nine this morning. Two persons of good character came to Penrith at five this evening, and declared they saw a large body of the rebels, which they gave out to be 7000, moving from Brampton to Carlisle, and heard numbers of them declare they were going to besiege it in form.

Nov. 18.—Letters from Marshal Wade, of the 15th inst. mention, that upon the news received by him of the resolution of the rebels to return from Brampton, in order to make an attempt upon Carlisle, it had been determined in a council of war,

held the same day thereupon, to march on Saturday morning the 16th inst. by Hexham towards Carlisle.

Letters of the 14th inst. from Penrith mention, that it was affirmed by great numbers of persons who were come thither from the villages, on the south and west sides of Carlisle, that the whole rebel army were endeavouring to surround that city: that they shot at every body that fled from them, and that one person had been killed, and that they were actually putting the country under military execution: that they seized all able-bodied men, horses and carriages, and declared that they would force them to carry their ladders to the walls of Carlisle. Letters of the same date from Penrith at nine o'clock at night mention, that the rebels had approached so near Carlisle, that the garrison had thrown grenades at them, and that the rebels had broke ground about 300 yards from the citadel, and at Spring-Garden, near the horse-race ground; and that they had been obliged to fetch provisions as far as Heckett, about five miles from Carlisle.

Nov. 18.—Letters dated the 15th instant from Penrith give an account, that a person sent from the governor of Carlisle to Marshal Wade, reported, that it was agreed, that the town should be delivered up to the rebels, but did not know the conditions. The governor was determined to defend the castle to the last extremity, and had prepared every thing for that purpose. It was supposed that he will be able to hold out eight days. Letters from Shap of the 15th instant at noon mention, that the city of Carlisle surrendered at ten o'clock that morning.

Nov. 19.—By letters received this morning from Edinburgh, of the 15th instant, there is an account of Lieutenant-General Handasyd's arrival there the day before from Berwick, with Price's and Ligonier's regiments of foot, and Hamilton's and Ligonier's regiments of dragoons: and that the rebels in the shire of Perth were augmented to 700. Lieutenant-General Handasyd had left Brigadier Fleming to command at Berwick.

Nov. 23.—Letters from Penrith, dated the 16th, bring a confirmation of the surrender of Carlisle the day before to the rebels, and give the following account of the occasion of it, viz. that for seven days before, neither the officers nor common men of the garrison had had scarce an hour's rest, being perpetually alarmed by the rebels, and that many of them were so sick,

through their great fatigue, that being out of all hopes of a speedy relief, they absolutely refused to hold out any longer; and multitudes went off every hour over the walls, some of which fell into the hands of the rebels, till the officers of many companies were at last left with not above three or four men, so that the mayor and corporation determined to hang out the white flag (though contrary to the opinion and protestation of Colonel Durand), and made the best terms they could get for themselves; and that the Colonel was thereupon obliged to abandon the castle, not having above 70 invalids to defend it, and most of them unfit for service, and the rebels threatening, in case of refusal, to destroy the whole town by fire and sword. It is added in other letters of the 17th, that the garrison were permitted to go to their respective homes. Marshal Wade marched on Saturday last, at ten o'clock in the morning, and was to go the first night to Ovingham, and the second to Hexham.

Nov. 23.—Letters from the North, of the 20th instant, mention, that the rebels entered Penrith on the 19th instant. Letters from Marshal Wade, dated the 19th instant, at Hexham, bring advice of the arrival there, on the 17th at midnight, of the army under his command, in order to have proceeded to the relief of Carlisle, and to give battle to the rebels; but that having received advice, as well of the surrender of that city and castle on the 15th, as of the advance of the rebels to Penrith, and finding the roads, through the great quantity of snow that had fallen, in a manner impassable, it had been resolved in a council of war, to march the army back immediately to Newcastle.

Nov. 23.—It appears by letters just received from Colonel Durand, commandant of Carlisle, that before the surrender of that place to the rebels, he had time to nail up ten pieces of cannon, from four to two-pounders, that were placed upon the ramparts; that he had prevailed upon 400 men (besides the two companies of invalids), to join with him in defending the castle; but that before eight the next morning they had changed their resolution, and had all left him to a man; so that upon calling a council of war, consisting of the officers of the invalids, it was unanimously agreed, that with the small force remaining under his orders, and which did not exceed eighty men, many of them extremely infirm, it was not possible to defend the castle.

Letters from Berwick mention, that an account had been re-

ceived there from General Guest of the taking of MacDonald of Kinloch, a few miles from Edinburgh: that he is the gentleman at whose house the Pretender's son lodged, and who was with him for two months before any other joined him: that he was sent some time ago to Sir Alexander MacDonald, and the Laird of MacCloud, from the Pretender's son, in order to prevail upon those two to join him: that being utterly refused, he was returning back to the Pretender's son, when taken. The same letters add, that there was a letter found in his pocket from Mr. Murray, the Pretender's son's secretary, telling him, that in case he did not succeed with Sir Alexander and MacCloud, he must be sure to give it out in the country, as he passed along, that Sir Alex. MacDonald and Mr. MacCloud were upon their march to join the Pretender's son with 2000 men, well armed: that otherwise they could not keep the army they had together, several of the chiefs having declared that if those two clans did not join him, they would march back again.

Oct. 27.—The men of war lying at Berwick are to join admiral Byng, who has orders to demand all the vessels out of every port in Scotland, or on refusal to burn them and the towns that offer resistance, to prevent the Pretender and his adherents from escaping by sea.

Nov. 1.—Major-General Campbell is arrived at Inverary in Argyleshire from Liverpool, with arms, money, &c. and is forming a body in defence of the kingdom. The Earl of Loudon has had great success at Inverness, and is now at the head of a little complete army. A proclamation was read at the high cross, at Edinburgh, inviting all able-bodied men to enter into his Majesty's service, with assurances of being discharged as soon as the rebellion shall be extinguished. The officers of excise have been ordered to repair immediately to their divisions, and do their duty as formerly.

Some gentlemen, by order of the Pretender, having visited the wounded English prisoners in the infirmaries of Edinburgh, and told them that such as inclined to swear that they would not carry arms against the house of Stuart, before the 1st of January, 1747, should be set at liberty, 260 of them complied, some of whom got to the castle, others remain in the infirmary to be cured.—The rebels soon after retired from the city, and when they were at a distance, the mob rose on the stragglers left

behind, drove them into the castle, and broke all the windows of the most noted Jacobites. Last Sunday divine service was performed in most of the churches of Edinburgh, and large collections were made for the poor.

Nov. 11.—A person, who saw the rebels about Rowcliff, affirms that the whole number did not exceed 9000 men. As to arms, every man has a sword, target, musket, and dirk; their baggage is not very considerable, but they relieve the guard that marches with it every night. For provisions, they have live cattle, and keep a drove along with them; oatmeal they buy, or take it where they find it, carry it in a bag at their sides, and eat it morning and evening, with water. They march at a very great rate, and express a desire of getting into Lancashire. Their officers lodge in villages, but the men always encamp at night. About day-break they begin to move, or sooner if the moon shines, and push on as hard as possible; whereas some of our regiments do not get ready to march till nine o'clock.

Kendal, Nov. 13.—Most of our militia are got home from Carlisle, who generally complained of very ill treatment in that place; and though perhaps some of them may exaggerate matters through resentment, yet, by all accounts, the conduct of that city fell much short of what was expected from a place of so much strength and reputed loyalty. An officer in the said militia, who is a man of fortune and good credit, declares, that Carlisle merits no greater honour by its surrender to the rebels than Edinburgh did. The garrison wholly consisted of the Cumberland and Westmoreland militia, together with a few volunteers, and two imperfect companies of invalids. There were besides some independent companies of the town, who would not assist the said garrison with more than two or three men out of a company; so that last week they were obliged to be continually upon duty, and the week before one half relieved the other alternately. The militia were also put to several other great hardships; many of the inhabitants making them pay an exorbitant price for provisions; and they could not, for any money, procure a sufficient quantity of straw to lie upon on the walks. Captain Wilson (son of Daniel Wilson, Esq., member of Parliament for Westmoreland) paid £1 10s. for the use of a cobbler's stall under the walls. Upon the first approach of the

rebels, the garrison gave out that themselves were 3000 strong; upon which the rebels durst not attempt the city immediately, but went forward towards Bampton; from whence they returned on the 13th. The garrison kept continually firing upon them, till they were obliged, on the 14th, by the manager in the town, to desist, and come off from the walls, and continued so all that night; during which time it was supposed the terms of capitulation were settled. Next morning they observed that the rebels had entrenched themselves before the town: upon which the garrison renewed their fire with great spirit and bravery, but soon received orders again to desist, for the capitulation was agreed upon. The Duke of Perth, with his division, were the first of the rebels that entered Carlisle, the Pretender being then six miles from the city. They made the garrison swear never to appear in arms any more against them; and Perth, shaking the men by the hands, told them they were brave fellows, and offered them great sums to enlist with him. The rebels had taken above 200 good horses, and all the arms from the militia, besides 1000 stand lodged in the castle. They also found a rich booty in the castle; the people of the country round about having brought thither, for safety, the most valuable of their effects. The Marquess of Tullibardine was killed by the first fire from the walls on the 10th. The town capitulated on the 14th, in the evening; and on the 15th, at ten o'clock in the morning, it was given up. Several of the militia endeavoured to escape, without being obliged to take the oath, as also did some of Cope's men, who had deserted from the rebels, one of which they threatened should be shot, as an example to deter others.

Nov. 19.—Upon the application of Provost Cochran, and the magistrates of Glasgow, for 1000 arms, they are immediately to be sent thither; and the Earl of Hume, with two troops of dragoons, is going to Glasgow, in order to discipline and put in order the men which the city has in readiness. The accounts we had of Colonel Campbell defeating and dispersing a body of the rebels of about 130, who came into Cowel, in Argyleshire, in order to raise men for the rebel army, is confirmed; and that the deputy lieutenants in that shire, in pursuance of his Majesty's orders, are endeavouring, with the utmost diligence, to raise a considerable number of men for the service of the government.

Nov. 25.—Advices from Penrith of the 25th at night, mention, that the rebels to the amount of 3000 had been entering that place from four in the afternoon to nine, and that several thousand men were expected there the next day; that according to all appearance their intention was to march southwards, and that a party of them, consisting of 120 men, had gone that afternoon to Lowther-hill, Lord Lonsdale's seat.

Letters of the 21st from the same place say, the rebels had been coming in there all that day; that those which had arrived the day before were all gone the Lancashire road; that Lord George Murray, Lord Elcho, Lord Nairn, Glenbucket, and the person styling himself Duke of Perth, were arrived at Penrith, and the Pretender's son was expected every minute.

Letters from Kendal, of the 21st, bring advice, that about 120 horse, belonging to the rebels, were come into that town, and that orders had been given for preparing quarters for 2000 foot, which were to be there that evening under the command of Lord George Murray. Letters of the 22d, from the same place, say, that the rebels were arrived there, and that they gave out that they proposed to be at Lancaster upon the 23d.

By advices of the 22d from Penrith, the Highland army which marched in there on the 21st, was to halt that day. The Pretender's son, with his household, came in at the head of a regiment of foot, about three that afternoon; that by the best reckoning that could be made at Emont and Fallowfield-bridge, the whole of their army did not exceed 7000 men; that the body of regular horse is very inconsiderable. There are not as yet above 30 hussars, besides those that marched with the van-guard yesterday to Kendal; that Carlisle was left with only about 100; that they talked of great numbers gone to join them from Scotland; that old Glenbucket was gone forward with Lord Elcho; that their whole train of artillery did not amount to above 16 small field-pieces; but their baggage waggons, which were about 20 in number, were very slenderly guarded, some of them being drawn by three, and others by two horses, and that it was expected that the whole body would march from Penrith upon the 24th.

Nov. 26.—By advices from Liverpool, of the 24th, there is an account, that nine men belonging to the army of the rebels came into Burton about one o'clock in the afternoon of the 23d,

and demanded quarters for 100 horse and 700 foot. Letters from Lancaster, of the 24th, take notice, that the van of the rebel army, consisting of the numbers above, arrived there that day; and that the young Pretender, with the main body, lay at Kendal the night before.

An express just arrived from Marshal Wade, dated the 23d, at Newcastle, brings advice, that the army under his command had returned thither the 22d, and was received and lodged by the magistrates and inhabitants in the public halls, glass-houses, malt-houses and other empty buildings; and that, upon the news of the motions of the rebels, it had been resolved, in a council of war, to march the whole army southward, on Sunday, the 24th inst. in pursuit of them.

This day his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland set out from St. James's, to take upon him the command of the army, now on its march towards Lancashire.

Nov. 25.—This afternoon arrived at Deal his Majesty's ship Sheerness, Captain Bully, and brought in a French privateer, called the Soleil, which he took on the 22d off the Dogger bank. She came from Dunkirk the 21st, and was bound to Montrose, in Scotland, and has on board Mr. Ratcliff (who styles himself Earl of Derwentwater), with 20 colonels, captains, &c. Irish, Scotch, and French, besides 60 other men.

Nov. 30.—The London Gazette of this day relates, that a French ship was arrived at Montrose, with two companies and a half of Lord John Drummond's regiment, which landed, though the ship ran ashore and was lost; that she came from Dunkirk with three more, and that the rebels in Perthshire were considerably augmented. It adds, that the rebels were at Preston on the 27th, when an advanced party went to Liverpool, to demand quarters for 2000 men; that on the 28th some few of them came to Warrington, and some were gone to Manchester: that 200 disorderly persons, on the 25th at night, proclaimed the Pretender King, in Ormskirk, and beat a drum for volunteers in his service; but the townsmen rose and fought them, and took ten or twelve prisoners, and dispersed the rest: that his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland arrived at Litchfield the 28th, and the horse were advanced to Newcastle; that the town of Birmingham had generously provided 200

horses to help forward the foot, and that General Wade was at Persbridge on the 28th.

Archibald Stewart, Esq., late mayor of Edinburgh, was taken into custody of two messengers.

Many subscriptions were promoted this month to buy necessities for the army. The quakers sent down 10,000 woollen waistcoats, to keep them warm, and his Majesty from his privy purse gave them shoes.

Sir William Yonge, by his Majesty's command, came and thanked the Lord Mayor and several citizens for their contributions of blankets, watch-coats, and other necessities for the soldiers.

Dec. 1.—Letters from Inverness, of the 14th of November, bring advice, that Lord Loudon, having with him a considerable force, consisting of part of his own regiment and several of the Monro's, Lord Sunderland's, Mr. Grant's and Lord Rae's people, and 400 of the Macleod's from the isle of Sky, and having received the arms and money brought by his Majesty's sloop the Saltash, was preparing to set out to quell the commotions in that neighbourhood, to supply the garrison with such necessities as they might have occasion for, and to prevent Lord Lewis Gordon, who was lately come from the North, from giving any further disturbance. The said letters add, that besides the gentlemen above named, the greatest zeal had been shown for the support of his Majesty's government, by the Lord Fortrose and Sir Alexander Macdonald.

Dec. 3.—By advices from Lancashire, of the 29th, the main body of the rebels lay at Wigan and Leigh upon the 28th. That afternoon a party of them came into Manchester, beat up for volunteers for the Pretender, inlisted several papists and nonjurors, and offered* five guineas a man to any that would enter. Those who took the money had white cockades given them, and marched about the town with the drum and the serjeant. The party above ordered quarters to be prepared for 10,000 men, who were to come thither the next day. Upon the 29th the main body moved towards Manchester. A party of them arrived there at ten in the morning, examined

* It was said elsewhere, that the five guineas were not paid but promised when they came to St. James's.

the best houses, and fixed upon one for the Pretender's son's quarters. By their order the bellman went round the town to give notice to all persons belonging to the excise, inkeepers, &c. forthwith to appear, to bring their last acquittances and rolls, and all the ready cash they had in their hands belonging to government, upon pain of military execution. About two in the afternoon, another party arrived there with the Pretender's son, who marched on* foot in a Highland dress, surrounded by a body of Highlanders, and was proclaimed. The bellman went round the town again to order the houses to be illuminated. That night some of them gave out that their rout was for Chester, and others reported that they should march to Knotsford, through Middlewich and Nantwich into Wales.† The three battalions of guards which went last from hence, notwithstanding the excessive badness of the roads, were expected at Litchfield upon the 30th, or this day at farthest.

Letters received to-day mention, that the main body of the rebel army marched from Manchester on Sunday morning last : that one part of them had taken the road to Stockport, and the other that to Knotsford ; but that it was supposed they would join and go altogether the latter road.

An express is arrived from Marshal Wade, with letters of the 28th from Persbridge, where his army was then encamped, with advice, that he was upon his march through Yorkshire into Lancashire, and would be on the 3d at Wetherby.

Dec. 4.—Letters from Lancashire, Cheshire, and Staffordshire, of the 30th past, bring accounts, that about 200 of the rebels had that day come to a pass three miles from Manchester, lead-

* His dress, &c. is further described in the following private letter.—‘ *Butley Ashe* (two miles north of Macclesfield), *Dec. 1.* About three this afternoon marched by the Pretender's son, at the head of two regiments of foot, one of which is called his; he marched all the way from Manchester, and forded the river above Stockport, which took him up to the middle. He was dressed in a light plaid, belted about with a blue sash; he wore a grey wig, with a blue bonnet and a white rose in it, and it was observed that he looked very dejected. The bulk of his people were very ordinary, only his own regiment seemed to be picked, and made a tolerable appearance. Their advanced guard got into Macclesfield before the main body passed this place. Their arms are very indifferent; some have only guns, and those but bad; some pistols and nothing else; the rest swords and targets; their train of artillery consists of 13 field pieces, some two, some four pounders; two carriages loaden with gunpowder, and two sumpter-horses.”

† The *Paris Gazette* relates, that he intended to go into Wales.

ing to Knotsford, and had made a sort of bridge over the river by filling it up with trees that they had felled, and had advanced to Altringham : that 55 had the same day crossed the river at Gatley ford to Cheadle, two miles from Stockport, and had returned directly after to Manchester by Cheadle ford : that 10 had crossed the ford at Stockport that afternoon, staid there about an hour, gave out that they should bring a large body of forces to Stockport that night, and that they had enlisted great numbers of men at Manchester, to which place they returned. They had 16 pieces of cannon at Manchester, great numbers of covered waggons, and near 100 horses laden. They talked differently about the route they intended to take; some giving out that they should march forthwith to Chester, and others into Derbyshire. The same day 200 were at Warrington; two of whom, who had crossed the river, were seized by the Liverpool soldiers, handcuffed, and sent to Chester.

Letters of the 1st inst. say, that several parties of the rebels had crossed the Mersey at different places upon the 30th at night, and early in the morning of the 1st inst. and were marching by different routes towards Macclesfield. The horse and artillery passed at Cheadle ford. The bridges were made of trees (chiefly poplars) [he should say, over bridges, which were, &c.] felled for that purpose, and planks laid across; and all the country people that could be found, were compelled to assist them. They pressed or rather took away all the horses they could meet with about Manchester, before they crossed the Mersey, and obliged several gentlemen, who had sent their horses out of the way, to send for them back. By break of day upon the 1st, a party of horse came to Altringham, bespoke quarters for a body of foot, which arrived there about ten, and then set out for Macclesfield with a guide. The party which lay at Altringham were very solicitous to know what number of the king's forces there was at Knotsford. At 11 o'clock about 100 horse came into Macclesfield, and ordered the bellman to prepare quarters for 5000 men, who came in there about two o'clock, with the artillery and the Pretender's son, who lay there that night. The van-guard, which consisted of about 200 men, and which had orders to be in readiness to march at 11 at night, was quartered at Broken Cross, on the Congleton side of Macclesfield. All that evening they were very busy scaling

their pieces, firing them, and putting them into order. They had given out that they should call at Knotsford, and that they did not, seems to be owing to their having heard that there were 2000 of the King's troops in that place. In the middle of the night, 40 of them were at Buckley hill in pursuit of two deserters.

By letters of the 2d, there are advices that the party which lay at Altringham the night before, marched early that morning towards Macclesfield, from which place about 2000 foot passed by Gawsorth at ten; that 2000 horse and foot came into Congleton between three and four in the afternoon, who gave out that the Pretender, with the remainder of the troops, would be there that evening. A small party of about 30 were detached to a place called Ashbury, two or three miles on the Newcastle side of Congleton. Their horses are very small, lean, and of different colour.

Dec. 3. Letters from Edinburgh of the 30th past and 1st inst. mention, that 800 Irish and Scotch, with Lord John Drummond, in six transports, from Dunkirk, had landed at Montrose, Stonehive, and Peterhead: that the rebels in and near Perth, by this reinforcement, were 3000 strong; and that having advice that they intended to force a passage near Stirling, Lieut. Gen. Handasyd had ordered a considerable force to march thither. Admiral Byng, with some of his Majesty's ships, was since arrived, and cruizing off the said harbour.

Dec. 4.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland is returned to Stafford with the army under his command, which was assembled at Stone by four in the morning yesterday, upon positive advices of the rebels marching by Congleton towards North Wales. His Royal Highness's van-guard was in motion towards Newcastle, when advice came, that the rebels were gone for Leek and Ashbourn; and it was thereupon resolved to march the army as soon as possible to Northampton, in order to intercept them in their march towards the South. The van-guard will be at Northampton on Friday night.

This morning the Pretender's son entered Derby with 450 horse, and 2,300 foot. The rest, with the artillery and baggage, were then at Ashbourn, but set forward this evening for Derby.

Dec. 5.—Yesterday in the afternoon the rebel army began to come into the town of Derby, and continued coming in till

late at night. They marched in such a manner as to make their numbers appear as great as possible, and to render it extremely difficult to take an exact account of them. They gave out, that they should march this day to Leicester; but we have advices, that they have continued at Derby till late this evening, with their artillery in the market-place. Some of them talked as if they should make a sudden march in order to slip the Duke of Cumberland's army, whilst others said, that they should stay to see whether the Duke would come and give them battle. They levied the excise there.

Dec. 9.—Letters of the 6th inst. from the army under the command of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, mention, that the whole cavalry, with two battalions of foot, marched that day into Coventry, and that the rest of the infantry was encamped on Meriden common: that his Royal Highness had received several concurrent advices of the rebels having left Derby on Friday morning, and marched towards Ashbourn, after having levied a great sum upon the former town, under pain of military execution.

Letters from Leicester, of the 7th mention, that the rebels marched that day from Ashbourn towards Leek, and that it was thought their route was for Wales.

Dec. 9.—Our freshest accounts concerning the progress of the rebels are of last night. By them we learn, that an advanced party had reached Manchester at eleven at night, and that the main body of them marched out of Leek yesterday morning. Some small parties of them had raised alarms at Newcastle; and we hear that they do more mischief now in the country, than when they came.

His Royal Highness is here with all the cavalry, and a body of foot mounted, and preparing to continue his march in pursuit of the rebels.

The rebels behaved tolerably well in their march southwards, but have plundered the country in their retreat. Many of the best houses here have suffered. Two of them were taken with their arms, between Ashbourn and Derby, by a farmer and two boys, and were sent to the camp at Meriden common. In this town they demanded billets for 10,000 men; but those who computed their numbers as exactly as possible assure us, that they did not exceed 6,300 horse and foot. The horses were

extremely jaded, and in a bad condition. In the number above were many old men, and boys of 15 and 16 years of age, all without shoes and stockings.

The rebels were at Ashbourn on Saturday morning, and went to Leek that night. Before they left Ashbourn, they shot two men, one of whom died on the spot. They have taken all the horses they could lay their hands upon, and have plundered and done great damage. They had 15 pieces of cannon, and one mortar.

Dec. 11.—We have advices, that the rebels left Manchester yesterday, marching northwards; and that his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland had made two forced* marches after them, and continued in pursuit of them.

Dec. 11.—Late last night his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland arrived at Macclesfield, with two regiments of dragoons, having marched from Litchfield thither in two days, through terrible roads:† 1000 foot were within an hour's march of that place, and the Duke of Richmond was expected there that evening with the remainder of the cavalry. Upon hearing of the arrival of the Duke's advanced guard with the quarter-masters at its place, the rebels quitted Manchester with the utmost hurry and confusion, and went on towards Wigan. His Royal Highness sent an order by express to the magistrates of Manchester, to enjoin them to seize all stragglers of the rebel army, or such as had abetted them, and to keep them in custody till further orders: and this morning his Royal Highness sent on Major Wheatly with a body of dragoons. The greatest zeal and affection were expressed upon the arrival of the King's troops in these parts. Excepting at Manchester, where the rebels were joined by about 60 persons, they have met with no success in their expeditions. Fifteen or sixteen stragglers have been picked up, who are sent to different jails.

* To enable his Royal Highness to make these marches, the public has been informed that most of the gentlemen of Staffordshire assisted in furnishing or procuring horses to mount the foot soldiers on; in particular, the town of Birmingham; and Sir Lister Holt, of Aston Hall, near Birmingham, Bart. one of the members of parliament for Litchfield, is mentioned to have furnished 250 from his own stables and parks; that his Royal Highness was pleased to signify his great satisfaction for this service; also for the ready assistance given by the town of Newcastle, among others; that there was scarce a man of influence in the whole county, who did not exert himself on this occasion.

† By Uttoxeter and Cheadle.

Dec. 14.—By letters which came in this morning by express from his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, dated at Macclesfield, the 12th inst., there is advice, that his Royal Highness had just received intelligence, that General Oglethorpe with his detachment of cavalry would be that day at Wigan; and being at the same time informed, by several advices, from Lancashire, that the rebels were continuing their flight in the utmost disorder and confusion, and with such a panick, that many of them threw away their arms upon the road, his Royal Highness* had thereupon resolved to pursue them with all possible expedition, and would be with his whole cavalry, as yesterday, at Wigan; and that as the rebels had been forced to halt on Thursday, the 12th, at Preston, his Royal Highness hoped to be able to come up with them in two or three days' march.

There are also letters that mention, that the people of the country had for three days past had some smart skirmishes with the rebels, and destroyed several of them.

The French troops that landed in Scotland some time ago, brought with them a train of artillery of 18-pounders. They are now busy bringing it from Montrose to Perth, by Brechin, but meet with great difficulties; one of their cannon requires 20 of their country horses to draw it. They give out that they shall cross the Forth, and talk of besieging both Edinburgh and Stirling Castles. The spirit of the country to resist the rebels, and to prevent their crossing the Forth, is very strong; and it is hoped, that before the rebels can bring all their cannon to Stirling, a large body of well-affected people will be brought together to support the King's troops there.

Dec. 14.—We have just now an account, that the rebels left Preston yesterday, at nine in the morning, and that his Royal Highness the Duke marched into Preston about four hours after; and that General Oglethorpe had joined the Duke with the detachment from Marshal Wade's army.

Dec. 18.—By advice from Preston, of the 14th, Major General Oglethorpe, with his cavalry, was at Garstang that morning, and was to advance that night with his whole corps, and

* His Royal Highness, as every one knows, had resolved to pursue the rebels with all possible expedition, having made two great day marches after them; but the reason here given is very unluckily assigned by the writer of the Gazette.

post his regulars on Ellibmoore, which begins about three miles on this side Lancaster, and extends beyond the town; and his irregulars were to be detached in small patrols, supported by parties of the regulars, with orders to attack any patrols of the rebels, which they might fall in with. If the rebels marched off, General Oglethorpe was to pursue them, and fall upon their rear, giving notice immediately to Major Wheatly, who was posted at Garstang with a considerable body of dragoons, to support him, and the Major was to be supported by the troops from Preston. The Liverpool companies were ordered to march from Warrington, and would arrive at Preston on the 16th. The person called Duke of Perth, with about 150 horse, left the rebel army upon the 11th at Lancaster, and took the road towards Carlisle, giving out, that he was going to fetch a reinforcement. Notice thereof has been sent to all the towns through which he was to pass, and it was hoped that the country people would intercept him. About twenty rebel stragglers have been picked up in different places. The town of Liverpool had sent four persons to attend his Royal Highness the Duke, with offers to supply the troops with whatever they stood in need of.

By advices from Preston, of the 15th, the rebels began to march out of Lancaster at eight o'clock the night before, in a very great hurry; the baggage proceeded first. They were marching out in different bodies all night. The last of them left that town at eight o'clock in the morning of the 15th. They took the road to Kendal.

Letters of the 17th, from Preston, mention, that General Oglethorpe had received orders to push beyond Lancaster; that his Royal Highness the Duke proposed to be there with the whole corps that day; that Brigadier Bligh was to be at Preston the same day; and that Lord Semple, with the two regiments of Scotch fuzileers, was to follow him thither with the utmost expedition.

Some prisoners that have been taken and examined, make the number of the rebels amount to 8000, including women and boys, and say, that amongst them there are about 2000 of the men of the clans, well armed with guns and broad swords, the rest consisting chiefly of Athol men and Lowlanders, who are but indifferently armed; that they have 15 pieces of cannon of 3

or 4 pounders; that one Sullivan (who has been in the French service) has the care of their artillery; that from their first entering England, till they came to Derby, they seemed resolved upon marching directly to London; but that at Derby, having heard how the Duke of Cumberland's army was posted, a council of war was called, in which it was resolved to return by Carlisle into Scotland; that there was a person with the rebels who styled himself the French ambassador; and that great numbers of the men had often declared, that if they could get back into Scotland, they would leave the army, and return to their respective abodes.

Dec. 14.—In obedience to a letter sent to the deputy-lieutenants of Westmoreland and Cumberland, by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, requiring them, by all means, to retard and obstruct the march of the rebels through those two countries, a resolution has been just taken to raise part of the country, to demolish Wastel bridge, to make the road from Kendal to Shap impassable for the artillery of the rebels, or any wheel-carriages; and for the same reason to break up the road down Graridge-Hawse; whereby it is hoped their march may be so far retarded, as to give time to his Royal Highness's army to come up with them, before they can get clear of these counties. About ten this morning the van-guard of the rebels, consisting of 110 men, equipped and accoutred like hussars, entered Kendal on horseback, with a chaise, in which was a person in woman's dress, rode up the town quietly, and turned through the fish-market down to the bridge leading to Penrith; but as they were pursuing their route through the town, without stopping, and were almost got out of it, a gun was fired out of a house, and one of the rebels killed; whereupon the town's people closed in, and took two more prisoners. The rest of them galloped on towards the bridge, where a halt was made on a sudden, and a few muskets discharged at the people, and an ostler and shoemaker thereby killed on the spot. They then made a general volley, but without doing any more mischief, and after that pursued their way as fast as they could towards Shap. Their horses seemed very much harrassed and jaded.

Dec. 17.—A party of rebel horse (about 100) amongst whom was the Duke of Perth, so called, passed through Kendal on Saturday morning about ten; the country and town's people

mobbed their rear, which fired and killed two or three, and proceeded forward towards Penrith. On Sunday after dinner a party of the horse came into Kendal, amongst whom was their commissary; and an hour afterwards came the rest, horse and foot, and were coming in till after dark. Their artillery, consisting of 12 to 13 small pieces, was about the middle of the corps, with several covered carts. The Duke of Perth, so called, after the scuffle above mentioned at Kendal, proceeded on to Shap, and intended for Penrith; but seeing the beacons on fire, and hearing it was done to call in the country, sent a small party to the round table, which is a mile on this side Penrith, and five from Shap, to make enquiries; and finding it true, he returned for safety to Kendal about two in the morning of the 16th. Between four and five the drums began to beat, and the men marched out from day-break till near ten, in the same order as they entered, Lord George Murray being with the last company.

On Sunday night mischief was apprehended at Kendal, but the magistrates pacified the heads of the rebels in some measure; but on Monday morning, after the alarm, they behaved very rudely, and exacted a sum of money; and the last of them plundered some horses for liquors, stripped those they met of their shoes, and attempted to fire a house.

Dec. 21.—Letters received this morning from the Duke of Cumberland, by a messenger who left his Royal Highness on Thursday morning last, bring an account, that he came up with the rebels on Wednesday night with his cavalry, after ten hours' march, just beyond Lowther-Hall, which the rebels abandoned on our approach, and threw themselves into a village called Clifton, within three miles of Penrith; which village his Royal Highness immediately attacked with the dragoons dismounted, who behaved extremely well, and drove the rebels out of it in an hour's time, though a very strong and defensible post. The loss of the rebels could not be known, as it was quite dark before the skirmish was over: that of the king's forces amounted to about 40 men killed and wounded, and 4 officers wounded, but not mortally, viz. Colonel Honeywood, Captain East, and the two cornets Owen and Hamilton. A Captain Hamilton of the rebels was taken prisoner, much wounded. After this action, the rebels retired to four miles' distance, and his Royal Highness intended to pursue them as soon as possible.

The rebels having carried off their killed and wounded, it has not been possible to ascertain their loss; but since that affair about 70 of their people have been taken prisoners.

Of the King's forces, the regiment that suffered most was his Majesty's own regiment of dragoons, some officers of which being wounded, the rebels cried : No quarter—murder them.—And they received several wounds after they were down.

About ten o'clock on Wednesday night, that corps of the rebels which was at Penrith, and had ordered their cannon and baggage to advance during the skirmish, retired with the utmost precipitation to Carlisle, where they arrived yesterday morning about ten. It was so dark, and the country so covered, that it was not possible to pursue them that night; and the troops being fatigued with the forced marches they had made through very bad roads, they halted at Penrith yesterday, and were joined last night by the greatest part of the foot, and by the remainder this morning.

Dec. 26.—Letters received yesterday by express from Blichall, near Carlisle, give an account, that upon the march from Penrith thither, his Royal Highness the Duke had received the news of the rebel army having quitted that place, and left in it only 3 or 4 hundred men, who, according to the best intelligence, consist chiefly of their English recruits, and Gordon of Glenbucket's men, commanded by one Hamilton. The king's forces arrived within sight of the town the 21st about noon, and Major General Bland had invested it on the Scotch side with St. George's dragoons, and 300 men of Bligh's regiment, with orders to prevent any passage over the bridge upon the river Eden, which leads directly to the Scotch gate. Major Adams, with 200 foot, was posted in the suburbs of the English gate, to prevent any of the garrison's escaping that way; Major Meirac at the Irish gate with the same orders, and Sir Andrew Agnew at the Sully port with 300. All the horse and the foot-guards were cantoned round the town, at a mile or two distance. The rebels, who were left, made a show of intending to defend the place, firing their cannon upon every body who appeared in sight of it. The artillery from Whitehaven was expected to arrive in a day or two at the army, and it was proposed to have a battery erected by the morning of the 24th; after which it was not doubted but his Royal Highness would be master of the town

in 24 hours, in which he intended to leave a sufficient garrison. The rebels left their cannon behind them in Carlisle, excepting 3 pieces; and Major General Bland had taken 16 carts laden with tents.

A LIST OF PRINCE CHARLES'S OFFICERS AND TROOPS.

REGIMENTS.	COLONELS.	MEN.
Lochiel	Cameron of Loch	740
Appin	Steward of Ardsziel.	360
Ashol	Lord George Murray	1000
Clanronald	Clanronald of Clanronald, jun	200
Keppoch	Macdonald of Keppoch	400
Glenco	Macdonald of Glenco	200
Ogilvie	Lord Ogilvie	500
Glenbucket	Gordon of Glenbucket	427
Perth	Duke of Perth (and Pitsligo's foot)	750
Strowan	Robertson of Strowan	200
Maclauchlan	Maclauchlan of Maclauchlan	260
Glencarnick	Macgregor	300
Glengearry	Macdonald of Glengearry, jun	300
Nairn	Lord Nairn	200
Edinburgh	J. Roy Stuard (and Lord Kelly's)	450
		<hr/>
		6287
	In several small corps	1000
	Horse, Lord Elcho and Lord Kilmarnock	160
	Lord Pitsligo's horse	140
		<hr/>
	Total	7587

Dec. 23.—The rebels remained at Dumfries till eleven of the clock this morning, at which time they began to march, and had all left the town before eight. They demanded two thousand pounds contribution at Dumfries, one thousand whereof was immediately paid, and as a security for the other, they have taken along with them two gentlemen as prisoners. They also insisted on one thousand pair of shoes, paid nothing for quarters, and did a prodigious deal of mischief every where. It is said they marched from Dumfries this morning in great precipitation, being alarmed by a report that a party of the army under the command of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland was at Annan. We hear that the rebels who went to

Moffat, and were computed about 2000 in number, had orders not to march from that place till this day; and it is said the whole rebel army was to march north by way of Douglas. The young Pretender, the Duke of Perth, Lord Elcho, Lord Pittligo, Lochiel, and Keppoch, went by Dumfries; Lord Tul-libardine, Lord George Murray, Lords Ogilvy and Nairn, went by Moffat.

Dec. 24.—The main body of the rebels was in Penrith, on Wednesday the 18th inst., when their rear-guard, which consisted of about 1000 of their best men, was driven out of the village of Clifton, by about 300 dismounted dragoons, twelve of whom were killed, and twenty-four wounded. As soon as the news arrived, orders were given by the rebels to prepare for a march forthwith, and about eight that evening they set out, and continued marching towards Carlisle, where they arrived at nine o'clock the next morning. His Royal Highness halted there with the rest of the army on Friday. At four o'clock on Saturday morning, our whole army marched in three columns towards Carlisle, his Royal Highness with the infantry making the centre along the post-road, and the horse and dragoons in two columns, one on his right by Armathwate, and the other on his left by Hutton-hall. They joined on Carlton-moor, and took their quarters in the villages round Carlisle, which place the rebels left on Friday, having staid there but one night to change the garrison. Whilst the Highlanders were in this town, they were guilty of great excesses; they broke open several houses and shops, took away great quantities of the goods, and threw into the streets, and spoiled or destroyed, what they could not carry off.

Dec. 31.—The rebels in Carlisle have burnt part of the suburbs, and hanged three of the inhabitants. The Duke's cannon was to play against them on the 28th.

After the battle of Falkirk, which proved so disastrous to the rebel army, the chiefs addressed Prince Charles advising a retreat to the north, to the following effect : *—

* See the Appendix to Mr. Home's History of the Rebellion.

THE HIGHLAND CHIEFS TO THEIR PRINCE.

" We think it our duty, in this critical juncture, to lay our opinions, in the most respectful manner, before your Royal Highness.

" We are certain that a vast number of the soldiers of your Royal Highness's army are gone home since the battle of Falkirk ; and notwithstanding all the endeavours of the commanders of the different corps, they find that this evil is encreasing hourly, and not in their power to prevent ; and as we are afraid Stirling Castle cannot be taken so soon as was expected, if the enemy should march before it fall into your Royal Highness's hands, we can see nothing but utter destruction to the few that will remain, considering the inequality of our numbers to that of the enemy. For these reasons we are humbly of opinion, that there is no way to extricate your Royal Highness, and those who remain with you, out of the most eminent danger, but by retiring immediately to the Highlands, where we can be usefully employed the remainder of the winter, by taking and mustering the forts in the north ; and we are morally sure we can keep as many men together as will answer that end, and hinder the enemy from following us in the mountains at this season of the year ; and in spring we doubt not that an army of 10,000 effective Highlanders can be brought together, and follow your Royal Highness wherever you think proper. This will certainly disconcert your enemies, and cannot but be approved of by your Royal Highness's friends, both at home and abroad. If a landing should happen in the mean time, the Highlanders would immediately rise, either to join them, or to make a powerful diversion elsewhere.

" The hard marches which your enemy has undergone, the winter season, and now the inclemency of the weather, cannot fail of making this measure approved of by your Royal Highness's allies abroad, as well as your faithful adherents at home. The greatest difficulty that occurs to us, is the saving of the artillery, particularly the heavy cannon ; but better some of these were thrown into the river Forth, as that your Royal Highness, besides the danger of your own person, should risk the flower of your army, which we apprehend, must inevitably be the case, if this retreat be not agreed to, and gone about without the loss of one moment, and we think it would be the greatest imprudence to risk the whole on so unequal a chance, when there are such hopes of succour from abroad, besides the resources your Royal Highness will have from your faithful and dutiful followers at home. It is but just now we are apprised of the numbers of our own people that are going off, besides the many sick that are in no condition to fight. And we offer this our opinion with the more freedom, that we are persuaded that your Royal Highness can never doubt of the uprightness of our intention. Nobody is privy to this address to your Royal Highness, except your subscribers ; and we beg leave to assure your Royal Highness, that it is with great concern and reluctance, we find ourselves obliged to declare our sentiments in so dangerous a situation, which nothing could have prevailed with us to have done, but the unhappy going off of so many men.

(Signed by)

LORD GEORGE MURRAY, LOCHIEL, KEPPOCH, CLANRONALD, ARDSHIEL, LOCH GARY, SCOTHOUSE, SIMON FRAZER, Master of Lovat.

Falkirk, 29th Jan. 1746.

THE PRETENDER AND MISS WALKENSHAW. — It was after the battle of Falkirk, at Bannockburn-castle, where the Prince had taken his head-quarters, that he became acquainted with Miss Clementina Walkenshaw, by whom he had a daughter, the Duchess of Albany. Mr. Amédée Pichot, in the new edition of his *HISTORY OF CHARLES EDWARD*, has the first narrated the Pretender's love adventures with some detail.

The subsequent discomfiture of Prince Charles and his adherents after the battle of Falkirk are sufficiently known.

MACPHERSON AND CAMERON.* — After the last fatal catastrophe of the Highland army at Culloden, upon the 16th of April, 1746, they meant to make head again about Auchmearry, till, upon Lord Loudon's approach with an army, the few that had got together were made to disperse. Lochiel being bad of his wounds, was obliged to shift from his own country to the Braes of Rannoch; near which, about the 20th of June, in a hill called Benouschk, Cluny Macpherson met him and Sir Steward Threipland, physician, who attended him in the cure of his wounds. Cluny brought them from thence to Benalder, a hill of great circumference in that part of Badenoch next to Rannoch, and his own ordinary grassings; where they remained together, without ever getting certain notice of what had become of the Prince for near three months, when they received the agreeable news of his being safe at Locherkaik, from one John Macpherson, a tenant of Lochiel's who was sent by Cameron of Cluns, to find out Lochiel and Cluny, in order to

* This account of Macpherson of Cluny and Cameron of Lochiel, after the battles of Culloden, of their meeting with Prince Charles, and of the extraordinary habitation called the Cage, where the Prince lived with them till he received notice that two French frigates were arrived at Lochrameagh, was taken from the original dictated by Cluny himself, which was written by one who had a very bad hand, and has several words which are not legible; but when the author of the work whence this is taken had caused a fair copy of it to be made and fairly written, he was sensible that he had mistaken the sense of the original; particularly in that part of it where Cluny says, that after the battle of Culloden, the Highlanders meant to make head again about Auchmearry. As Mr. Home had obtained from the present Macpherson of Cluny many of his father's papers and letters, concerning the rebellion, he had recourse to that collection, and found there an account of a plan, formed by certain chiefs and heads of clans to take arms after the battle of Culloden; with several letters containing an account of this design, and the manner in which it was defeated.

acquaint them that his Royal Highness was safe, and where he was to be found.

Upon Macpherson's return to Cluns, the Prince being informed where Lochiel and Cluny were, he sent Lochgary and Dr. Archibald Cameron, with a message to them. When these gentlemen met with Lochiel and Cluny, it was concerted among them, that the Prince should come to their asylum, as the safest place for him to pass for some time; on which Lochgary and Dr. Cameron immediately returned to his Royal Highness, to acquaint him of the resolution taken by his friends; and that Cluny would on a certain day meet his Royal Highness at Auchmearry, in order to conduct him to Badenoch. Upon the return of Lochgary and Dr. Cameron to the Prince, they having set off a day or two before Cluny, his Royal Highness was so impatient to be with his two friends, whom he had not for a long time seen, that he would not wait for Cluny's coming to Auchmearry; but expecting to meet Cluny on the way, set out with guides for Badenoch; where he arrived on the 29th of August, having, in the mean time, missed Cluny, who went on to Auchmearry, where he was acquainted of the turn his Royal Highness had taken; on which he made all the dispatch possible to join him, but did not come up with his Royal Highness till a day or two after his arrival at Badenoch.

The Prince lay the first night at Corineuir, after his coming to Badenoch, from which he was conducted next day to Mel-lanuir, a sheiling of very narrow compass, where Lochiel with Macpherson of Breakachie, Allan Cameron his principal servant, and two servants of Cluny, were at the time.

It cannot but be remarked, that when Lochiel saw five men approaching under arms, being the Prince, Lochgary, Dr. Cameron, and two servants, taking the five men to be of the army, or militia, who lay encamped not above four or five miles from them, and very probably in search of them; as it was in vain to think of plying, Lochiel at the time being quite lame, and not in any condition to travel, much less to run away, it was resolved that the enemy, as they judged them to be, should be received with a general discharge of all the arms, in number twelve firelocks and some pistols; which they had in the small sheiling house, or bothie (as such small huts are commonly called), in which they at the time lodged; whereupon

all was made ready, the pieces planted and levelled; and, in short, they flattered themselves of getting the better of the searchers, there being no more than their own number; and likewise considering the great advantage they had of firing at them without being at all observed, and the convenience of so many spare arms. But the auspicious hand of Almighty God, and his providence, so apparent at all times in the preservation of his Royal Highness, prevented those within from firing upon the Prince and his four attendants, for they came so near that they were recognized by those within.

Lochiel, upon making this discovery, made the best of his way, though lame, to meet his Royal Highness, who received him very graciously. The joy at this meeting is much easier to be conceived than expressed; and when Lochiel would have kneeled, on coming up to the Prince.—“Oh! no, my dear Lochiel (said his Royal Highness, clapping him on the shoulder), we do not know who may be looking from the top of yonder hills, and if they see any such motions, they’ll immediately conclude that I am here.” Lochiel then ushered him into his habitation, which was indeed but a very poor one. The Prince was gay, and in better spirits than it was possible to think he could have been, considering the many disasters, disappointments, fatigues, and difficulties he had undergone. His Royal Highness, with his retinue, went into the hut, and there was more meat and drink provided for him than he expected. There was plenty of mutton, an anker of whisky containing twenty Scots pints, some good beef sausages made the year before, with plenty of butter and cheese, besides a large well-cured bacon ham. Upon his entry the Prince took a hearty dram, which he sometimes called for thereafter, to drink the health of his friends. When some minced collops were dressed with butter in a large saucepan, which Lochiel and Cluny carried always about with them, being the only fire-vessel they had, his Royal Highness ate heartily, and said, with a cheerful countenance, “Now, gentlemen, I live like a Prince,” though at the same time he was no otherwise entertained, than eating his collops out of the pan with a silver spoon. After dinner he asked Lochiel if he had always lived here, during his skulking, in such a good way? “Yes, sir,” answered Lochiel, “for near three months that I have been hereabouts with my cousin

Cluny, he has provided for me so well, that I have had plenty such as you now see; and I thank heaven your Royal Highness has got through so many dangers to take a part."

In two days after, his Royal Highness went and lodged with Lockert at Mellamuir, to which Cluny came to them from Auchmearry. Upon his entering the hut, when he would have kneeled, his Royal Highness provented him, and kissed him as if he had been an equal, saying: "I am sorry, Cluny, you and your regiment were not at Culloden: I did not hear, till very lately, that you were so near us that day."

•The day after Cluny arrived he thought it time to remove from Mellamuir, and took the Prince about two miles farther into Benalder, to a little sheil called Uischebra, where the hut, or bothie, was superlatively bad and smoky; yet his Royal Highness put up with every thing. Here he remained for two or three nights, and then removed to a very romantic habitation, made for him by Cluny, two miles further into Benalder, called the Cage; which was a great curiosity, and can scarcely be described to perfection. It was situated in the face of a very rough, high, and rocky mountain, called Letternilichk, still a part of Benalder, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed. The habitation called the Cage, in the face of that mountain, was within a small thick bush of wood. There were, first, some rows of trees laid down, in order to level a floor for the habitation; and as the place was steep, this raised the lower side to an equal height with the other; and these trees, in the way of joists, or planks, were levelled with earth and gravel. There were betwixt the trees, growing naturally in their mere roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with the trees, were interwoven with ropes, made of heath and birch twigs, up to the top of the Cage, it being of a round or rather oval shape; and the whole thatched or rather covered over with fog. This whole fabric being, as it were, supported by a large tree, which reclined from the one end, all along the roof, to the other, and which gave it the name of the Cage; and by chance there happened to be two stones at a small distance from one another, in the side next the precipice resembling the pillars of a chimney, where the fire was placed. The smoke had its vent out here, all along the face of the rock, which was so much of the same colour, that one could discover no

difference in the clearest day. The Cage was no larger than to contain six or seven persons, four of whom were frequently employed playing at cards, one idle looking on, one baking, and another firing bread and cooking.

Here his Royal Highness remained till the 13th of September, when he was informed, that the vessels for receiving and carrying him to France, were arrived at Lochnamragh. The Prince set out immediately; and travelling only by night, arrived at Boradale, near Lochnamragh, on the 19th of September, and embarked there on the 20th.

The following historiette has been told of the young Prince:—In a long march which he made in Lancashire, through very bad roads, he wore a hole in one of his shoes. Upon his arrival at a small village, he sent for a blacksmith, and ordered him to make a thin plate of iron, which was fastened to the bottom of the sole. Then paying him for the labour, said, “My lad, thou art the first blacksmith that ever shoed the son of a king.”

IMPRISONMENT OF PRINCE CHARLES AT PARIS, DEC. 10, 1748.*—The troubles and persecutions of this ill-fated prince, as appears by the following letter, addressed to a lady in Scotland, did not terminate with the adventures and miraculous escapes which he encountered with such courage and fortitude, accompanied with a few faithful friends, among his native mountains. He was still reserved for other trials, and in which his courage never forsook him: surprised on his way to the opera, bound, and conducted to the Castle of Vincennes, two years after he had landed in France, safe from the pursuit of his pursuers, an occurrence so sudden and so little expected, in a mind less inured to hardships and reverses of fortune, might have produced the most dreadful forebodings as to the ultimate consequences of such procedure.

“The Prince having dined at home with about thirty at his table, mostly of his own people, proposed, after dinner, to walk in the Thuilleries, where several of his company followed him, particularly two of his Scots chieftains, one of which spoke to him in the morning concerning the reports that were going, that certainly he was to be taken up one of these days. And as the report went, that it was to be at his own house, or in the public

* From the MS. collections of the Earl of Buchan.

gardens, begged of him to give him and the rest of his subjects orders; but added, he believed there was nothing in them. It coming on rain while they were walking, he left the Thuilleries, and as stepping into his coach, the two chieftains told him "if he had a mind to make a Bender of it, as the King of Sweden did, he would not want assistance;" at which he thanked them, but bid them not be uneasy. He returned home, where he stayed about half an hour, and then took his coach and went to the opera, attended by Sir James Harrington and Colonel Goring, two Englishmen, and Mr. Sheridan, an Irishman. When the coach came to the cul-de-sac, the Prince alighted as usual, was seized in a moment by a number of the serjeants of the French Blue Guards, who shut the opera door before him, and the barrier behind them, while one insolently broke his sword in the scabbard, and two others took the little pistols out of his side pockets; then carrying him, without his feet touching the ground, to a room in the Palais Royal, when the major of the French guards, Marquis de Vaudreuil, told him, 'he had the King of France's orders.' All who took him were disguised in whitish coloured clothes, such as footmen out of livery wear. The Prince was, in the Palais Royal, bound like a common criminal, and put into a remise coach, the major and two captains going with them, and French soldiers mounted behind with screwed bayonets. The Prince then said, 'Gentlemen, this is but a dirty office you are employed in; I suppose I'm straight on my way to Hanover;' they told him he was going to Vincennes Castle, where, as soon as he arrived, he said to the Governor, Marquis de Châtel, 'I used to come as your friend, governor, but now I come your prisoner. I hope you will salute me though I cannot come to you.' The governor, who was his very great friend, stormed like a lion, and ran and unbound him; but was obliged to obey orders, and put him in that part of the castle called the Dungeon, a little dark hole of a place in the flight tower, two Captains guards within his room, and four sentries at the door.

"When he came into this miserable place, he said, it was not quite so good as his brother's in the Highland Hills. He threw himself on the bed, and would not be prevailed upon to throw off his clothes, nor eat or drink any thing that night, and was frequently heard to say to himself, 'Oh! my faithful mountains!' Next day he eat nothing but a little soup; but on

Thursday he dined, and took ill after it, with a violent vomiting and purging, but was perfectly well next day: he made the captains always eat with him, and spoke to them about the wars, &c. and behaved with such a noble and manly courage, that he so charmed the hearts of his guards, that they were ready to cry when they spoke of him, and several swore that they would rather give up their commission than mount guard there any more. He parted from Vincennes on Sunday morning about day break, where is not yet known; but it is said the musqueteers have orders to guard him to Pont de Beauvoisin on the frontiers, a place belonging half to Savoy, half to France, where it is said he will be left to go where he pleases.

“The gentlemen, who were in the coach with the Prince going to the Opera, were put in separate hackney coaches, and carried to the Bastille; his footmen went the same road, one of which, Angus MacDonald, the only Scotsman there, fired a pistol at one of the men that took the Prince. Mr. Alexander MacLeod and Stewart of Ardsheill were playing at backgammon in the Prince’s house, Sir David Murray was looking on, when the guards came to the house; and they were seized also and sent to the Bastille, as was the cook, washerwoman, and every body within that door. Mr. Strafford, an Irish gentleman, had dined abroad, and knowing nothing of the matter, was by the guards let into the court, and sent the same road with the rest. It would have appeared, they feared the mob, for there were guards from the Prince’s house to the Pont Royal, and about 2000 men in arms there and about the Opera, and six regiments at a call; a great many French gentlemen were put in the Bastille that night, and next day, for speaking of it. The people got up in the Opera to come out, but the doors were shut; every body, high and low, were in tears, and I could not imagine that the French were so fond of any king but their own king.

“The Count de Biron went from the Palais Royal to court that night, and when the news were told the Queen, the Dauphin, and Dauphiness, and all the Madames, they threw down their knives, and there was not one word spoken.

“You may depend on the truth of this paper, because I had it from the Governor of Vincennes, and others of absolute credit, thought it is treason now to say he was tied or ill-used.”

THE LAST OF THE STUARTS.—On the 4th of January, 1815, died Alexander Macdonald, Esq., who is no other way remarkable, than for a chivalrous devotion to the family Stuart. He raised a monument in the vale of Glenfinnyn, at the head of Lochschiel, in the county of Inverness, with a Latin, Gaelic, and English inscription, to commemorate the last open efforts of that family, for the recovery of a crown they had forfeited by innumerable breaches of the laws, and whose aggressions on life and property being suffered, till

“ *Non-resistance* could no further go,”

they were excluded from the throne of the people, by the aristocracy and commonality of England in parliament assembled. As evidence of the spirit that dictated such a memorial, and of the proper feeling which permits that spirit to be expressed, in spite of its hostility to the principles that deposited and continued the diadem of the commonwealth in the custody of the house of Hanover, the inscription on the monument is here given, as it stands in English

On the spot where
PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD
 First raised his Standard,
 On the 19th day of August, MDCCXLV,
 When he made the daring and romantic attempt
 To recover a throne lost by the imprudence of his
 Ancestors,
 This column was erected by
ALEXANDER MACDONALD, Esq., of
 Grenaladale,
 To commemorate the generous zeal;
 The undaunted bravery, and the inviolable fidelity,
 Of his forefathers, and the rest of those
 Who fought and bled in that
 Arduous and unfortunate enterprise.
 This pillar is now,
 Alas!
 Also become the Monument
 Of its amiable and accomplished founder,
 Who,
 Before it was finished,
 Died in Edinburgh on the 4th day of January,
 MDCCCXV.

The "right line" of the Stuart race terminated in the late cardinal York. He was the second son of "the Pretender," and was born at Rome on the 26th of March, 1725; where he was baptized by the name of Henry Benedict Maria Clemens: he died there in 1807, in the 83d year of his age. In 1745 he went to France to head an army of fifteen thousand men, assembled at Dunkirk for the invasion of England. The battle of Culloden settled "the arduous and unfortunate enterprise," which the "amiable and accomplished founder" of the monument commemorates, and not a single transport left Dunkirk roads. As soon as Henry Benedict heard of the affair at Culloden, he returned to Rome, entered into priest's orders, and in 1747 was made a Cardinal by Pope Benedict XIV. It was taunted by a former pope upon James II., that he "lost his kingdom for a mass;" and it is certain that Henry Benedict was better qualified to take a red hat, and pull on and off red stockings, than to attempt the conquest of a free protestant nation.

After the expulsion of Pius VI. from "the chair of St. Peter," by the French, he fled from his splendid residences at Rome and Frascati to Venice, infirm in health, distressed in circumstances, and at the age of seventy-five. He subsisted for awhile on the produce of some silver plate, he had saved from the ruin of his property. By the friendly interference of Sir John Cox Hhippsley, the Cardinal's situation was made known to George III., and Lord Minto had orders to remit him a present of £2000, which he received in February, 1800, with an intimation that he might draw for the same amount in the July following; and Sir J. C. Hhippsley communicated to him, that an annuity of £4000 would be at his service, so long as his circumstances might require it. This liberality was received and acknowledged by the Cardinal in terms of gratitude, and made a considerable impression on the reigning Pope and his court. These facts are extracted from the Gentleman's Magazine (vols. 74 and 77), which also observes, that "from the time he devoted himself to ecclesiastical functions he seemed to have laid aside all worldly views, till his father's death in 1788, when he had medals struck, bearing on their face his head, with 'HENRICUS NONUS ANGLIÆ REX;' on the reverse, a city, with 'GRATIA DEI, SED NON VOLUNTATE HOMINUM;' if we are not misinformed, one of these medals was in the possession of George IV.

ANCIENT SCOTS HIGHLANDERS.

IN the "Tales of my Landlord," the author has given a fine representation of the Highland clans of the sixteenth century, and particularly in the Legend of Montrose. The following characteristic traits of the ancient Scots Highlanders' discipline, of their fierce and hardy habits, their dress, arms, mode of warfare, and manner of living, their devotion to their chiefs, &c., will convey some previous rational idea of the manners and customs of these sons of the "mountain and glen," from which a comparative estimate, in some measure, under due allowances, may be made with their successors of the present day.

CLANS. '—The Highlanders were composed of a number of tribes, called clans, each of which bore a different name, and lived upon the lands of a different chieftain. The members of every tribe were united to each other, not only by the feudal, but by the patriarchal bond; for while the individuals which composed it were vassals or tenants of their own hereditary chieftain, they were also descended from his family, and could count exactly the degree of their descent. The right of primogeniture, moreover, together with the weakness of the laws to reach inaccessible countries, and more inaccessible men, had, in the revolution of centuries, converted these natural principles of connexion between the chieftain and his people, into the most sacred tie of human life. The castle of the chieftain was a kind of palace to which every man of his tribe was made welcome, and where he was entertained according to his station in time of peace, and to which all flocked at the sound of war. Then the meanest of the clan, knowing himself to be as well-born as the head of it, revered in the chieftain his own blood; complained not of the difference of station into which fortune had thrown him, and respected himself. The chieftain in return bestowed a protection, founded equally on gratitude and a consciousness of his own interest. Hence, the Highlanders, with more savage nations, called savage, carried in the outward expression of their

* See pages 53 and 54.

manners the politeness of courts without their vices; and in their bosoms, the high point of honour, without its follies.

DRESS.—The dress of the Highlander, which was the last remains of the Roman habit in Europe, was well suited to the nature of their country, and still better to the necessities of war; it consisted of a roll of light woollen, called a plaid, six yards in length, and two in breadth, wrapped loosely round the body, the upper lappet of which rested on the left shoulder, leaving the right arm at full liberty; a jacket of thick cloth fitted tightly to the body, and a loose short garment of light woollen, which went round the waist, and covered the thigh. In rain they formed the plaid into folds, and laying it on the shoulders, were covered as with a roof. When they were obliged to be abroad on the hills in their hunting parties, or tending their cattle, or in war, the plaid served them both for bed and covering; for, when three men slept together, they could spread three folds of cloth below, and six above them. The garters of their stockings were tied under the knee, with a view to give more freedom to the limb; and they wore no breeches that they might climb the mountains with greater ease. The lightness or looseness of their dress, the habit they had of going always on foot, never on horseback, their love of long journies, and above all, that patience of hunger and every kind of hardship, which carried their bodies forward even after their spirits were exhausted, made them exceed all other European nations in speed and perseverance of march. They marched sometimes sixty miles a-day, without food or halting, over mountains, among rocks, through morasses. In encampments they were expert in forming beds in a moment, by tying together bundles of heath, and fixing them upright in the ground; an art which, as the beds were both soft and dry, preserved their health in the field, when other soldiers lost theirs.

ARMS.—Their arms were a broadsword, a dagger, called the dirk, a target, a musket and two pistols, so that they carried the long sword of the Celts, the *pugio* of the Romans, the shield of the ancients, and both kinds of modern fire-arms altogether. In battle they threw away the plaid and garment, and fought in their jackets; making thus their movements quicker, and their

strokes more forcible. Their advance to battle was rapid, like the charge of dragoons; when near the enemy they stopped a little, to draw breath and discharge their muskets, which they then dropped on the ground; advancing they fired their pistols, which they threw almost at the same instant at the heads of their opponents. They then rushed into their ranks with the broadsword as they ran on, so as to conquer the enemy's eye, while his body was yet unhurt. They fought not in long and regular lines, but in separate bands, like wedges condensed and firm; the army being ranged according to the clans that composed it, and each clan according to its families; so that there arose a competition in valour, clan with clan, of family with family, of brother with brother. To make an opening in regular troops, and to conquer, they reckoned the same thing, because in close engagements, and in broken ranks, no regular troops could withstand them. They received the bayonet in the target, which they carried on the left arm; then, turning it aside, or twisting it in the target, they attacked with the broadsword the encumbered and defenceless enemy; and where they could not wield the broadsword, they attacked with the dirk. The only foes they dreaded were cavalry, to which many causes contributed:—the novelty of the enemy; their want of the bayonet to receive the shock of the horse; the attack made upon them with their own weapon, the broadsword; the size of dragoon horses appearing greater to them, from a comparison with those of their own country; but above all, a belief entertained universally among the lower class of Highlanders, that a war-horse is taught to fight with his feet and teeth.

Notwithstanding all these advantages, the victories of the Highlanders have always been more honourable for themselves than of consequence to others. A river stopped them, because they were unaccustomed to swim; a fort had the same effect, because they knew not the science of attack: they wanted cannon, carriages, and magazines, from their poverty and ignorance of the arts; they spoke an unknown language, and therefore could derive their resources only from themselves. Although their respect for their chieftains gave them, as long as they continued in the field, that exact habit of obedience, which the excessive rigour of discipline only can secure over other troops, yet, as soon as the victory was gained, they accounted their duty, which was to conquer,

fulfilled, and many of them ran home to recount their feats, and store up their plunder. In spring and harvest many were obliged to retire, or leave their women and children to die of famine ; their chieftains too were apt to separate from the army upon quarrels and points of honour amongst themselves and with others.

DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE.—The contrast of the state of knowledge in the Highlands some fifty years back, compared with the present improved condition of these parts, is universally acknowledged. The author of the Gaelic Dictionary published in 1778, in his preface to that work, even at that period, exclaims, with enthusiastic fervour, in the following words :—“ The improvements which have taken place in the Highlands within the last half century, as well as in the minds of the inhabitants, have been strangely neglected in an age when every other country emerges from obscurity and ignorance, till some changes were forced upon them by a late law,* I shall not say how politic. To see a people naturally capable of every improvement, though once misled by ignorance, stripped of their ancient habits and customs, and deprived of the Scriptures in their own tongue, the right of Christians, never denied to the most savage Indians, is at once a complication of inhumanity and imprudence. Better slay their bodies to secure their affections, as Rome was wont to say with heretics to bring their souls to Heaven, than keep them in ignorance, with the expectation that after some generations, the English language, manners, and improvements may begin to dawn. At this day there is no equal number of people in Britain so useful to the state. Upon every emergency they supply our navy with good seamen and our armies with valiant soldiers. But strip them of their dress, language, the name and honour of Gael, and they soon degenerate. Their habit, language, life, and honour they have always kept or parted with at once. The honour of their name, their habit, and a Gaelic speech have always inspired them more than the consecration of the colours. Government, by preserving these privileges to them sacred as their *aræ et foci*, might have at least one part of the

* The law alluded to was made in 1745, when their own language was proscribed to them, and the English forced upon them.

community, of whom they, on any emergency, might say with the Roman general, "I know the tenth legion will not desert me." From this I would infer that the Gael should be taught to read the Scriptures in their own language, by which popery, that ever grows on the soil of ignorance, might be for ever exterminated. Is there no Bishop Bedel, no Robert Boyle in our days, and is the society for propagating Christian knowledge only a name?" Yes, might we reply to this exclamation of our departed friend, all our reflections and reproaches *were* too well deserved. But how wonderful now is the increase of knowledge among the Highlanders of Scotland, owing to the labours of the school for propagating Christian knowledge, and especially to those of the Gaelic schools, whose benign influence has enlightened every glen where even the natural sun cannot penetrate! Thousands, *now*, from the age of four to that of ninety, have learned to read; the schools being circulating and held in the open air, while the Bible Society has furnished every hut and individual with the Scriptures in the Gaelic language.

CIVILISATION.—The natives of the Highlands, and the isles, are at this present moment as much civilized in their manners, and under as just a subordination to the laws, as any people whatever; so that in no part of the world is property more secure, or lawless violence more rare among the body of the people, than there; insomuch a single peace-officer, unattended and unarmed, can execute without difficulty or danger to himself, any commission that the law may require. A stranger also in those regions, may go where he will in perfect safety; and if he behaves with decent politeness, he will not only not be insulted, but will be kindly entertained wherever he goes, with a cheerful and unaffected hospitality. On these unknown coasts, shipwrecks must sometimes happen; and, in all cases of that nature, the mariners are not only saved, where it can possibly be done, and kindly entertained; but their property is secured and preserved with a degree of care that reflects the highest honour upon the natives.

FAMILY PRIDE.—An intelligent reader may easily perceive that the family pride which is perhaps not yet totally annihilated as

not to be perceptible in Scotland, was owing to the feudal institutions which reigned there in all their horrors of blood and barbarity.* Their family differences, especially those of the Highlanders, familiarized them to blood and slaughter; and the death of an enemy, however effected, was always a matter of triumph. These passions did not live in the breasts of the common people only, for they were authorised and cherished by their chieftains, many of whom were men who had seen the world, were conversant in the courts of Europe, masters of polite literature, and amiable in all the duties of civil and social life. Their kings, excepting some of them who were endowed with extraordinary virtues, were considered in little other light than commanders of their army in time of war; for in time of peace their civil authority was so little felt, that every clan or family, even in the most civilized parts of Scotland, looked upon its own chieftain as the sovereign. Those ideas were confirmed even by the laws which gave those petty tyrants a power of life or death upon their own estates, and they generally executed in four-and-twenty hours after the party was apprehended. The pride which those chieftains had of outvying with each other, in the numbers of their followers, created perpetual animosities, which seldom or never ended without bloodshed; so that the common people, whose best qualification was a blind devotion to the will of their master, and the aggrandizement of his name, lived in a state of continual hostility. The late Archibald Douglas, Duke of Argyle, was the first chieftain we have heard of, who had the patriotism to attempt to reform his dependents, and to banish from them those barbarous ideas. His example

* Many Scottish gentlemen still pique themselves upon their family, and the antiquity of their descent; in this respect they are frequently not the most social members of society; because, forgetful of the virtues which enabled their ancestors, they imitate them only in their capricious vanity and vindictive feeling. Those who go abroad, and endeavour by industry to raise the lowness of their circumstances, excel in all the social, civil, commercial, and military duties. There is a kind of similarity in their personal characters, and by seeing one Scotsman who acquires a fortune abroad, you have a specimen of nearly the whole. They are hospitable, open, communicative, and charitable. They assimilate to the manners of the people with whom they live, with more ease and freedom, than the natives of most other countries, and they have a surprising facility for the acquisition of languages; and indeed, for sciences and arts of every kind, they manifest a peculiar aptitude.

has been followed by others; and it is pleasing to see that the wild and ferocious habits of the Highlander have been gradually and successfully reconciled to all the milder habits of society.

A BANQUET.—A fine picture of a Highland banquet is to be found in the “*Tales of the Canongate*.”* It conveys to our mind a more lively idea of the mountain manner of earlier days than we could otherwise possibly get from any other source—manners, in fact, the impressions of which are not yet wholly obliterated from the present handy and blended race of the “Saxon and the Gael.” The fine local description, the varied and vivid representations of human nature, are quite in keeping with the fine descriptive tact and fertile imagination of the author.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.—No sooner does the brightening glow of the eastern sky warn the anxious housemaid of the approach of Christmas, than she rises full of anxiety at the prospect of her morning labours. The meal which was steeped in the “sowan bowie” a fortnight ago, to make the “Prechdachden sour,” or “sour scones,” is the first object of her attention. The gridiron (girdle) is put on the fire, and the sour scones are soon followed by hard cakes, buttered cakes and branded bannocks, and bannichfrem. The baking being once over, the sowans pot succeeds the gridiron, full of new sowans which are to be given to the family, agreeably to custom, this day in their beds. The sowans are boiled to the consistence of molasses, when the “Lagan le vrich,” or east bread, to distinguish it from boiled sowans, is ready. It is then poured into as many bickers as there are individuals to partake of it, and presently served to the whole, old and young.

On such an occasion, it would well become the pencil of a Hogarth, or the pen of a Burns, to illustrate the scenes which follow. The ambrosial food is dispatched in aspiring draughts by the family, who soon give evident proofs of the enlivening effects of the “Lagan le vrich.” As soon as each has emptied his bicker of its contents, he jumps out of bed—the elder

* See *The Fair Maid of Perth*, p. 383—389.

branches to examine the ominous characters or signs of the day;* and the younger to enter upon its amusements.

Flocking to the swing is a favorite amusement on this occasion; the youngest of the family gets the first "shoulder," and the next oldest to him in regular succession. In order to add the more to the spirit of the exercise, it is a common practice with the person in the swing, and the person appointed to swing him, to enter into a very warm and humorous altercation. As the swung person approaches the swinger, he exclaims "Ei mi tu chal," "I'll eat your kail;" to this the swinger replies, with a violent shove, "Cha in u mu chal," "you shan't eat my kail." These threats and reproaches are sometimes carried to such a height, as to break down or capsize the threatener, which generally puts an end to the quarrel.

As the day advances, these minor amusements are terminated at the report of the gun, or the rattle of the ball-clubs—the gun inviting the marksmen to the "Kiavamuchd" or prize shooting, and the latter to the "Tuckd vouil," or the ball combatants—both the principal sports of the day. Tired at length of the active amusements of the field, they exchange them for the substantial entertainments of the table, groaning under the load of "sonsy faced haggies," and many other savoury dainties, unseen for twelve months before. The relish communicated to the company by the appearance of the festive board, may be more easily conceived than described. The dinner once dispatched, the flowing bowl succeeds, and the sparkling glass flies to and fro, like a weaver's shuttle. As it continues its rounds, the spirits of the company become more jovial and happy. Animated by his exhilarating powers, even old decrepitude no longer feels its habitual pains, the fire of youth is in its eye, as he details to the company the exploits which distinguished him in the "days of Auld Lang Syne," while the young, inflamed with "love and glory," long to mingle in the more lively scenes of mirth, to display their prowess and agility.

Leaving the patriarchs to finish those professions of friendship for each other, in which they are so devoutly engaged, the

* The following are common sayings both in the Highlands and Lowlands: "A black Christmas makes a fat kirkyard"—"A windy Christmas and a calm Candlemas are signs of a good year."

younger part of the company shape their course to the ball-room, or to the card-table, as their individual inclinations suggest, and the remainder of the evening is spent amid the greatest pleasure and hilarity of which human nature is susceptible.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.—There are but two countries in Europe more remarkable than Scotland, for the learning and usefulness of their schoolmasters. These are Switzerland and Sweden. In these countries there is a regular school in every parish amply maintained at the public expense, and the masters, who are remarkably well qualified, held in considerable respect. The great Gessner, one of the first and most successful restorers of learning, and the celebrated and elegant Castalio, besides many other men of note in literature, were schoolmasters in Switzerland. It is by these means, that the Swiss and the Swedes, though poor, are from the highest to the lowest the best educated people in Europe; and the radical advantage has always appeared in their character, both as a nation and as individuals. The character of the Highland schoolmasters, as associated with the earliest feelings of his pupils, and ever after cemented by the most durable friendship and regard, is accurately portrayed in the following sentimental sketch, with which we have been favoured from another hand.

“Chance led me to the old man’s humble dwelling; but the impression which his benevolence made on my mind, no time or chance, no change of age, of circumstance, or of situation, will ever have power to efface. Chance, I say, conducted me to the homely habitation of the village schoolmaster. Losing my road in the wilds of Badenoch, I halted, and cast an anxious and fearful eye around, in order to see if a man and a brother were within hail; for the veil of night was dropping over the earth, and I trembled lest its sable covering should soon render every form and feature thereof indiscernable.

“The old man at a distance looked almost like a speck upon the face of darkness. As his stature increased by approach, it grew of still greater magnitude and importance. He stepped up to me with a cheerful, confident air, whistling a strathspey, and followed by two shaggy Highland dogs, full of fidelity and intelligence. “Guid e’en to ye,” said he, making a rustic bow, “ye need na be afraid o’being benighted; for if even we were to

miss the road, Whiskey and Calamdubh* (the names of his dogs) would conduct us safe hame." I here observed that Whiskey had led me a sad dance; for that a generous Highlander had kept me so long at his house, taking a lunch and the cup o'better acquaintance, and then the cup o'friendship, and lastly, the "dochan dorish," that I had lost count of time, and was apprehensive of losing my way and of having to bivouac as I had sometime done on service. 'Hout!' cried he with an air of disdain towards care or misadventure, 'ye maun juist tak a wi drap mair in my cabin the night, and a check o'mutton ham, and a muir fool wi me, for it's quite dangerous to pass the fuird.'

"I accepted the old man's invitation and partook of the hospitality of his cottage; but the morning scene is that which dwells most in my mind. I had gone in company with the schoolmaster's son, to look over the improvement of his very small farm, in which courtesy and gratitude taught me to take all possible interest. When, on entering his saloon, boudoir, study, library, refectory (for they were all one and the same apartment), I saw two tall sunburnt, weather-beaten, young men enter. The one was in "the garb of old Gaul;" the other had on a regimental great coat and a highland bonnet, with an eagle's feather in it.

"The old man rose and gave a pure Highland shout, demonstrative of surprise and ecstasy; and, with electrical rapidity, the two youths had each a hand of the schoolmaster clenched in both of theirs. They shook him heartily; and for a few seconds, it was the magic eloquence of eyes, the matchless expression of silence. At length the old man relieved his bosom by ejaculating, 'Hegh! hegh! Sirs; and is it ye after seven lang years o'absence, in which 'ye've wandered mony a weary fit.' What brocht ye here?' and (his face lit up with smiles and rosy health, his nerves doubly strung, his pulse dancing with the velocity of youth, and proud self-approbation crimsoning his cheek), 'is it possible ye hae come on purpose to see *me*?'"

"'Just sae, my worthy maister,' said the eldest. 'Just sae, my dear Dominic,' exclaimed the younger, with an arch and affectionate air, and tapping him sportively and kindly on the

* Black Malcolm.

back. ‘Tears rapped down the auld mans’ cheeks’, and again all was momentary silence.

“‘How’s mother?’ cried one of them. ‘Oh! brawly,’ replied the schoolmaster, ‘She’ll be maist out o’ her senses wi joy to see ye: we heard that ye were killed at Talavera.’ ‘Tut!’ exclaimed they simultaneously, with a manly and soldierlike expression of contempt of danger: ‘Sandy got a clink upon’s airm, but he can wield the braid sword yet; and as for me, it seemed that bullets had no fancy for me, for plenty of them played crack upon comrades’ heads, but I got off Scot free.’

“‘But, I say, how’s auld Syntax, the shelty (the pony)?’ here the schoolmaster heaved a deep sigh; ‘puir beastie,’ replied he, in a subdued tone, ‘he is deed.’ ‘——— it,’ exclaimed the youngest warrior, ‘I wud nae a had him die for a purse o’ goud.’ And here the rose twice visited and left his cheek. ‘What pranks I hae played with the puir beastie!’ Here he looked back to infantine days and sports, whilst the gravity of retrospect sat singularly becoming on the front of youth. ‘Heh! heh!’ concluded he, which meant, ‘every thing is transitory in this nether world.’

“The old man quite forgot me, and I forgot myself, standing in profound attentiveness, and in undivided respect for the actor in this scene of sensibility. At length, starting and apologizing, he introduced me to the two young officers, who shook me by the hand as a friend and comrade at first sight.

“I will not disappoint the reader by any common-place words that passed betwixt us. Suffice it to say, that these two laurelled youths could not stay. They embraced the old lady, the schoolmaster’s wife. The old man expressed every term of regret at their short stay; and conducted them, walking betwixt them, and linked hand in hand, bald and bare-headed, and with his silver locks whistling in the Highland breeze. At length they shook hands, looked eloquently at each other, and he saw them out of sight.

“Who were the young men?—His sons? No.—His relatives? No.—His patrons or benefactors? No.—They were merely his scholars in their juvenile years; and, out of respect and love for the old man, they had travelled thirty miles to see him. All the localities of their childhood were dear to them; all the as-

sociations of passed time weighed deeply in their minds. How creditable to youth this feeling! how honourable to old age, and to the old man's deserts!

"My uncle Toby most truly says, 'the bravest men are always the best.' Here were living examples of this undeniable truth. What might not be expected from these youths, who thus venerated the instructor of their infant years. And here we cannot omit naming and honouring the naïve remark of the African Prince (Leban), who was educated in England. He said, that he 'considered the preceptor or teacher of youth as the most noble avocation of the state; since to infuse knowledge and cultivate wisdom was making him the direct agent of divinity.'"

The hospitality of a Highlander has never yet been questioned. His lunch and "the cup o' better acquaintance," and then "the cup o' friendship," and, lastly, the "Dochan Dorish," have been experienced early and late by all who have visited their blessed retirement, and simplicity of manners,—true parents of friendship and hospitality. In great towns man mistrusts man. In these wilds, bleak muirs, and woods of sepulchral pine, man clings to man, every heart beats in unison, hand seeks for hand, and the links of social connexion are double-locked and rivetted to each other.

It would be indeed an insult to clothe in wordiness and circumlocution, the kind reception, the genuine Highland welcome with which the stranger is hailed. Every Highlander is hospitable; and he "maks nae words aboot it."—Good bed, good cheer, good humour, honest civility, and improving converse, sweeten every hour between labour and repose. To this generous reception and universal spirit of hospitality, may be attributed the want of many of the conveniences which their country-side inns are, compared with their more southern neighbours, deficient of. Satire is by no means our aim in these pages; should, however, the following description of a Highland Inn appear to be too exaggerated, either the author of it, at the time, had sipped too potently of the 'mountain dew,' from the genuine production of which the Highlands are so remarkable; or he was determined to be fastidiously humorous at the expense of his host, without probably meaning to make the application general, or even strictly particular.

A HEDGE ALEHOUSE.*—The following semi-burlesque description of a roadside inn, is, in fact, more amusing than consistent with truth—though some resemblances are not altogether incorrect at some distance of time, among the bleak and thinly populated mountains.—“Arrived at mine host’s, early or late, if you are wet, the fire will be lighted by the time you are dry; at least if the peat is not wet too. The smoke of wet peat is wholesome; and if you are not used to it, the inmates are, which is the very same thing. There is neither poker nor tongs; you can stir the fire with your umbrella: nor bellows; you can blow it, unless you are asthmatic, with your mouth; or what is better still, Peggy will fan it with her petticoat.—‘Peggy, is the supper coming?’ In time come mutton, called chops (qy collops), then mustard, by and by a knife and fork; successively, a plate, a candle, and salt. When the mutton is cold, the pepper arrives, and then the bread, and lastly the whiskey. The water is reserved for the second course. By this time the fire is dying; Peggy waits till it is dead, and the whole process of the peats and petticoats is to be gone over again. ‘Peggy, is the bed ready?’ By the time you have fallen asleep once or twice, it is ready. When you enter it, it is damp: but how should it be dry in such a climate? The blankets feel so heavy that you expect to get warm in time. Not at all; they have the property of weight without warmth; though there is a pulling mill at Kilmahog. You awake at two o’clock, very cold, and find that they have slipped over on the floor. You try to square them again; but such is their weight that they fall on the other side; and, at last, by dint of kicking and pulling, they become immediately entangled, sheets and all; and sleep flies, whatever King Harry may think, to take refuge on other beds and other blankets.

“It is in vain you try again to court the drowsy god, and you get up at five. Water being so contemptibly common, it is probable that there is none present; or if there is, it has a delicious flavour of stale whiskey; so that you may almost imagine the Highland rills to run grog. There is no soap in Mrs. Mac-larty’s house. It is prudent also to learn to shave without a looking-glass; because if there be one present, it is so furrowed

* A hundred and ‘Thretty sax’ years ago.

and stripped, and striated, either crossways, perpendicularly, or diagonally, that, in consequence of what Sir Isaac Newton might call its fits of irregular reflection and transmission, you cut your nose if it distorts you one way, and your ears if it protracts you in the opposite direction.

“The towel being either wet or dirty, or both, you wipe yourself with the Moreen curtains, unless you prefer the sheets. When you return to your sitting-room, the table is covered with glasses and mugs, and circles of dried whiskey and porter. The fire-place is full of white ashes. You labour to open a window, if it will open, that you may get a little of the morning air, and there being no sash line, it falls on your fingers, as it did on Susannah’s. Should you break a pane, it is of no consequence, as it will never be mended again. The clothes which you sent to be washed, are brought up wet, and those which you sent to be dried, smoked.”

THE BAGPIPES.—In the last volume of the “Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,” Mr. Gibbon observes, that “Experience has proved, that the mechanical operation of sounds, by quickening the circulation of the blood and spirits, will act on the human machine more forcibly than the eloquence of reason and honour.” Of this remark, the following anecdote, from a Tour in England and Scotland, is a remarkable illustration: “Beyond all memory or tradition, the favourite instrument of the Scotch musicians has been the bagpipe, introduced into Scotland at a very early period by the Norwegians. The large bagpipe is the instrument of the Highlanders for war, for funeral processions, for marriage, and other great occasions. They have also a smaller kind, on which dancing tunes are played. A certain species of this wind-music, called pibrochs, rouses the native Highlanders in the same way that the sound of the trumpet does the war horse; and even produces effects little less marvellous than those recorded of the ancient music.

At the battle of Quebec, in April, 1760, while the British troops were retreating in great confusion, the general officer complained to a field officer of Frazer’s regiment, of the bad behaviour of his corps. “Sir,” answered he with some warmth, “you did very wrong in forbidding the pipers to play; nothing encourages Highlanders so much in a day of action: nay, even

now they would be of use.”—“Let them blow then like the devil,” replied the general, “if that will bring back the men.” The pipes were ordered to play a favourite martial air. The Highlanders, the moment they heard the music, returned and formed with alacrity in the rear.—In the late war in India, Sir Eyre Coote, after the battle of Porto Nuovo, being aware of the strong attachment of the Highlanders to their ancient music, expressed his approbation of their behaviour on that day, by giving them fifty pounds to buy a pair of bagpipes.*

The following (more recent) anecdote is related of Serjeant Alexander Cameron, Piper Major of the 92d, or Cameronian Highlanders, whose merits as a performer on the Highland bagpipes were generally acknowledged to be of the first wind, though they could not be duly appreciated but by those who felt the inspiring effects of his animating strains on the toilsome march, or amid the thunder of the battle. He served on the Peninsula, during the whole of the late war, and by his zeal attracted the notice of several officers of high rank. Lieutenant-General Sir William Erskine, in a letter to a friend, after the affair of Rio del Molinas, says, “the first intimation the enemy had of our approach, was the piper of the 92d, playing, “Hey Johnie Cope, are ye wakin yet.” To this favourite air from Cameron’s pipe, the streets of Brussels re-echoed on the 15th of June, when the regiment assembled to march out to the field of Waterloo. Once, and once only, was this brave soldier missed in his accustomed place in the front of the battle, and the occasion strongly marks the powerful influence which the love of fame had upon his mind. In a London paper, a very flattering eulogium had appeared on the conduct of a piper of another regiment. Our gallant musician, conscious that no one could surpass him in zeal or intrepidity, felt hurt that he should not also have gained this flattering distinction, and declared, that “if his name did not appear in the newspapers, he would no more play in the battle field!” Accordingly, in the next affair with the enemy, Cameron’s “bellows ceased to blow”—his pipe was mute! some insinuations against the piper reached his ear. The bare idea of his motives being misunderstood was torture to poor Cameron, and overcame at once the sullen resolution he had formed

* See a curious and interesting volume, entitled “*Demonologia, or Natural Knowledge revealed*,” by J. S. F. p. 194, published, 1827.

of remaining silent in the rear. He rushed forward, and not content with gaining his place at the head of the regiment, advanced with a party of skirmishers, and, placing himself on a height, in full view of the enemy, continued to animate the party by playing favourite national airs. For the last two years of his life his health sensibly declined. He was afflicted with an asthma, which the blowing of the pipes tended to aggravate. Notwithstanding he could not be induced to relinquish his favourite employment, but continued to play within a very short time of his death "the gathering" for the daily assembling of the regiment. He died at Belfast, October 18th, 1817. His remains were attended to the grave by several officers, all the non-commissioned officers, and the grenadier company, to which the deceased belonged.

PRESENTIMENT.—The nearer we approach to times when superstition shall be universally exploded, the more we consign to oblivion the antiquated notions of former days, respecting every degree of supernatural agency or communication. It is not long ago, however, since second sight, as it is called, peculiar to the Scotch Highlanders, was a subject of dispute, and although it be true, as some assert, that all argument is against it, yet it is equally certain that we have many well asserted facts for it. We think upon the whole that this question is placed in its true light, in the following communication from a gentleman in Scotland, who had opportunities to know the facts he relates, and who has evidently sense enough not to carry them farther than they will bear. What is called in this part of the island by the French word *pressentiment*, appears to us to be a species of second sight, and it is by no means uncommon: why it is less attended to in the "busy haunts of men," than in the sequestered habitations of the Highlanders, is accounted for by the following detail, and we apprehend upon very just grounds.

"Of all the subjects which philosophers have chosen for exercising their faculty of reasoning, there is not one more worthy of their attention than the contemplation of the human mind. There they will find an ample field wherein they may range at large, and display their powers; but at the same time it must be observed, that here, unless the philosopher calls in religion to his aid, he will be lost in a labyrinth of fruitless conjectures, and here, in particular, he will be obliged to have a reference to a

great first cause, as the mind of man (whatever may be asserted of material substances) could never be formed by chance; and he will find his affections so infinitely various, that instead of endeavouring to investigate, he will be lost in admiration.

“The faculty or affections of the mind attributed to our neighbours of the Highlands of Scotland, of having a foreknowledge of future events, or, as it is commonly expressed, having the second sight, is perhaps one of the most singular. Many have been the arguments both for and against the real existence of this wonderful gift. I shall not be an advocate on either side, but I shall presume to give you a fact or two, which I know to be well authenticated, and from which every one is at liberty to infer what they please.

“The late Rev. D. M'Sween was minister of a parish in the high parts of Aberdeenshire, and was a native of the Isle of Sky, where his mother continued to reside. On the 4th of May, 1738, Mr. M'Sween, with his brother, who often came to visit him from Sky, were walking in the fields. After some interval in their discourse, during which the minister seemed to be lost in thought, his brother asked him what was the matter with him; he made answer he hardly could tell, but he was certain that their mother was dead. His brother endeavoured to reason him out of his opinion, but in vain. And upon his brother's return home, he found his mother had really died on that very day on which he was walking with the minister.

“In April, 1744, a man of the name of Forbes, walking over Culloden Muir, with two or three others, was suddenly, as it were, lost in thought, and when in some short time after he was interrupted by his companions, he very accurately described the battle that was fought on that very spot two years afterwards; at which description his companions laughed heartily, as there was no expectation of the Pretender's coming to Britain at that time.”

Many such instances might be adduced, but these, I am afraid, are sufficient to stagger the credulity of most people. But to the incredulous I shall only say, that I am very far from attributing the second sight to the Highlanders more than to ourselves. I am pretty certain there is no man whatever, who is not sometimes seized with a foreboding in his mind, or as it may

be termed, a kind of reflection which it is not in his power to prevent; and although his thoughts may not be employed in any particular kind of exigency, yet he is apt to dread from that quarter where he is more immediately concerned. This opinion is agreeable to all the heathen mythologists, particularly Homer and Virgil, where numerous instances might be brought forward, and these justified in the event; but there is an authority which I hold in more veneration than all the others put together, I mean that now much disused book called the Bible, where we meet with many examples, which may corroborate the existence of such an affection in the mind; and that too in persons who were not ranked among prophets. I shall instance one or two. The first is in the 14th chapter of I. Samuel, where it is next to impossible to imagine that had not Jonathan been convinced of some foreboding in his mind, that he should certainly be successful, he and his armour-bearer being only two in number, would never have encountered a whole garrison of the enemy. Another instance is in the 6th chapter of Esther where the king of Persia (who was no prophet) was so much troubled in his mind, that he could not sleep, neither could he assign any reason for his being so, till the very reason was discovered from the means that were used to divert his melancholy, viz. the reading of the records, where he found he had forgot to do a thing which he was under an obligation to perform. Many of the most judicious modern authors also favour this opinion. Addison makes his Cato, some time before his fatal exit, express himself thus: "What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?" Shakspeare also makes Banquo exclaim, when he is about to set out on a journey: "A heavy summons hangs like lead upon me!" De Foe makes an instance of this kind the means of saving the life of Robinson Crusoe, at the same time admonishes his readers not to make light of these emotions of the mind, but to be upon their guard, and pray to God to assist them and bear them through, and direct them in what may happen to their prejudice in consequence thereof.

To what then are we to attribute these singular emotions? Shall we impute them to the agency of spiritual beings called guardian Angels, or more properly to the divinity that stirs within us, and points out an hereafter? However it may be,

it is our business to make the best of such hints, which we are confident every man must have experienced, perhaps more frequently than he is aware of.

In great towns the hurry and dissipation that attend the opulent, and the little leisure that the poor have, from following the avocations which necessity drives them to, prevent them from taking any notice of similar instances to the foregoing, which may happen to themselves. But the case is quite different in the Highlands of Scotland, where they live solitary, and have little to do, or see done, and consequently, comparatively have but few ideas. When any thing of the above nature occurs, they have leisure to brood over it, and cannot get it banished from their minds; by which means it gains a deep and lasting impression, and often various circumstances may happen by which it may be interpreted, just like the ancient oracles by the priests of the heathen deities. This solitary situation of our neighbours is also productive of an opinion of worse tendency—I mean the belief in spirits and superstitions, to which no people on earth are more addicted than the Scotch Highlanders: this opinion they suck in with their mother's milk, and it increases with their years and stature. Not a glen or strath, but is haunted by its particular goblins and fairies. And, indeed, the face of the country is in some places such, that it wears a very solemn appearance, even to a philosophic eye. The fall of cataracts of water down deep declivities, the whistling of the wind heath, rocks, and caverns, a loose fragment of a rock falling from its top, and in its course downward bringing a hundred more with it, so that it appears like the wreck of nature; the hooting of the night-owl—the chattering of the heath cock—the pale light of the moon or the dreary prospect, with here and there a solitary tree on an eminence, which tree magnifies to an unusual size; all these considered, it is not to be wondered at, that even an enlightened mind should be struck with awe: what then must be the emotion of a person prejudiced from his infancy, when left alone in such a situation?

Until the last century, the spirit Brownie, in the Highlands of Scotland, was another story of second sight, as the following story will show:—"Sir Norman MacLeod, playing at tables, at a game called by the Irish *Palmer-more*, wherein there are three of a side, and each of them throw dice by turns; there happened

to be one difficult point in disposing the table-men ; this obliged the gamester to pause, before he changed his man, since upon the disposing of it, the winning or losing of the game depended. At last, the butler who stood behind him, advised the player where to place his man ; with which he complied and won the game. This being thought extraordinary, and Sir Norman hearing one whisper in the ear, asked who advised him so skilfully ? He answered, it was the butler ; but this seemed more strange, for he could not play at tables. Upon this, Sir Norman asked him how long it was since he had learned how to play ? and the fellow owned that he had never played in his life ; but that he saw the spirit Brownie reaching his arm over the player's head, and touching the part with his finger on the point where the table-man was to be placed." "

The circumstance, however, deserving most notice, is the reference which the object of second sight is supposed to bear to the seer's assumed gift of prophecy. It is said in one of the numerous illustrations which have been given of this faculty, that " Sir Norman MacLeod, who has his residence in the isle of Bernera which lies between the isle of North Uist and Harris, went to the isle of Skye about business, without appointing any time for his return : his servants, in his absence, being altogether in the large hall at night, one of them, who had been accustomed to see the second sight, told the rest they must remove, for they would have abundance of company that night. One of his fellow servants answered that there was very little appearance of that, and if he had any vision of company, it was not likely to be accomplished this night ; but the seer insisted upon it that it was. They continued to argue the improbability of it, because of the darkness of the night, and the danger of coming through the rocks that lie round the isle ; but within an hour after, one of Sir Norman's men came to the house, bidding them to provide lights, &c. for his master had newly landed."

* There is a species to whom, in the Highlands, is ascribed the guardianship or superintendence of a particular clan, or family of distinction. Thus the family Gurlingbeg was haunted by a spirit called Garlen Bodachar ; that of the Baron of Kilcharden, by Sandear or Red-Iland, a spectre one of whose hands is as red as blood ; and that of Tullochgorum by May Moulach, a female figure, whose left hand and arm were covered with hair, who is also mentioned as a familiar attendant upon the clan Grant.—*Border Minstrelsy*.

Dr. Ferriar gives the following illustrations of second sight in his "Theory of Apparitions."

"A gentleman connected with my family, an officer in the army, and certainly addicted to no superstition, was quartered early in life, in the middle of the last century, near the castle of a gentleman in the north of Scotland, who was supposed to possess the second sight. Strange rumours were afloat respecting the old chieftain. He had spoken to an apparition, which ran along the battlements of the house, and had never been cheerful afterwards. His prophetic visions surprised even in the regions of credulity; and his retired habits favoured the popular opinions. My friend assured me, that one day, while he was reading a play to the ladies of the family, the chief, who had been walking across the room, stopped suddenly and assumed the look of a seer. He rang the bell and ordered a groom to saddle a horse; to proceed immediately to a seat in the neighbourhood, and enquire after the health of Lady ———. If the account was favorable, he then directed him to call at another castle, to ask after another lady whom he named.

"The reader immediately closed his book, and declared he would not proceed till those abrupt orders were explained, as he was confident they were produced by the second sight. The chief was very unwilling to explain himself; but at length the door had appeared to open, and that a little woman without a head, had entered the room; that the apparition indicated the death of some person of his acquaintance; and the only two persons who resembled the figure, were those ladies after whose health he had sent to inquire. A few hours afterwards, the servant returned with an account that one of the ladies had died of an apoplectic fit, about the time when the vision appeared.

"At another time the chief was confined to his bed by indisposition, and my friend was reading to him on a stormy winter-night, while the fishing-boat belonging to the castle was at sea. The old gentleman repeatedly expressed much anxiety respecting his people; and at last exclaimed: 'My boat is lost!' The colonel replied: 'How do you know it, Sir?' He was answered, 'I see two of the boatmen bringing in the third drowned, all dripping wet, and laying him close beside your chair.' The chair was shifted with great precipitation; and in the course of

the night the fishermen returned with the corpse of one of the boatmen." *

It is perhaps to be lamented, that such narratives as these should be quoted in Dr. Ferriar's Philosophic work on apparitions. We have lately seen them advanced, on the Doctor's authority, as favouring the vulgar belief in apparitions, and introduced in the same volume with that of Mrs. Veal.

GHOSTS.—There is perhaps no nation or clime either in the civilized or savage state of society, where that very ancient and fantastic race of beings ycleped ghosts, is not, under different terms and characters, more or less familiar to the inhabitants; but particularly to the brave mountaineers in the Highlands of Scotland. Unlike, however, the present puny, green, worm-eaten effigies that now-a-days stalk about our premises, and, like the cameleon, feed upon the air, the ancient race of Highland ghosts were a set of stout, lusty, sociable ghosts, "as tall as a pine, and as broad as a house." Differing widely in his habits from those of his posterity, the ghost of antiquity would enter the habitation of a man, descant a lee long night upon the news of the times, until the long wished-for supper was once prepared, when this pattern of frankness and good living would invite himself to the table, and do as much justice to a bicker of Highland crowdie as his earthly contemporaries. Indeed, if all the tales be true, many centuries are not elapsed since those social practices of the ghosts of the day proved an eminent pest to society. With voracious appetites, those greedy gormandizers were in the habit of visiting the humble hamlets, where superabundance of store seldom resided, and of ravishing from the grasp of a starving progeny the meagre fare allotted for their support. Beyond their personal attractions, however, it is believed, they displayed few enviable qualities; for, besides their continual depredations on the goods and chattels of the adjacent hamlets, they were ill-natured and cruel, and cared not a spittle for woman or child.

The truth of the above remark is well exemplified in the history of two celebrated ghosts, who "once upon a time" lived, or rather existed, in the wilds of Craig Aulnaic, a romantic place

* *Demonologia, or Natural Knowledge Revealed.*

in the district of Strathdown, Banffshire. The one was a male, and the other was a female. The male was called Fhua Abhoir Bein Baynac, after one of the mountains of Glenalvon, where at one time he resided; and the female was called Clashneckd Aulnaic. But although the great ghost of Ben Baynac was bound, by the common ties of nature and of honour, to protect and even cherish his weaker companion, Clashneckd Aulnaic, yet he often treated her in the most cruel and unfeeling manner. In the dead of the night, when the surrounding hamlets were buried in sleep, and nothing else disturbed the solemn stillness of the midnight scene, oft, says our narrator, would the shrill shrieks of poor Clashneckd burst upon the slumberer's ears, and awake him to any thing but pleasant reflections. But of all those who were incommoded by the noise and unseemly quarrels of these two ghosts, James Owie or Gray, the tenant of the farm of Balbig of Delnabo was the greatest sufferer. From the proximity of his abode to their haunts, it was the misfortune of himself and family to be the night audience of Clashneckd's cries and lamentations, which they considered any thing but agreeable entertainment.

On one occasion, as James Gray was on his rounds looking after his sheep, he happened to fall in with Clashneckd, the ghost of Aulnaic, with whom he entered into a long conversation; in the course of which he took occasion to remonstrate with her, on the very disagreeable disturbance she caused himself and family, by her wild and unearthly cries; "Cries," said he, "which few mortals could relish in the dreary midnight hour." Poor Clashneckd, by way of apology for her conduct, gave James Gray a sad account of her usage, detailing at full length the series of cruelties committed upon her by Ben Baynac. From this account it appeared, that her cohabitation with the latter was by no means a matter of choice with Clashneckd; on the contrary, it appeared that she had, for a long time, led a life of celibacy with much comfort, residing in a snug dwelling, as already mentioned, in the wilds of Craig Aulnaic; but Ben Baynac having unfortunately taken it into his head to pay her a visit, he took a fancy, not to herself, but her dwelling, of which, in his own name and authority, he took immediate possession, and soon after expelled poor Clashneckd, with many stripes, from her natural inheritance; while not satisfied with invading and de-

priving her of her just rights, he was in the habit of following her into her private haunts, not with the view of offering her any endearments, but for the purpose of inflicting on her person every degrading torment which his brain could invent.

Such a moving story could not fail to inflict a deep wound in the generous heart of James Gray, who determined from that moment to risk life and limb in order to vindicate the rights, and revenge the wrongs of poor Clashneckd, the ghost of Craig Aulnaic. He therefore took good care to interrogate his new protégée touching the nature of her oppressor's constitution, whether he was of that killable species of ghost that could be shot with a silver sixpence, or if there was any other weapon that could possibly accomplish his annihilation. Clashneckd informed him, that he had occasion to know that Ben Baynac was wholly invulnerable to all the weapons of man, with the exception of a large mole on his left breast, which no doubt was penetrable by silver or steel; but that, from the specimen she had of his personal prowess and strength, it were vain for mere man to attempt to combat Ben Baynac the great ghost. Confiding, however in his expertness as an archer—for he was allowed to be the best marksman of his age—James Gray told Clashneckd, he did not fear him with all his might, that he was his man, and desired her, moreover, next time he chose to repeat his incivilities to her, to apply to him, James Gray, for redress.

It was not long before James had an opportunity of fulfilling his promises. Ben Baynac having one night, for the want of better amusement, entertained himself by inflicting an inhuman castigation on Clashneckd, she lost no time in waiting on Gray, with a full and particular account of it. She found him smoking his cutty, and unbuttoning his habiliments for bed; but, notwithstanding the inconvenience of the hour, James needed no great persuasion to induce him to proceed directly along with Clashneckd to hold a communing with their friend Ben Baynac, the great ghost. Clashneckd was a stout sturdy hussey, who understood the nack of travelling much better than our women do. She expressed a wish that, for the sake of expedition, James Gray would mount himself on her ample shoulders, a motion to which the latter agreed; and a few moments brought them close to the scene of Ben Baynac's residence. As they approached his haunt,

he came forth to meet them, with looks and gestures, which did not at all indicate a cordial welcome. It was a fine moonlight night, and they could easily observe his actions. Poor Clashneckd was now sorely afraid of the great ghost. Apprehending instant destruction from his fury, she exclaimed to James Gray, that they should be both dead people, and that immediately, unless James could hit with an arrow the noble mole which covered Ben Baynac's heart. This was not so difficult a task as James had hitherto apprehended it. The mole was as large as a common bonnet, and yet nowise disproportioned to the natural size of his body, for he certainly was a great and a mighty ghost. Ben Baynac cried out to James Gray, that he would soon make eagle's meat of him; and certain it is, such was his intention, had not James Gray so effectually stopped him from the execution of it. Raising his bow to his eye within a few yards of Ben Baynac, he took an important aim; the arrow flew—it hit—a yell from Ben Baynac announced its fatality. A hideous howl reechoed from the surrounding mountains, responsive to the groans of a thousand ghosts, and Ben Baynac, like the smoke of a shot, vanished into air.* Clashneckd, the ghost of Aulnaic, now found herself emancipated from the most abject state of slavery, and restored to freedom and liberty, through the invincible courage of James Gray. Overpowered with gratitude, she fell at James Gray's feet, and vowed to devote the whole of her time and talents towards his service and prosperity. Meanwhile, being anxious to have her remaining goods and furniture removed to her former dwelling, whence she had been so iniquitously expelled by Ben Baynac, the great ghost, she requested of her new master the use of his horses to remove them. James observing on the adjacent hill a flock of deer, and wishing to have a trial of his new servant's sagacity or expertness, told her those were his horses—she was welcome to the use of them,

* To the refined reader, can any thing appear more surprising, than that a human being, possessing the rational faculties of human nature, could for a moment entertain so preposterous an idea, of an immortal spirit being killed, or rather annihilated, by an arrow, dirk, or sixpence? It was, however, the opinion of the darker ages, that such an exploit as killing a ghost was perfectly practicable. A spirit was supposed to be material in its nature, quite susceptible of mortal pain, and liable to death or annihilation from the weapon of man. Such an opinion is repeatedly expressed in several passages of the poems of Ossian, and in the doctrine of the Seunnachy down to the present day.

desiring when she had done with them, that she would enclose them in his stable. Clashneckd then proceeded to make use of the horses, and James Gray returned home to enjoy his night's rest.

Scarce had he reached his arm-chair, and reclined his cheek on his hand, to ruminate over the bold adventure of the night, when Clashneckd entered, and with her 'breath in her throat,' and venting the bitterest complaints at the unruliness of his horses, which had broken one half of her furniture, and caused more trouble in them than their services are worth. 'Oh! they are stabled then?' enquired James Gray. Clashneckd replied in the affirmative. 'Very well,' rejoined James, 'they shall be tame enough to-morrow.'

From this specimen of Clashneckd the ghost of Craig Aulnaic's expertness, it will be seen what a valuable acquisition her service proved to James Gray and his young family: of which, however, they were too speedily deprived by a most unfortunate accident. From the sequel of the story, and of which the foregoing is but an abstract, it appears, that poor Clashneckd was but too deeply addicted to those lushing propensities, which at that time rendered her kin so obnoxious to their human neighbours. She was consequently in the habit of visiting her friends much oftener than she was invited, and, in the course of such visits, was never very scrupulous in making free with any eatables that fell within the circle of her observation. One day, while engaged on a foraging expedition of this description, she happened to enter the mill of Delnabo, which was inhabited in those days by the miller's family. She found the miller's wife engaged in roasting a large gridiron of savoury fish, the agreeable effluvia proceeding from which perhaps occasioned her visit. With the usual inquiries after the health of the miller and his family, Clashneckd proceeded, with the greatest familiarity and good humour, to make herself comfortable at the expense of their entertainment. But the miller's wife enraged at the loss of her fish, and not relishing such unwelcome familiarity, punished the unfortunate Clashneckd rather too severely for her freedom. It happened that there was a large cauldron of boiling water suspended over the fire, and this cauldron the beldam of miller's wife overturned in Clashneckd's bosom! Scalded beyond recovery, she fled up the wilds of Craig Aulnaic, uttering the most melancholy lamentations,—nor has been ever heard of to the present day.

The forest of Glenmore, in the northern Highlands, is believed to be haunted by a spirit, called *Llham Dearn*, in the array of an ancient warrior having a bloody hand, from which he takes his name. He insists upon all those he meets doing battle with him.

The admixture of Christianity with the ancient religion of the Gael, created infinite confusion of ideas, with respect to the state of departed souls. Heaven and hell were sometimes fulminated from the pulpit; but the nurse spoke daily of *Flath-inis*, and the hills of their departed kindred, to the children at her knee, and ancient tales of those who had been favoured with visions of the state of the dead, prevented the Christian idea of heaven and hell from ever being properly established. It was supposed that only the souls of the supremely good and brave were received into *Flath-inis*, and those only of the very base and wicked were condemned to the torments of *Ifirin*. The hills of their fathers were in an intermediate state, into which the common run of mankind were received after death. They had no notion of an immaterial being; but supposed that each spirit, in departing from this mortal habitation, received a body subject to no decay, and that men in a future state enjoyed such pleasures as had been most congenial to their minds in this, without being subject to any of the evils "that flesh is heir to."

The belief in the "hill of spirits" began, in general, to give way soon after the reformation, and in some parts of the Highlands it soon disappeared altogether. Others, however, proved more tenacious of it, and among some clans and branches of clans, it lingered until very lately. The one, a high conical hill in Inverness-shire, was regarded by the house of *Crubin*, of the clan *Macpherson*, as their future inheritance; and the house of *Garva*, of the same race, believed that their spirits should inhabit *Tom-mor*. On the entrance of every new inhabitant, those hills were seen by persons at a certain distance, in a state of illumination. *Tom-mor*, it is believed, was seen on fire, for the last time, some thirty years ago; and it was confidently asserted that some member of the house of *Garva* was passing from this to a better state of existence. But no death being heard of in the neighbourhood for some days, an opinion, already on the decline, was on the eve of being consigned to utter attempt, when, to the

confusion of the sceptics, news arrived that a daughter of the house of Garva had expired at Glasgow, at the very moment Tom-mor had been seen in a blaze. But in whatsoever state the departed spirit passed, it had, for a time, to return to perform a sacred duty on earth. This was Faire Chloidh (the grave watch). It was the duty of the spirit of the last person interred, to stand sentry at the grave-yard gate, from sun-set until the crowing of the cock, every night, until regularly relieved. This, sometimes, in thinly inhabited parts of the country, happened to be a tedious and severe duty; and the duration of the Faire Chloidh gave the deceased's surviving friends sometimes much uneasiness.

Some thirty years ago a young man had an interview with the ghost of a neighbour's wife, while she watched at the gate of the old Luggan Church-yard. She was clothed in a comfortable mantle of snow-white flannel, adorned with red crosses, and appeared now, though a very old woman at her decease, in the full bloom of youth and beauty. She told him that she enjoyed the felicity of Flath-inis, and they exchanged snuff-mulls. She directed him to a hidden treasure she had hoarded, and desired it might be added to the fortune of her daughter, who, she said, was to be married on a certain day, which she named, and, strange to say, though the girl was not then courted, she became a wife on the day foretold.

It was a vulgar opinion that the spirits of such as were burned in foreign countries, were obliged to perform a nightly pilgrimage to their native hills, in order to commune with the spirits of their kindred. To obviate this posthumous inconvenience, when a Highlander happened to die at a distance, his family, though, perhaps, at the expense of their last shilling, esteemed it a sacred duty to have his remains carried home, and deposited by those of his ancestors. The corpse was all the way borne on the shoulders of men, who found it requisite sometimes to lay down their burden, by the way-side, to rest themselves. On such occasions, a cairn or heap of stones, was raised on the spot, and it was customary for every person that passed, as long as any could be found in the vicinity, to augment it by a stone. Cairns were sometimes raised on other occasions. Before the Highlanders entered the pass of Druimuacar (1689), on their way to join Dundee, they erected a cairn, by each man putting

in a stone. As many of them as returned, after their victory at Raon—Ruari,—Killy—Crankie, raised a second cairn in the same manner; but, alas! it was not above half the size of the first. The Highlanders thought the unproductive victory dearly purchased by the loss of so many brave men, and, above all, by the death of Lord Dundee, or, as he was emphatically called, Clavers,—their general, who, it is believed, was shot from behind by a fanatic, who, by feigning different principles, contrived, with a view to his destruction, to become his servant.

HIGHLAND SCENERY.

The romantic scenery of some parts of the Highlands of Scotland is universally and deservedly admired; and it is not a little surprising that so many having travelled into these romantic wilds, the knowledge even of the existence of some of the greatest natural curiosities in the island, should still be confined to the few neighbouring inhabitants. “Of this being the case,” says our authority, “I had lately a striking instance, when at Ballachelish, in the western part of Inverness-shire, in the neighbourhood of which I saw some of the most striking scenery any where to be met with. As I have never seen any description of the beauties of that place, the following account of the adventures of a day spent there may be useful to future travellers.

“I had stopped all night at Ballachelish, and intended early in the morning to proceed southward through the celebrated valley of Glencoe. On looking out, however, I found that it rained a good deal, and that the hills were quite covered with mist, which would have rendered travelling alone in a country almost uninhabited very disagreeable. While hesitating whether to set out or not, I walked a short way along the banks of Lochleven (an arm of the sea), to see some of the slate quarries for which Ballachelish is celebrated. At one of these I found a man who spoke tolerable English, and who informed me that there were some waterfalls at the head of Lochleven more interesting than those of Foyers. Being in doubt whether I could depend on his account or not, I went and asked the landlord if he knew any thing of such falls. He confirmed the account I had received,

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and mentioned, that there were several remarkable caves in that neighbourhood, but could give me no distinct description either of these or of the waterfalls. A gentleman who had been all night in the inn, on being informed of these curiosities, was as anxious as I was to see them. The landlord informed us that we could get a boat at the head of the loch, which was nine miles distant, and then we should not have far to walk. We soon procured a boat, and two men to row it, but we were obliged to wait for some time that we might go up with the tide, as in some places the current was such as would have rendered it impossible to go against it. At last, however, at about eleven o'clock, we set out on our voyage of discovery, as we found good reason to call it.

“As we advanced, the loch, which at Ballachelish was not above a quarter of a mile in breadth, expanded into a large sheet, the banks of which were ornamented with considerable quantities of natural wood. On both sides were high mountains, some of which seemed to rise almost perpendicularly from the loch, and were green to the tops. The whole of the scenery of this loch was grand, and the reflection that in its neighbourhood was the residence of Ossian, added not a little to its interest. Our boatmen occasionally sung us some Gaelic songs, to which they beat time with their oars, and which, although any thing but fine music, added considerably to our entertainment. About two or three miles from Ballachelish, we passed a small island called St. Mungo's isle. It had been formerly resorted to for a burying-ground to protect the dead bodies from wolves, which were once very common in this country, and it is still used as such. One of our boatmen, whose name was Cameron, informed us, that at the burials the pomp of funeral times is still preserved. He told us, that upwards of 4000 Camerons, of whom he was one, attended the funeral of a son of Mr. Cameron of Fassfern, who was killed at Waterloo, and whose body was brought home for interment.

“Not far from the island above mentioned, the loch suddenly contracted into a narrow channel, confined on each side by rocks of a slaty structure. Through this the tide was flowing with great rapidity, and carried the boat with almost the swiftness of an arrow. Beyond this the loch again expanded to a considerable breadth, and was surrounded on all sides, except the nar-

row channel through which we passed, by lofty and steep mountains, green to the tops, except where a craggy precipice elevates its rugged front in awful grandeur. On the south side of the loch we saw part of Glencoe, through which the Cona of Ossian pours its 'thousand streams.'

"When within about two miles of the head of the loch, the boatmen put us on shore on the north side, telling us that there was a 'curious place' there, which they would show us. We accompanied them along the banks of a considerable stream, which runs into the loch, and soon arrived at a place where the water, confined on each side by high rocks, forms one fall of considerable height, besides several small ones. But what rendered this particularly worthy of our attention was, the water having in five places quite near each other cut a passage for itself, leaving the rock arched above it, and thus forming five natural bridges. With some difficulty we got at one of these, which was almost close to the principal fall. On going upon it we had a fine view of the water-fall from a considerable height into an awful gulf immediately under our feet; but so narrow was the rock, and so near the water, that it was impossible to stand long on it without becoming quite giddy.

"Having returned to the boat, we proceeded to the head of the loch, where we again left the boat and walked along the banks of another stream, on which we were told there was a fall. We had not proceeded far till we came in sight of part of this fall, where we saw a large stream of water precipitating itself a hundred feet or more over a perpendicular rock, into a deep chasm, the sides of which concealed the lower part of the fall from us. On getting to the mouth of this chasm, a grand view all at once burst on our sight. The water having gained an immense velocity in the part we had before seen, but which was now in its turn concealed by a projecting cliff, fell quite detached from the rock in an extended and foaming sheet, into the gulf below. The height of the lower part I supposed to be at least five hundred feet. Wishing to see the whole fall at once, we endeavoured to get still nearer to it. This was by no means an easy task, as the stream entirely filled the bottom of the chasm, and the sides were so steep that it was impossible to walk on them. We were therefore obliged to walk in the stream itself, which, though rapid, was not so deep at the sides as to stop us.

“After proceeding for some time in this way, sometimes scrambling over piles of rock, and sometimes obliged to hold by twigs or bushes growing on the sides, to prevent ourselves from being carried down by the current, we at length arrived at a point where the fall could be seen to the greatest advantage, and we found it were worth all the trouble we had undergone to get at it. We were now surrounded on all sides, except the narrow chasm through which we had passed, by rocks so steep and so high, that we could only see a small part of the sky immediately over our heads. In the crevices of these rocks, some weeping birches had taken root, which must have been supported entirely by the spray arising from the fall, as there appeared to be scarcely any soil about them. But the fall was the grand object to which our attention was directed. The water, for about a hundred feet or upwards, seemed just to touch the rock, down which it rushed with a velocity almost inconceivable; but below this it was entirely detached from the rock.

“On leaving the rock, the water, which was before confined and narrow, expanded into a broad and foamy sheet, and rolled in awful majesty into an abyss quite concealed by the clouds of spray which rose from it. Indeed, the water seemed to be quite broken by the resistance of the air, into small particles, long before it reached the bottom, presenting the appearance of clouds of mist before the wind. In a few minutes we were completely wet with the spray, but we were too highly delighted to regard such a trifling inconvenience. In short, the freshness and verdure of the trees, scattered here and there among the cliffs, the wildness and height of the rocks, the foamy whiteness of the water, and, above all, its terrific thundering roar, all conspired to render this scene the most awfully sublime I ever beheld.

“We had no means of measuring the exact height of this fall; the boatmen informed us that they had once accompanied the factor of a neighbouring gentleman, who had measured it by taking a station as nearly as possible on a level with the water below. They even pointed out the very tree from which they had let fall the line, at a height, as they averred, of one thousand and thirty-three feet from the bottom. This however, I think must have been an exaggeration. I have no doubt that its height is above five hundred feet, but it is impossible to judge with any tolerable accuracy in a place where every thing is on so

grand a scale, and where there is no known height to judge from. At any rate this fall is by far the grandest I ever saw, and vastly surpasses the celebrated Foyers, both in the height of the fall, and the quantity of water. This fall has one peculiarity which is a considerable improvement to its appearance, which is, that its water, except when swollen with rains, is pure and transparent, and its foam, instead of having a reddish tinge from moss or any earthly substance, is of a brilliant pearly whiteness, which is finely contrasted by the blackness of the surrounding rocks.

“Our next visit was to some of the caves we had heard of. Our guides, after muttering Gaelic to each other for some time, at last confessed, that they did not know where to find the entrance to any of them. We, however, had the good fortune to meet a man who dwelt near the loch, and who undertook to conduct us. He led us a good way up a hill, near the top of which he showed us a small hole in the turf, which proved to be the entrance to a very large cavern, and which could be quite concealed by a small quantity of heath. It was so dark, that we could not see the whole of it, but from what we did see, we judged that it was of great extent. We found that there was another entrance to it in the face of a precipice, which was so steep as to render the cave almost inaccessible to that quarter. Our guide informed us, that at no very remote period this cave was the haunt of a gang of robbers, but their retreat having been at last discovered, the cave was surrounded by soldiers, and a party entered by the opening from the top.

“We were next conducted to another cave, close by the side of a river. The entrance to it was in the precipitous bank of the stream, and so near it, that we were obliged to walk through the water to get at it. The mouth of it was very narrow, but it appeared to be of considerable size within. Our guide informed us, that a man who had been outlawed for some crime lived for several years in this cave, going out at night to procure provisions, and keeping concealed during the day. At last having turned too bold, he ventured out in daylight, and was apprehended and executed. Although our guide either would not or could not tell us any thing particular about this unfortunate individual, I was led to suppose, from what information we pro-

cured, that this had been Allan Breck Stewart, who was supposed to have murdered a Mr. Campbell, of Glenure.*

“We now began to think of returning to Ballachelish, but were obliged again to wait for the tide. On this account it was very late before we got there. In the course of our excursion at the head of the loch, we saw large masses of marble, which might be wrought to great advantage. Great quantities of fine slates are quarried at Ballachelish and Glencoe, and sent to various parts of the kingdom. Porphyry and granite abound in this part of the country. Deer are frequently to be met with among the hills, and eagles build upon some of the rocks. Upon the whole we were highly gratified with what we had seen during the day, and I would recommend it to future travellers, by no means to pass Ballachelish without paying a visit to Lochleven head.”

ANLSA ROCK.—There is perhaps nothing so much worthy the attention of tourists on the western coast of Scotland, of a picturesque and sublime nature, than the immense rock of this name. It is situated nearly opposite to the town of Girvan, about twenty miles from Ayr, in the middle of the Frith of Clyde, and lifts its solitary colossal head about 940 feet above the level of the sea, and is about three miles in circumference. It is distinctly perceptible at the distance of between sixty and seventy miles, and when viewed at a remoteness, appears to be perfectly conical. It is distant from Girvan about fifteen miles (which a boat would reach in about an hour and a half with a brisk breeze), and about the central position from the Highlands on the opposite coast.

* This murder happened soon after the rebellion in 1745, and excited much interest about that time, on account of a man being executed for it, who was generally believed to have been entirely innocent. The estate of Ardshiell, the property of a Mr. Stewart, had been forfeited on account of his being engaged in the rebellion. Mr. Colin Campbell, of Glenue, was appointed factor, and under him Mr. James Stewart, a brother of the late possessor. For some time Campbell behaved with moderation, but afterwards, having turned out many tenants, he was shot when passing through the wood of Lettermore, on his way from Fort-William, where he had been on some business. It was generally supposed that Allan Breck Stewart was the murderer. Mr. James Stewart was also suspected of having been an accomplice, and was apprehended and tried at Inverary. Although it was proved that he was at home when the murder happened, and although little was proved against him, except that he had sent Allan some money, he was condemned and executed; but it was generally believed that he met with great injustice.

Very few travellers in that part of the country pass by without embracing the opportunity of visiting this curious work of nature. The only landing-place is on the north-east, where a beach is evidently formed from the fragments of stone fallen from the neighbouring rocks. The cliffs are distinctly columnar, and the whole isle appears to be composed of rock belonging to the newest flœtz formation. It is inhabited by immense quantities of aquatic fowls, including a number of gannets or Solan geese.

On landing at the base of this rock, one would deem the summit to be inaccessible; however, the majority of travellers who have proceeded so far, generally surmount all apparent obstacles and barriers, although it is attended with considerable irksomeness, and some danger;—the path (which is steep and rugged, and the individual has often to climb over projecting rocks) will only admit of a single person to proceed alone, upon which he must direct his course with the greatest possible courage. When he has toiled a little distance up the almost indescribable acclivity, to look down to the beach below, it becomes in some degree appalling, and if trepidation should then seize him, or inattention make him tumble, he would probably be dashed down the vast rocky and calculous precipice to a profound abyss, which would be inevitable death. Great circumspection and a courageous spirit are the only requisites to be possessed of, in order to proceed with safety.

About half way up the rock you come to an old ruinous antiquated castle, of a quadrangular form, consisting of different apartments, which, in all probability, at some previous period, has been a notable place of fortification. An opinion is in some degree prevalent among the inhabitants of the coast, that this was the residence of the celebrated Scottish reformer, John Knox, during the time the vindictive and sanguinary demon, persecution, raged with destructive powers in the north, more particularly in this part of Scotland. There are, however, no records or historical facts to justify this supposition, nor indeed to give us any other account as to the origin of its erection.

You may ascend the tower with a little difficulty, which commands an extensive view of the western coast for above one hundred miles. As you proceed to the apex, you meet with an excellent fountain of fresh water, which some have endeavoured to fathom, but without success. If you have strength and nerve

sufficient to reach the perpendicular extremity, you are in possession of a view which very few equal, and which we are led to suppose none can excel. You have an extensive view of the island of Arran, and the southern majestic beauties of the Highlands; Londonderry and other northern parts of Ireland, and the whole western coast of Scotland; together with the Clyde disemboguing itself into the Frith, which dashes its proud and uncontrollable waves at the foot of this rock.

The sea-fowls are here innumerable, and when simultaneously roused, as is often the case, by the discharge of a cannon from the steam-packets proceeding up the Frith, the air is absolutely darkened by their vast numbers, which is the object they wish to witness by their discharge, but which, by the by, is extremely detrimental to them in some parts of the year, for by being suddenly disturbed from their ovaries, they generally desert them, and that of course has a tendency to lessen their numbers : the rock abounds with the nests of these fowls.

Great caution is likewise requisite in descending this precipitous declivity; a few years ago a gentleman courageously ascended the top, he then became timid, fear gained the absolute dominion over him, and he could not be prevailed upon to descend alone; and, as the only alternative, he was obliged to be blindfolded and led down with the greatest care.

This forlorn and desert rock is the property of the Earl of Cassilis, from whence he derives his baronial title of Baron Ailsa. It is tenanted by a person of the name of David Boddan, at a yearly rent of about sixty pounds, for the express purpose of destroying the sea-fowl and the few wild goats that are to be found there. The birds are so numerous that they are in general struck down with large sticks, or the dogs seize them in the fissures of the rocks. Occasionally they are obliged to resort to dangerous measures to obtain the eggs and destroy the birds :—a man descends down a precipice of about sixty fathoms, by means of ropes tied to his body, which are held by two individuals; one on each side of the rock,—a method which is extremely critical, and, to behold, horrific. Some few years back a man of the name of Ross fell a prey to his temerity, by one of the ropes breaking. Upon the whole, we would recommend this stupendous and curious object to the attention of all northern travellers, who delight to contemplate the sublime works of nature;

and to the antiquarian, and man of science, as ample means to furnish them with materials for the exercise of their speculative powers, and to give an impetus to the profundity of their researches.

The following fragment of some romantic and sentimental itinerants, with whom we have not the pleasure to be acquainted,* is so lively a picture, that the imagination will require comparatively little efforts to transport one to the scene itself.

•
 “ABBOTSFORD.—On the 27th of July, 1831, we parted with ‘Bonnie Dumfries,’ as the Duchess of Bedford very truly calls it—bade farewell to Criffel,† the fairest of mountains—and Solway, the sweetest of all seas—and penetrated into the vale of Yarrow, by the way of Moffat. We bowed as we went along to Bodsbeck, the abode of the last of those drudging goblins called Brownies,‡ and the scene of one of Hogg’s tales, and visited the Gray Mare’s Tail, a wild torrent of that name, which Loch Skene flings from the summit of her pasture mountains over cliffs, the abode of the eagle, into the great pass of Moffatdale. We had never been in that land before; and on reaching Birkhill, where the waters of Dumfriesshire run one way, and those of Selkirkshire another, we were conscious of being about to enter the enchanted region of Poetry and Romance. The hills on either side rose lofty, steep, and green; white, in many places, with innumerable sheep, and differing from the brown heathery eminences of Dumfriesshire and Galloway in one important feature of beauty—namely, they were one and all covered with the greenest grass from base to summit. Between them St. Mary’s Lake lies like a fine mirror, in which the hills on either side, with all their sheep and shepherds, are reflected calm and fair. We looked for the Chapel of the Lowes; but it is past and gone, and lives only in the ‘Lay of the Last Minstrel;’ and we looked for Wordsworth’s swans, but they are gone too—swan and shadow. In truth, the

* From the *Athenæum*.

† An excellent local barometer for many miles round. It is an old saying that when Criffel has got her “night mutch on” it is an infallible sign of wet weather.

* See *Fairies. Passim*.

wild swan is but the winter guest of this fine lake ; and even in winter, it comes seldom. The last of the race was of great size and beauty, and was shot some years ago by a gentleman, who sent it to Altrive ; the shepherd presented it to Sir Walter Scott, who, in his turn, bestowed it upon the Edinburgh Museum, where the majestic bird may be seen stuffed. If we did not see Wordsworth's swans, we felt that pastoral melancholy of which the poet speaks ; and in this mood we parted with the lonely lake and Dryhope tower, the residence of Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow, and followed the course of the water of that name on its way to the banks of the Tweed.

“ Though the mark and aim of our journey was Abbotsford and Chiefswood, we had promised ourselves pleasure by the way ; and accordingly, on moving along, we looked out for Altrive Lake, the abode of the ‘ far-kenned and noted ’ Shepherd of Etterick. Now, in this land the population is thin—there are no mile-stones, and, what is better, no toll-bars—and what is sorrowful, no houses of refreshment : and moreover, to a citizen of ‘ credit and renown,’ the whole vale, with all its associations of verse and prose, may seem naught and barren. But to him who knows how to seek such things, there is milk and honey, and trout and lamb, and as much information, old and new, as would fill a hundred pages of a traveller's volume. Any maiden, whom ye may chance to meet, will, with small entreaty, supply you with milk, if you ask for water ; and any shepherd will give you information on any subject reaching from the present hour to the days of Robert Bruce. We had arrived at that part of the valley where the growing corn and natural grass meet, when we inquired of a boy where Altrive was, and if Hogg was at home. ‘ Yon house is Altrive,’ said the boy, ‘ and yon man fishing is Mr. Hogg : cry, and he'll hear you.’ We lifted our voice, but the murmur of the stream drowned it ; and as we advanced upon him, 'bout ship went the Shepherd, and, with a heavy creel of trouts, began to wend his way home : at length he heard us, and marvelling, no doubt, what manner of people we were, came slowly to meet us. Now, we were known to the poet of old—he had heard, too, that we were in these parts ; so he began to quicken his pace, and before we met, his whole face was radiant with joy—dilated with gladness. ‘ God, man ! but I'm glad to see

you!’ was the first exclamation, followed by a hearty, vigorous shake of both hands, after the manner of the Great Minstrel of Abbotsford. ‘You must come and dine with me, you and all your following; na, nae murmuring, man—I am omnipotent here, and can command you. I have two friends, also, who will be glad to see you; besides, you must taste our Yarrow cheer—our mutton, our trout, and our whiskey.’^{*}

“The house of the poet is a lonely one, and not very large;

* The glens and the mountains of Etterick and Yarrow combine almost all the soft and wild sublimity that Highland scenery exhibits. In the lower district of Yarrow, that lovely stream winds among hills of no great height, gently swelling, and green to the summits; in some places finely wooded, but generally naked, and well suited to the pasture of flocks. This is their common character, but some miles from the mouth of the valley, dark heathy mountains are seen towering to a considerable height above the surrounding hills, and give a variety to the scene. Towards the head, the glen widens, and embosoms St. Mary’s Loch, and the Loch of the Lowes; and, above these sweet lakes, terminates in a wild mountain-pass that divides it from Moffatdale. In the loftiest and most rugged regions of this pass, the grey-mare’s tail, a waterfall 300 feet in perpendicular height, dashes and falls over stupendous rocks. This celebrated fall is formed by a stream that flows from dark Skene, a dark and mountain lake, about a mile above it, surrounded by inaccessible heights on all sides save one, and that is strewn by a thousand black heathery hillocks of the most grotesque and irregular forms. This place is so solitary that the eagle has built her nest in an islet of the lake for ages, and is overhung by the highest mountains in the south of Scotland. The character of Etterick is similar to that of Yarrow, except perhaps that its tints are softer and more mellow, and it is destitute of lakes. These valleys, so celebrated in Border legend and song, are skirted by hills, extending many miles on both sides, and, as there is no great road through them, the people have long lived shut out from the rest of mankind, in a state of pastoral simplicity and virtuous seclusion, alike remote from the vices of boorish rusticity and fawning servility. Among the wild mountains at the head of Etterick and Yarrow, the sturdy champions of the covenant found an asylum when they were chased like wild beasts, by a relentless persecution, from every other part of the country. Their preachers held their conventicles in the most sequestered glens, and made many converts, from whom a number of the present race are descended; but while they cherish the memory of these glorious men, and as well they may, retain all the noble-mindedness that arises from the consciousness of an illustrious ancestry, their moral features have lost much of the sternness of their fathers, and are softened down into the gentler virtues of more peaceful times; yet if we were asked what people of Britain had suffered least from the evil consequences of excessive refinement, we should answer without hesitation, the inhabitants of Etterick and Yarrow. In these interesting vallies, there is hardly a cottage that has not its legend, or a clough that is not famed for some act of romantic chivalry, or tenanted by some supernatural being, or sanctified by the blood of some martyr. In such a country, full of chastened beauty, and dark sublimity and visionary agency, and glorious recollections, it was the good fortune of Hogg to be born

nor is the land very fertile around ; but to make amends for all this, the fine water of Yarrow is some bow-shot distance—a burn well stored with trout runs past the very door—and, better than all, the wife of the poet, a prudent and clever lady, keeps the whole in good order, and presides over the in-door economy of her dwelling-place in a way worthy of more worldly prosperity. We had a pleasant chat about things bygone—how we met of old on Queensberry Hill, with the ‘Lay of the last Minstrel’ and a bottle of Ferintosh for our companions—how we lingered at a Thornhill fair till the morning stars shone—and how we discoursed in old Dumfries on the merits of all poets living and dead. During all this we made use of our eyes, and looked at the Shepherd’s library—a small, but valuable collection ; at his pictures on the wall, among which we remarked a clever portrait of one of his children—a likeness of a fine collie—and two of Martin’s exquisite engravings, one of them the Fall of Nineveh. The Scottish games of Inverleithing were talked of, where wrestling, pitching the bar, throwing the sledge hammer, and archery, are practised in the presence of the noblemen and gentlemen of the district, and in which the Shepherd himself takes a leading part. He invited us anxiously to these sports, held on the 2d of August—showed us certain silver battons, with suitable devices, sent to him by a Scottish nobleman, to be worn on that day—and, finally, producing a good yew bow six feet long, dared us to attempt to string it. Now, in a vain moment, we had said something of our skill with this old weapon, and the Poet, who sorely misdoubted us, had a roguish twinkle in his eye, as we handled the bow in such sort as bow was never handled before ; we nevertheless lodged the string, and our entertainer spared us farther proof of our skill. The dinner was excellent—broth of the best, trout, lamb and haggis ; and when their reliques were removed, the Shepherd set on the table a massive punch-bowl of solid silver, the gift of Mr. Franks ; and with no little knowledge he mixed the whisky and the sugar and water. As this pleasing tippie went round, we said, ‘What is your pen about now, Mr. Hogg?’—‘Pen!’ said he, ‘it might as well be in the goose’s wing ; I cannot get writing any for the visits of my friends ; I’m never a day without some.’—We looked at the two guests to whom he had formerly alluded :

they looked at us : and we all perhaps felt that a man might be ruined by the visits of thoughtless friends.

‘ Crowdie ance, crowdie twice,
Crowdie three times in a day ;
And if ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye’ll crowdie a’ my meal away.’

We tore ourselves reluctantly away from Altrive and its hospitable master and mistress, and pursued our way along the Yarrow.

“The mere names of places renowned in song and story would fill a column ; we saw ‘ the dowie dens of Yarrow,’ and the two gray stones which mark the scene of the tragedy. One of these rude but effectual monuments was about to be destroyed by the hands of a divine, when it was saved by the poetic Sheriff. We passed ‘ Sweet Bowhill,’ and those wooded acclivities where

‘ Newark’s ruined tower
Looks out from Yarrow’s birchen bower.

The memory of our ancestor rose upon us, as we passed Philiphaugh, where he fought and bled ; and Janet and her elfin lover were present as we looked on Carterhaugh ; we hastened through Selkirk, singing, in a subdued tone of voice, ‘ Sutors a’ --sutors a’,’ and hurried on towards Abbotsford, with the hope of reaching, before bed-time, the abode of the greatest of all Scotland’s spirits. But the ascending-into-heaven and descending-into-hell nature of the road interposed--the candles, when we reached the gates, were burning bedward, for it was now ten at night ; so we drove on to Melrose, and with the light of the moon surveyed the splendid ruins. Well has the poet sung—

‘ He that would view Melrose aright,
Must visit it by the pale moon-light ;—

and with equal beauty and accuracy has he called it the ‘ ruin gray ;’ and observed that the flowers of the garden and the herbs of the field around are carved on the fabric. In the burial ground we saw a small monument in memory of Thomas Purdie, woodforester at Abbotsford, erected by his affectionate master. We forgot the ‘ dark Abbey’ as we looked at this honorable memo-

morial. On the morrow we made our way to Abbotsford, and were received with what Burns calls, in his emphatic language, 'a soul-warm welcome.' We had not seen Sir Walter for years, and the newspapers had hinted of ill-health : we found him hale and ruddy in the outward man, and in conversation all that we had ever known him. Indeed, out of the dozen times at least that we have had the honour of being in his company, we never found him so shrewd, so anecdotish, and so agreeably companionable. His foot, as he said of Rob-Roy, was on his native heath, and we were his guests ; yet to be pleasant cost him no effort, and his wit ran as readily as the waters of the Tweed. His hair is as white as the 'Dinlay snow;' and we could not help involuntarily blessing him as he passed before us into his halls and libraries, to show us fine collections of books, and armour, and weapons.

"Of the former it is enough to say, that of the works of Scotsmen, he has perhaps the finest collection extant; volumes anent the Cameronians, and dark books on witchcraft and gramery abound. His armour and weapons merit a longer description—they are numerous and of great value. The fowling-piece of Rob-Roy, and the pistol of Claverhouse, both of rich workmanship, hang together; the sword of the great Montrose is locked carefully in a sort of relique-chest. There are the arms, too, of the warlike name of Scott : we neglected to enquire for the lance of the poet's ancestor, Swinton, of Swinton, with which he slew the Duke of Clarence in the battle of Beague : the wound inflicted by the Scottish lance is imitated on the check of the alabaster figure on the tomb in Canterbury cathedral. We looked at those torture-irons called 'thumbikins' in the history of the persecutions in Scotland; but the relique which struck us most was a plain piece of well tempered steel, being neither more nor less than the head of an English arrow found on the field of Bannockburn, several feet below the surface. It was small, compact, and fit for the working day : the barbs on the sides lie closer than what is common, and the thickness of the shaft must have been little more than that of a tobacco pipe. We had often heard of English arrows, but we never saw one before; and we believe that of Abbotsford is almost the only one : we involuntarily repeated the lines—

' And there were many vainly thought,
 But for a vaunt such weapons wrought,
 But little deemed their force to feel
 Through bars of brass and links of steel,
 When rattling down on Flodden vale,
 The cloth-yard arrows flew like hail.'

"As we were walking through the house, an open carriage came to the door, and the Baronet said, 'if we wished to take a ride, he would be glad to accompany us, and show us what was most worth seeing in the land.' It is needless to say with what what joy we stepped into the carriage."

THE BORDERS.

"All the blue bonnets are over the border."

BURNS.

Of the different regions into which Scotland is divided, it may be said, that, as the Highlands possess the greatest attraction for the lover of nature in her sublimest and most interesting forms, so the Border has charms to fascinate all those who delight in romantic enterprize, and poetic fancy. This boundary between two warlike and long hostile kingdoms, became naturally the great theatre on which the achievements of the feudal ages were performed. The habitual hostility, too, with which the inhabitants of the opposite side of the *march* viewed each other, gave rise to constant scenes of minor exploits, which, though they could not find a place in history, kept alive the habits of activity, enterprize, and daring valour, which held men's minds in a state of perpetual excitement. The same causes which rendered the Borders the theatre of war, rendered it also a land of song; for true and native poetry is the result, not of monastic and studious seclusion, but of those eventful circumstances which fire the imagination, and melt the heart. Another effect of this constant state of warfare upon the Borders, was the construction of "towers of defence," which, if they could not aspire to the rank of fortresses, might at least afford protection against sudden inroad; and, if they could not repel an invader, might retard his progress. These

could not, indeed, rival the pomp and magnificence of those mansions which, in the interior of Scotland, and the less troubled districts of England, were erected by the great nobles, for the display of baronial grandeur. A square tower, built on a height, with walls of immense thickness, and a few narrow loop-holes for the admission of light, and the discharge of missile weapons, formed usually the whole array of a Border castle. Some, however, belonging to the Border nobility, was built on a scale of greater magnificence; they are placed, generally, in a picturesque situation, and all of them recall events of history and tradition which must be interesting to a large portion of the present generation. The striking aspect, indeed, presented by a country which, after having long been the theatre of national hostility, has remained some time in a state of peace, affords a contrast as inviting as it is romantic and luxuriant. Numerous castles left to moulder in massive ruins; fields where the memory of ancient battles still lives among the descendants of those by whom they were fought or witnessed; the very line of demarcation which, separating the two countries, though no longer hostile, induces the inhabitants of each to cherish their separate traditions, unite to render these regions interesting to the topographical historian or antiquary.

The most remarkable Border antiquities of the Britons are the extensive entrenchments, known by the name of the Catrail, and the remains of an irregular hill fort, situated on the grounds of Mr. Pringle, of Fairlee.* The Roman antiquities here met with, besides their great roads, and the remains of the wall of Antonius, consist chiefly of arms and sepulchral monuments. At length the Saxons, partly as conquerors, and partly as refugees, came and filled the whole low country of Scotland, and finally communicated their language to that part of the kingdom. The system of clanship, which was originally Celtic, and unknown to the Saxons, was borrowed by the latter, and adopted on the Borders to nearly as great an extent as in the Highlands. Of this remarkable form of political association, a very striking pic-

* For a very interesting account of the most remarkable incidents in Border history and tradition; see "The Border Antiquities of England and Scotland, comprising specimens of architecture and sculpture, and other vestiges of former ages, by WALTER SCOTT, Esq." To which the reader is referred for many curious anecdotes, and many views of manners, and antiquities.

ture is furnished by the distinguished author of "the Border Antiquities of England and Scotland." The most flourishing period of Border history was the reign of David I., when the splendid monasteries of Kelso, Jedburgh, Melrose, and Dryburgh were founded. The castle, also, of Roxburgh and Jedburgh, then standing, appear to have surpassed any military stations erected in later times. After the usurpation of Edward I., and the succession of desolating invasions with which Scotland was afflicted, the Scots ceased attempting to defend regularly their frontiers. The consequences are thus described by the author here alluded to :

"It followed from this devastating system of defensive warfare, that the Scottish were so far from desiring to cover their Borders by building strong places or fortresses, that they pulled down and destroyed those they had formerly erected. Buchanan has elegantly termed this systematic destruction of their castles into a compliment to the valour of his countrymen :

* *Nec fossis et muris patriam, sed Marte, tueri.*

But, without disparaging Scottish valour, the motive of leaving their frontier thus, seems to have been a consciousness that they were greatly surpassed by the English, both in the attack and the defence of their strong-holds ; that if they threw their best warriors into frontier garrisons, they might be there besieged, and reduced either by force or famine ; and that the fortresses of which the enemy should thus obtain possession, might afford them the means of maintaining a footing in the country. When, therefore, the Scottish patriots recovered possession of the castles which had fallen into the power of the English, they usually dismantled them. The good Lord James of Douglas surprised his own castle of Douglas three times, it having been as frequently garrisoned by the English, and upon each occasion he laid waste and demolished it. The military system of Wallace was on the same principle. And, in fine, with a very few exceptions, the strong and extensive fortresses, which had arisen on the Scottish Borders in better times, were levelled with the ground during the wars of the thirteenth century. The ruins of the castles of Roxburgh, and Jedburgh, and of several others which were thus destroyed, bear as wonderful disproportion in extent to any which were erected in subsequent times. Nay, the

castle of Jedburgh was so strongly and solidly constructed, and the Scottish so unskilful in the art of destruction, even where there was no military opposition, that it was thought it could not be destroyed without such time and labour, as would render it necessary to impose a tax of two pennies on every hearth in Scotland, to defray the expense. But Robert, Duke of Albany, then Regent, to show the unpopularity of this impost, defrayed the charge of the demolition out of the crown revenue.

“ This continued to be the Scottish defensive system for many ages ; and, of course, while it exposed invaders to hardships, loss, and want of subsistence, it reduced the frontiers of their own country, for the time, to a waste desert. Beacons were lighted in such a manner, as to signify either the threatened approach, or actual arrival of the English army. These were maintained at Hume Castle, at the tower of Edgerhope, or Edgerstone, near the source of the Jed, upon the ridge of the Soltra hills, at Dunbar, Dunsper (or Traprairie), Law, North-Berwick Law, and other eminences ; and their light was a signal for the Scottish forces to assemble at Edinburgh and Haddington, abandoning to waste and pillage all the southern counties. Till the very last occasion of hostility between England and Scotland, this mode of defensive war was resorted to in the latter kingdom. Cromwell found the Borders in that desolate situation in his campaign of 1650 ; and had it not been for the misguided zeal of the Presbyterian Ministers, who urged David Leslie to give battle at Dunbar, he must have made a disastrous and disgraceful retreat.

“ From this system it followed, that most of the Scottish places of strength, even when the abode of great nobles or powerful chiefs, were constructed upon a limited and mean scale. Built usually in some situation of natural strength, and having very thick walls, strongly cemented, they could easily repel the attack of any desultory incursion ; but they were neither victualled nor capable of receiving garrisons sufficient to defend them, excepting against a sudden assault. The village, which almost always adjoined to the castle, contained the abodes of the retainers, who, upon the summons of the chieftain, took arms either for the defence of the fortresses, or for giving battle in the field. Of these, the greater part were called “ kindly tenants,” or “ rentallers,” deriving the former name from the close and intimate

nature of their connexion with the Lord of the soil, from whom they held their little possessions by favour, rather than bargain ; and the latter from the mode in which their right of possession was constituted, by entering their names in their lord's rental book. Besides this ready militia, the more powerful chiefs maintained in their castle, and as immediate attendants upon their persons, the more active young gentlemen of their clan, selected from the younger brethren and gentlemen of estate, whose descent from the original stock, and immediate dependence upon the chief, rendered them equally zealous and determined adherents. These were recompensed by grants of land, in property or lease, which they stocked with cattle or sheep, as their chief did those which he retained in his own hands.

“ But the castles which held these garrisons, whether constant or occasional, were not of strength, or at least of extent, at all commensurate with the military power of the chiefs who inhabited them. The ruins of Cessford, or of Branhholm, before the latter was modernized, might be considered as on the largest scale of Scottish Border fortresses, and neither could brook comparison with the baronial castles of English families of far less power and influence.”

THE ENGLISH BORDER.—The edifices on the opposite side of the Border present a very different scene, including, even in these remote provinces, the superior wealth and civilization of the English nation, with that attention to defend, which was the natural consequence of their having something of value to defend. The central marches, indeed, and the extreme verge of the frontier in every direction, excepting upon the east, were inhabited by wild clans, as lawless as their northern neighbours, resembling them in their manners and customs, inhabiting similar strong-holds, and subsisting, like them, by rapine. The towers of Thirlwall, upon the river Tippal, of Fenwick, Widdrington, and others, exhibit the same rude strength and scanty limits with those of the Scottish Border chieftains. But these were not as in Scotland, the abode of the great nobles, but rather of leaders of inferior rank. Wherever the mountains receded, arose chains of castles of magnificent structure, great extent, and fortified with all the art of the age, belonging to those powerful barons whose names hold so high a rank in English history.

The great house of Clifford of Cumberland alone possessed, exclusive of inferior strong-holds, the great and extensive castles of Appleby, Brough, Brougham, Pendragon, and Skipton, each of which formed a lordly residence, as may yet be seen from their majestic ruins. The possessions of the great house of Percy were fortified with equal strength. Warkworth, Alnwick, Bamborough, and Cockermouth, all castles of great baronial splendour and strength, besides others in the interior of the country, show their wealth and power. Raby Castle, still inhabited, attests the magnificence of the great Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland; and the lowering strength of Naworth or Brougham Castles are compared with the magnificence of Warwick and Kenilworth; their savage strength, their triple rows of dungeons, the few and small windows which open to the outside, the length and complication of secret and subterraneous passages, show that they are rather to be held liminary fortresses for curbing the doubtful allegiance of the Borders, and the incursions of the Scottish, than the abodes of feudal hospitality and baronial splendour.

MOSS-TROOPERS.—Returning to the other side of the Solway, the Moss-troopers present us with an admirable picture of the local mode of warfare carried on by the Borderers. The following sketch of these early and indefatigable, yet predatory warriors will be found very interesting.

Contrary to the custom of the rest of Scotland, the Moss-troopers almost always acted as light horsemen, and made use of small active horses accustomed to traverse morasses, in which other cavalry would have stood a chance of being swallowed up. “Their hardy mode of life made them indifferent to danger, and careless about the ordinary accommodations of life. The uncertainty of reaping the fruits of their labour, deterred them from all the labours of cultivation; their mountains and glens afforded pasturage for the cattle and horses, and when these were driven off by the enemy, they supplied the loss by reciprocal depredation. Living under chiefs by whom this predatory warfare was countenanced, and sometimes headed, they appear to have had little knowledge of the light in which their actions were regarded by the legislature, and the various statutes and regulations made against their incursions remained, in most cases, a dead letter. It did indeed, frequently happen,

that the kings or governors of Scotland, when the disorders upon the Border reached to a certain height, marched against these districts with an overpowering force, seized on the persons of the chiefs, and sent them to distant prisons in the centre of the kingdom, and executed, without mercy, the inferior captains and leaders. Thus in the years 1529, a memorable era for this soil of expeditious justice, James V., having first committed to ward the Earl of Bothwell, the Lords Home and Maxwell, the Lairds of Buccleigh, Fairnihurst, Johnstone, Polwarth, Dolphinton, and other chiefs of clans, marched through the Borders with about 8000 men, and seizing upon the chief leaders of the Moss-troopers, who seem not to have been aware that they had any reason to expect harm at their sovereign's hands, executed them without mercy.

Besides the celebrated Johnnie Armstrong, of Gilnockie, to whom a considerable part of the English frontier paid black mail,* the names of Piers, Cockburn, of Henderland, Adam Scott, of Tushielaw, called the king of the Border, and other marauders of note, are recorded as having suffered on this occasion. And although this and other examples of severity had the effect for the time, as the Scottish phrase is, of "dantoning the thieves of the Borders, and making the rush-bush keep the cow," yet this course not only deprived the kingdom of the assistance of many brave men, who were usually the first to endure or repel the brunt of invasion, but it also diminished the affections of those who remained; and a curious and middle state of relation appears to have taken place between the Borders on each side, who, as they were never at absolute peace with each other during the cessation of national hostilities, seem, in like manner, to have shunned engaging in violent and sanguinary conflicts, even during the time of war.

The English Borderers, who were in the same manner held aliens to the civilized part of the country, inasmuch that, by the regulation of the corporation of Newcastle, no burgess could take to his apprentice a youth from the dales of Reed of Tyne, made common cause with those of Scotland, and the allegiance of both to their common country was much loosened; the Dalesmen on either side seem to have considered themselves in many

* A sort of tax paid to freebooters, to obtain exemption from their inroads.

respects as a separate people, having interests of their own, distinct from, and often hostile to, that of the country to which they were nominal subjects. This gave rise to some singular features in their history.

These men, who might thus be said to bear but dubious allegiance to their country, were, of all others, the most true of faith to whatever they had pledged their individual word. If it happened that any of them broke his troth, he who sustained the wrong, displayed, at the first public meeting upon the Borders, a glove upon the point of a lance, and proclaimed him a perjured and man-sworn traitor. This was accounted an insult to the whole clan to which the culprit belonged. If his crime was manifest, there were instances of his being put to death by his kinsmen; but if the accusation was unfounded, the stain upon the honour of the clan was accounted equal to the slaughter of one of its members, and, like that, could only be expiated by deadly feud. Under the terrors of this penalty, the degree of trust that might be reposed in the most desperate of the Border outlaws, is described by Robert Constable, in his account of an interview with the banished Earl of Westmoreland and his unfortunate followers. They desired to get back into England, but were unwilling to trust their fortune without some guides. "I promised," said Constable, "to get them two guides that would not care to steale, and yet they would not bewray any man that trusts in them for all the gold in Scotland and France. They are my guides and outlaws; if they would betray me, they might get their pardons, and cause me to be hanged, but I have tried them ere this." This strict observance of pledged faith tended much to soften the rigours of war; for when a Borderer made a prisoner, he esteemed it wholly unnecessary to lead him into actual captivity or confinement. He simply accepted his word to be a true prisoner, and named a time and place where he expected him to come to treat about his ransom. If they were able to agree, a term was usually assigned for the payment and security given; if not, the prisoner surrendered himself to the discretion of his captor. But where the interest of both parties pointed so strongly towards the necessity of mutual accommodation, it rarely happened that they did not agree upon terms. Thus even in the encounters of these rude warriors on either side, the nations maintained the cha-

racter of honour, courage, and generosity assigned to them by Froissart. "Englishmen on the one party, and Scotsmen on the other party, are good men of war; for when they meet, there is a hard fight without sparing; there is no hoo (i. e. there is no cessation for parley) between them, as long as spears, swords, axes or daggers will endure; but they lay on each other, and when they be well beaten, and that the one party hath obtained the victory, they then glorify so in their deeds of arms, and are so joyful, that such as be taken they shall be ransomed ere they go out of the field: so that shortly each of them is so content with the other, that at their departing courteously, they will say 'God thank you.' But in fighting one with another, there is no play nor sparing."

Of the other qualities and habits of the Borderers we are much left to form our own conjectures. That they were a people of some accomplishments, fond of the legends of their own exploits, and of their own rude poetry and music, is proved by the remains still preserved of both. They were skilful antiquaries, according to Roger North, in whatever concerned their own bounds. Lesley gives them the praise of great and artful eloquence when reduced to plead for their lives: also, that they were temperate in food and liquors, and rarely tasted those of an intoxicating quality. Their females caught the warlike spirit of the country, and appear often to have mingled in battle. Fair maiden Liliard, whose grave is still pointed out upon the field of battle at Anoram-Moor, called from her name, Lilliard's Edge, seems to have been a heroine of this description. And Holingshed records that at the conflict fought near Naworth, in 1570, between Leonard Dacres and Lord Hunsden, the former had in his company many desperate women, who there gave the adventure of their lives, and "fought right stoutly." This is a change in the habits of the other sex which can only be produced by early and daily familiarity with scenes of hazard, blood and death. The Borderers, however, merited the devoted attachment of their wives, if, as we learn, one principal use of the wealth they obtained by plunder was to bestow it in ornamenting the persons of their partners.

PRESENT STATE OF THE BORDERS.—Hospitality, kindness, and most minute attention to the comfort and ease of their guests, mark

the character of Scots gentlemen of the present day, whilst the peasantry are equally remarkable for the same good qualities in a ruder way, and the more valuable ones of correct morality, sincere piety, and an exemplary decency in language and manners. Struggling with a poverty that almost amounts to a privation of food, and condemned to a labour before which the southern Britons would sink down in listless despondence, the Scotch peasant displays a degree of patience and industry, accompanied at the same time with content, that place him on the scale of moral excellence far above those who ridicule or despise him. —Serious without moroseness, quick without asperity, and sagacious without conceit; friendly, kind and just; this may be considered as the moral portrait of such part of the Scotch as are not sophisticated or spoiled by a communication with their southern neighbours, and particularly where the benefits of religious instruction and education have paved the way to more striking exemplifications of moral excellence. Of this description may we pronounce the inhabitants of the Borders to be, who perhaps are more national in their manners, practices, and ideas, than the northern counties of the kingdom; from the circumstances of the effects being still felt in these parts, which have long faded away in the more distant divisions of the country. The natural consequence of those perpetual feuds which subsisted between the Borderers of both kingdoms was a reciprocal rooted hatred, piously handed down from father to son, and carefully transmitted through successive generations by legendary tales and popular ballads, whose constant theme and burden were the injuries which each party had received from the other, and the vengeance which these injuries deserved.

Amongst the other Scots, the national disgust of the English, though excited before their conquest by frequent wars, had ceased (at least in a degree) as soon as those wars had terminated. But with the Borderers the case had been different; their relative situation with the English prevented the wound from being closed; the cause was always operating; new occasions of rancour were ever occurring in the violence of each party; and their mutual dislike, instead of being softened by time, was, on the contrary, every day increased and confirmed. Hence it happens that a great degree of coolness and dislike still subsists between the inhabitants of the respective neighbouring counties,

which not only operate as a bar to free conversation between them, but at the same time render the Scotch infinitely more tenacious of those manners, customs, and opinions, which distinguish them from their ancient enemies.

THE PEASANTRY.—About sixty or seventy years ago, a great part of the cottages of the Scotch day-labourers were built with walls of turf, stone buttresses, or wooden posts, built into the wall, supporting the heavy timbers of the roof; few, comparatively, of this description exist at present, the greater part being built with stone and lime.*

The general description of the cottage of a labourer or tradesman, who keeps a cow, is a house of eighteen or twenty feet by fifteen or sixteen within walls; the door is in front, close by one of the gables; two close beds form the cross partition, dividing the space occupied by the family from a space of four feet from the gable at which you enter, where stands the cow behind one of the beds, with her tail to the door of the house. There is one window in front, near the fire gable, opposite to which, at the opposite wall, stands the ambry, in which the cow's milk and other family daily provisions are locked up; and above it, lying against the slant of the roof, is the *shelf* or frame, containing shelves, with cross-bars in front, to prevent the utensils set upon its shelves from tumbling off from its over-hanging position; the show of the house depending much upon the quality and arrangement of the crockery and other utensils placed thus, in open view upon the shelf. A chest, containing the family wardrobe, stands in front of one of the close beds serving also for seats. The close beds are also furnished with a shelf at head and foot, upon which part of the family apparel is deposited, to preserve it from the dust. A wooden armed-chair for the husband or "gudeman," when he arrives fatigued from his labour, and a few stools, among which is one called the *buffet-stool*, for the rest of the family, and a plunge churn, completes the inventory of the household furniture; to which only a small barrel for salted fish and another for meal may be added, if the family can afford to lay in stores and are not from hand to mouth.

The cooking utensils consist of a small cast iron pot, in which

* See Findlater's General View of the Agriculture of Peebleshire.

is daily prepared the oatmeal porridge, the universal breakfast, eaten with milk, or with home-brewed weak ale from treacle, when the milk season is over, in which also the potatoes are boiled, as the universal supper, while they last, eaten either with milk, or merely with salt; in which is also prepared for dinner, through winter, potatoes dressed with mutton suet for the purpose, or broth, to be eaten with bread made universally with shelled barley, and kale from the kale-yard, and, according to circumstances, either with or without a bit of salted mutton, to give them a relish. The butter from the cow being all sold fresh, from the high price it bears in such vicinity to Edinburgh; is the chief dependence for money to pay for the cow's summer grass, and to purchase the winter's fodder: the skimmed milk only being used by the family, in the manner already stated, or, when most plenty in summer, serving for dinner broth.

The next indispensable cooking utensil, universally in use in every cottage and in every family in the country, is the girdle, which is a round thin plate, either of malleable or cast iron, from a foot to two feet and a half in diameter, according to the size of the family. It is suspended over the fire by a jointed iron arch with three legs called the *clips*, the end of the legs of which are hooked to hold fast the girdle. The clips is again hooked upon the end of a chain, called the crook, which is attached to an iron rod, or wooden beam, called the rattle-tree, which is fixed across the chimney-stalk, at some distance above the fire. Upon this girdle is baked the ordinary bread of the cottager, and of the farmers' servants, consisting of bannocks, made of the meal of peas or of barley, but more generally of the two meals together, and more rarely of oats. The meal is made into dough with water without leaven, and the dough is formed into circular cakes of from seven to nine inches in diameter, and $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch in thickness. It is then toasted, first on one side and then on the other, upon the girdle; and two or three days' provision are made at once. The bread has but a doughy taste.

The oat cake, known by the sole appellation of cake, is the gala bread of the cottager. The meal is made into dough with water, without leaven, as little water being used as is merely sufficient to make the meal stick together; the dough is then kneaded, or rolled out as thin as possible, into a round cake, or

diameter, corresponding to the size of the girdle; the cake is then cut into four quadrants, and toasted on the girdle, alternately on both sides, care being taken, both with cakes and bannocks, to prevent the girdle from being so hot as to burn the surface. When the cake is so hardened as to stand on edge, it is placed upon an iron heater, linked upon a bar of the grate, where it toasts leisurely till it be perfectly dry, though no way burnt. If it has lain some days unused, it is toasted anew before it is eaten: it thus constitutes a hearty species of bread, of a tonic quality, to judge by the taste; and which, by many Scotsmen in the higher ranks, is preferred to wheaten bread.

There is just one other utensil indispensable to the cottager, which is a very small barrel or can of stone to hold his salt, which he keeps in a hole in the walls, close by his fire, to prevent its running, from the moisture in the air. He must also have a wooden pail to carry water; in which also his cow is milked, if he has one; on which supposition, too, he must have three cauls of stone ware, or vessels of cooper's work, in which the milk is set in the ambry, to stand for casting up the cream.

GYPSIES.

As the author of the admirable romance of *Guy Mannering* has rendered every thing respecting Scottish Gypsies of extreme interest, the following details, relative to the elopement of the Countess Cassilis with Johnnie Faa, or Faw, the gypsey chief, may not prove uninteresting to our readers.

John, sixth Earl of Cassilis, commonly termed "the grave and solemn Earl," married his first wife, Lady Jane Hamilton, daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Haddington. It is said that this match took place contrary to the inclinations of the young lady, whose affections had been previously engaged by a certain Sir John Faa, of Dunbar, who was neither grave nor solemn, and moreover much handsomer than his successful rival. While Lord Cassilis, who, by the way, was a very zealous puritan, was absent on some mission to England, Sir John with his followers repaired to Cassilis, where the young lady then resided, and persuaded her to elope with him to England. As ill luck would have it, the Earl returned home before the lovers

could cross the Border ; pursued and overtook them, and in the conflict all the masquerade gypsies were slain save one, and the weeping Countess brought back to her husband's mansion, where she remained till a dungeon was prepared for her near the village of Maybole, wherein she languished for the remainder of her life in humble sorrow and devotion.

This is one version of the story, still very current in the country where the elopement took place, but it is not supported by the tenor of the ballad, which was composed by the only surviving ravisher, and is contradicted by a numerous jury of matrons, "spinters and knitters in the sun," who pronounce the fair Countess guilty of having eloped with a genuine gypsey, though compelled in some degree to that low-lived indiscretion by certain wicked charms and philtres, of which Faa and his party are said to have possessed the secret. The unfortunate lady was also assailed by the powers of glamour, which the stoutest chastity found quite unable to resist, if unaided by a morsel of the mountain ash-tree, an amber necklace, a stone forced by stripes from the head of a live toad, or the prudent recollection of keeping both thumbs close compressed in the hand, during the presence of the malevolent charmer.

Glamour, according to Scottish interpretation, is that supernatural power of imposing on the eye-sight, by which the appearance of an object shall be totally different from the reality. Sir Walter Scott, describing the wonderful volume of Michael of Balwearie, says :

" It had much of glamour might ;
 Could make a lady seem a knight ;
 The cobwebs on a dungeon wall
 Seem tapestry in a lordly hall ;
 A nut-shell seem a gilded barge,
 A sheeling seem a palace large,
 And youth seem age, and age seem youth,
 All was delusion, nought was truth.*

* The most extraordinary instances that are to be met with on the subject of glamour, are collected by Delrio, in his citations from Dubravius' history of Bohemia. Wincellaus, son to the Emperor Charles IV., marrying the Duke of Bavaria's daughter, the duke who understood that his son-in-law delighted in feats of conjuration, sent to Prague for a waggon load of magicians to enliven the nuptials. While the most scientific of these were puzzling for some new illu-

It is not now possible to fix the precise date of Lady Cassilis' elopement with the gypsey laddie. She was born in the year 1607, and is said to have died young; but, if she ran off with her lover during her husband's first journey to England, in quality of ruling elder deputed to the assembly of divines at Westminster, 1643, to ratify the solemn league and covenant, she could not even then have been in her first youth; and it is certain that she lived long enough in her confinement at Maybole, to work a piece of tapestry, still preserved at Colzean House, in which she represented her unhappy flight, but with circumstances unsuitable to the details of the ballad, and as if the deccits of glamour had still bewildered her memory; for she is mounted beside her lover, gorgeously attired on a superb white courser,

sion, Wincelous' family conjuror, Zyto by name, who had slid privately in among the crowd, of a sudden presented himself, having his mouth, as it seemed, entangled on both sides, open to his very ears; he goes straight to the duke's chief conjuror, and swallows him up with all that he wore, saving his pantouffles (slippers), which, being dirty, he spit a great way from him. After this feat, feeling himself uneasy with such a load on his stomach, he hastens to a great tub that stood by full of water, voids the man into it, and then brings him back to the company, dripping wet, and overwhelmed with confusion; on which the other magicians would show no more tricks. This same master Zyto, who, *par parenthèse*, was, at last, himself carried off bodily by the devil, could appear with any visage he chose. When the king walked on the land, he would seem to swim on the water towards him; or, if his majesty was carried in a litter with horses, Zyto would follow in another borne up by cocks. He made thirty fat swine of so many wisps of hay, and sold them to a rich baker at a very high price, desiring him not to allow them to enter into any water; but the baker forgetting this injunction, found only the wisps of hay swimming on the surface of a pool; and in a mighty chafe seeking out Zyto, who was extended upon a bench, and seemingly asleep, he seized him by one leg to awake him, when lo! both the leg and thigh seemed to remain in his hands, which filled him with so much terror, that he complained no more of the cheat. Zyto, at the banquet of the king, would sometimes change the hands of the guests into the hoofs of an ox or horse, so that they could not extend them to the dishes to help themselves to any thing; and if they looked out of the windows, he beautified their heads with horns;—a trick, by the by, which perhaps Johnnie Faa could have played to Lord Cassilis with infinitely greater significance.

"Two magicians," says Delrio, "met in the court of Elizabeth, Queen of England, and agreed that in any one thing they should certainly obey each other. The one, thereupon, commands the other to thrust his head out of the casement, which he had no sooner done than a huge pair of stags' horns were seen planted on his forehead, to the no small delight of the spectators, who laughed at, and mocked him extremely; but when it came to the horned magician's turn to be obeyed, he made his adversary stand upright against a wall, which instantly opening, swallowed him up, so that he was never afterwards seen."

and surrounded by a group of persons who bear no resemblance to a herd of tatterdemalion gypsies.

But it appears from the criminal records of Edinburgh, that, in January 1624, eight men, among whom were Captain John Faa, and five more of the name of Faa, were convicted on the statute against Egyptians, and suffered according to sentence. ' We are strongly induced to believe that this was the Johnnie of the ballad, whom Lord Cassilis wisely got hanged in place of slaying him in the field. Indeed, a stranger of the song, as it is sometimes recited, states that eight of the gypsies were hanged at Carlisle, and the rest at the Border. If this conjecture be right, the lady's lover was married as well as herself; for, a few days after John's trial, Helen Faa, relict of the captain, Lucretia Faa, and nine other female gypsies, were brought to judgment and condemned to be drowned; but the barbarous sentence was afterwards commuted to that of banishment, under pain of death to them and all their race should they ever return to Scotland.

The Earl of Cassilis * divorced his lady *a mensa et thoro*, and confined her, as has been already said, in a tower at Maybole, where eight heads carved in stone, below one of the turrets, are still pointed out as representing eight of the luckless Egyptians. It ought to be remembered, that this frail one did not carry on the noble family into which she married; for she bore only two daughters to the earl, of whom one became the wife of Lord Dundonald, and the other, in the last stage of antiquated virginity, bestowed her hand, upon the youthful Gilbert Burnet, then the busy intriguing inmate of Hamilton Palace, where Lady Margaret Kennedy generally resided, afterwards the well-known bishop of Salisbury.

The gypsies, it appears, did not bring any particular religion

* From an abridgement of the acts of parliament and convention, from the reign of King James, we extract the following relative to gipsies, the act, no doubt, under which the dingy gallant, Johnnie Faa suffered, be he the individual in question; though there remains some doubt that the government would hang a man whom they had called upon to assist them in relieving the country of his vagrant brethren, unless he proved refractory to this command. "An act, banishing all vagabonds, called Egyptians, forth of the kingdom for ever, after the first of August, 1609, and not to return under the pain of death, to be execute upon them as notorious thieves, on trial to be taken by an assize, that they are holden and reputed Egyptians, and that none visit them, and all warrants in the contrary are declared void.—*Jam. 6, par. 20, cap. 13.*

with them from their native country; by which, as the Jews, they could be distinguished among other persons, but regulate themselves in religious matters, according to the country where they live. Being very inconsistent in their choice of residence, they are likewise so in respect to religion. No gypsey has an idea of submission to any fixed profession of faith; it is as easy for him to change his religion at every new village, as for another person to shift his coat. They suffer themselves to be baptised in christian countries; among Mahometans to be circumcised. They are Greeks with Greeks, catholics with catholics, and again profess themselves to be protestants, whenever they happen to reside where that may be the prevailing religion.

From this mutability, we conceive what kind of ideas they have, and from thence we may deduce their general opinions of religion. As parents suffer their children to grow up, without either education or instruction, and were reared in the same manner themselves, so neither the one nor the other have any knowledge of God or religion. Very few of them like to attend to any discourse on the subject; they hear what is said with indifference, nay rather with impatience and repugnance; despising all remonstrance, believing nothing, they live on without the least solicitude, concerning what shall become of them after this life. In this manner the greatest part of these people think, with regard to religion; it naturally follows that their conduct should be conformable to such opinions and conceptions. Every duty is neglected, no prayer ever passes their lips; as little are they to be found in any assembly of public worship; from whence the Wallachians have a saying, "the gypsies' church was built with bacon, and the dogs ate it." The religious party from which a gypsey apostatizes, as little loses a brother believer, as the one to which he goes acquires one. He is neither mahomedan nor christian; for the doctrines of Mahomet and of Christ are unlike unknown or indifferent to him, producing no other effect than, that in Turkey his child is circumcised, and baptised in Christendom. Even this is not done from any motive of reverence for the commands of religion; at least the circumstance of a gypsey's choosing to have his child several times baptized, in order to get more christening money, strongly indicates a very indifferent reason. This is the state of the gypsey religion in every country where they are found.

Besides, that every gypsey understands and speaks the language of the country where he lives, these people having been always famed for their knowledge of various ones, acquired by their frequent removal from place to place, they have a general language of their own, in which they always converse with each other. Writers are of different opinions concerning this, whether it be a fictitious language, or really that of any country, and who are the people from whom it originates. Some pronounce it a mere jargon, others say it is gibberish. We can by no means agree with the first, as the only ground for the assertion is, barely, that they do not know any other language correspondent to that of the gypsies. But they do not seem to have considered how extravagant a surmise it is to believe a whole language an invention, that too, of people, rude, uncivilized, and hundreds of miles distant from each other. This opinion is too extravagant to employ more time to controvert it. The gypsey language cannot be admitted for gibberish neither, unless by those who know nothing of the former, or are totally ignorant of the latter, which is corrupt German; whereas the former has neither German words, inflexions, nor the least affinity in sound.

It is now, we believe, pretty generally agreed, that the gypsies came originally from Hindostan; since their language so far coincides with the Hindostanic, that even now, after a lapse of nearly four centuries, during which they have been dispersed in various foreign countries, nearly one half of their words are precisely those of Hindostan; * and scarcely any variation is to be found in vocabularies procured from the gypsies in Turkey, Hungary, Germany, and those in England. † Their manners, for the most part, coincide, as well as the language, in every quarter of the globe where they are found; being the same idle

* Grellman's opinion seems extremely plausible, that they are of the lowest class of Indians, called *Suders*, and that they left India when Timur Beg ravaged that country in 1408 and 1409, putting to death immense numbers of all ranks of people.

† Mr. Marsden first made inquiries among the English gypsies concerning their language.—*Vide Archæologia*, vol. ii. pp. 382—386. Mr. Coxe communicated a vocabulary of words used by those of Hungary.—See the same volume of the *Archæologia*, p. 387. Any person who may wish to be convinced of the similarity of language, and is possessed of a vocabulary of words used in Hindostan, may be satisfied of its truth by conversing with the first gypsey he meets.

wandering set of beings, and seldom professing any mode of acquiring a livelihood, except that of fortune telling.

The gypsies have no writing peculiar to them in which to express their language. Writing or reading are in general very uncommon accomplishments with any of them, nor must they be at all expected among the wandering sort. Sciences and the refined arts are not even to be thought of among people whose manner of living and education are so rough. Twiss does, indeed, mention, that the Spanish gypsies have some knowledge of medicine and surgery; but wo betide the person who confides in their skill. Music is the only science in which the gypsies participate in any considerable degree; they sometimes compose likewise, but it is, after the manner of the eastern people, extempore.

Few of the descendants of the aboriginal gypsies are to be found any where in Europe at the present day, and in Switzerland and England less than any where else. The severity of the police against this description of the degenerate vagabonds existing at the present day, have considerably thinned their phalanxes, and brought them to something like a due sense of the laws and expectations of civilized society. What remains of them, nevertheless, continue one way or other to elude the vigilance of the laws by different masked or pretended callings, under which they ostensibly appear to carry on their usual traffic.

The modern gypsies pretend that they derive their origin from the ancient Egyptians, who were famous for their knowledge in astronomy and other sciences; and, under the pretence of fortune-telling, find means to rob or defraud the credulous and superstitious. To colour their impostures, they artificially discolour their faces, and speak a kind of gibberish or cant peculiar to themselves. They rove up and down the country in large companies, to the great terror of the farmers, from whose geese, turkies, and fowls, they take considerable contributions. The following account of these wandering beings is extracted from Evelyn's Journal, which throws some light on their degeneracy from the primitive tribes:—

“In our statutes they are called Egyptians, which implies a counterfeit kind of rogues, ‘who being English or Welsh people,’ disguise themselves in uncouth habits, meaning their faces and

bodies, and framing to themselves an unknown, canting language, wander up and down, under pretence of telling fortunes, curing diseases, &c. abuse the common people, trick them of their money, and steal all that is not too hot or too heavy for them."

In 1531, the wandering bands styled gypsies were so numerous and noxious in England, that an act was passed to banish them from the realm, on pain of imprisonment and confiscation of property. The Earl of Arran, during his regency, a few years afterwards, took a different method to get rid of these hated vagabonds, by ordering all sheriffs and other magistrates to assist John Faw, Lord and Earl of little Egypt, to collect together his subjects, the gypsies (many of whom had rebelled against Faw, under the guidance of one Sebastian Lalow), that he might carry them back to their own country, as he had engaged to do.

GYPSEY COLONY.—"The energy and perseverance by which North Britons are distinguished, will be evinced throughout the pages of this section. A friend of the author, having been requested to make application at the Advocates' and the University Libraries, in the city of Edinburgh, for extracts from some foreign publications, was also desired to transmit with them, what information could be obtained respecting the Gypsies in Scotland.

"With a promptitude and zeal which characterise genuine philanthropy, a circular, containing four queries, was dispatched to the Sheriff of every county in that nation; soliciting, through the medium of an official organ, all the intelligence which could be obtained on the subject. In consequence, returns have been made from nearly the whole of the shires, either by the Sheriff, or his substitute; generally addressed to George Miller, jun. Edinburgh, who has been a most effective coadjutor on this occasion.

"From thirteen counties, the reports are, 'No Gypsies resident in them;' some others give account of their only passing through at times.

"William Frazer Tytler, Sheriff of Inverness-shire, writes as follows: 'The undertaking in which you are engaged, for the ci-

* From "Heyland's Historical Survey of the gypsies." 8vo. York, 1816.

vilization of so lost a portion of mankind, merits every support. Its effects may be more generally and extensively useful in England, where those unfortunate people are extremely numerous. In Scotland, their number is comparatively small, and particularly so in the county of Inverness.'

"Alexander Moor, Sheriff Depute of Aberdeenshire, states : 'There are not any Gypsies who have a permanent residence in that Sherifffalty. Occasionally, vagrants, both single and in bands, appear in this part of the country; resorting the fairs, where they commit depredations on the unwary. Some of them are supposed to be connected with Gypsies in the southern part of the island.'

"John Blair, sheriff-substitute for the county of Bute, writes : 'I have to inform, that the people generally known by the description of gypsies, are not in use to come hither, unless abject itinerant tinkers and braziers, generally from Ireland, may be accounted such. A few of them often visit us, and take up their abode for a time in different parts of the country, where people can be prevailed upon to give them the accommodation of an out-house or hut.'

"They are understood to be illiterate; neither they nor their children, who are often numerous, being able to read.

"The distinguished northern poet, Walter Scott, who is sheriff of Selkirkshire, has in a very obliging manner communicated the following statement :

" 'A set of people possessing the same erratic habits, and practising the trade of tinkers, are well known in the Borders; and have often fallen under the cognizance of the law.—They are often called gypsies, and pass through the county annually in small bands, with their carts and asses. The men are tinkers, poachers, and thieves, upon a small scale. They also sell crockery, deal in old rags, in eggs, in salt, in tobacco, and such trifles; and manufacture horn into spoons. I believe most of those who come through Selkirkshire resided during winter in the villages of Sterneliff and Spittal, in Northumberland, and in that of Kirk Yetholm, Roxburghshire.

" 'Mr. Smith, the respectable bailie of Kelso, can give the most complete information concerning those who reside at Kirk Yetholm. Formerly, I believe, they were much more des-

perate in their conduct than at present. But some of the most atrocious families have been extirpated; I allude particularly to the Winters, a Northumberland clan, who, I fancy, are all buried by this time.

“ ‘Mr. Reddell, justice of peace for Roxburghshire, with my assistance and concurrence, cleared this county of the last of them, about eight or nine years ago. They were thorough desperadoes, of the worst of classes of vagabonds. Those who now travel through this county give offence chiefly by poaching and small thefts. They are divided into clans, the principal names being Faa, Bailie, Young, Ruthven, and Gordon.

“ ‘All of them are perfectly ignorant of religion, nor do their children receive any education. They marry and cohabit amongst each other, and are held in a sort of horror by the common people.

“ ‘I do not conceive them to be the proper oriental Egyptian race; at least they are much intermingled with our own national outlaws and vagabonds. They are said to keep up a communication with each other through Scotland, and to have some internal government and regulation as to the districts which each family travels.

“ ‘I cannot help again referring to Mr. Smith, of Kelso, a gentleman who can give the most accurate information respecting the habits of those itinerants, as their winter-quarters of Yetholm are upon an estate of which he has long had the management.’

“ ‘It is very satisfactory to have received from an authority so respectable as that of William Smith, the Bailie of Kelso, above referred to, answers to the four queries of the circular; accompanied by his own interesting and appropriate illustrations, from which extracts were made as follow, dated November, 1815.

“ ‘Query 1st. What number of gypsies in this county?’

“ ‘A. I know of none except the colony of Yetholm, and one family who lately removed from that place to Kelso. Yetholm consists of two towns, or large villages, called Town Yetholm, and Kirk Yetholm. The first is in the estate of Mr. Wauchope, of Niddry; the latter in that of the Marquis of Tweeddale. The number of the gypsy colony at present in Kirk Yetholm amounts to at least 100 men, women, and children: and perhaps two or

three may have escaped notice.—They marry early in life, in general have many children, and their number seems to be increasing.

“Query 2d. In what do the men and women mostly employ themselves?

“A. I have known the colony between forty and fifty years. At my first remembrance of them, they were called the Tinklers (tinkers) of Yetholm, from the males being chiefly then employed in mending pots, and other culinary utensils, especially in their peregrinations through the hilly and less populous parts of the country.

“Sometimes they were called Horners, from their occupation in making and selling horn spoons, called cutties. Now their common appellation is that of muggers, or, what pleases them better, potters. They purchase, at a cheap rate, the cast or faulty articles, at the different manufactories of earthenware, which they carry for sale all over the country; consisting of groups of six, ten, and sometimes twelve or fourteen persons, male and female, young and old, provided with a horse and cart to transport the pottery; besides shelties and asses to carry the youngest of the children, and such baggage as they find necessary.

“In the country, they sleep in barns, and byres, or other out-houses; and when they cannot find that accommodation, they take the canvass covering from the pottery cart, and squat below it like a covey of partridges in the snow.

“A few of the colony also employ themselves occasionally in making besoms, foot-bosses, &c. from heath, broom, and bent, and sell them at Kelso, and the neighbouring towns. After all, their employment can be considered little better than an apology for idleness and vagrancy.

“They are in general great adepts in hunting, shooting, and fishing; in which last they use the net and spear, as well as the rod; and often supply themselves with a hearty meal by their dexterity. They have no notion of their being limited in their field sports, either to time, place, or mode of destruction.

“I do not see that the women are any otherwise employed, than attending the young children, and assisting to sell the pottery when carried through the country.

“Query 3d. Have they any settled abode in winter, and where?”

“A. Their residence, with the exception of a single family, who some years ago came to Kelso, is at Kirk Yetholm, and chiefly confined to one row of houses, or street of that town, which goes by the name of Tinkler-row. Most of them have leases of their possessions, granted for a term of nineteen times nineteen years, for payment of a small sum yearly; something of the nature of a quit rent. There is no tradition in the neighbourhood concerning the time when the gypsies first took up their residence at that place, nor whence they came.

“Most of their leases, I believe, were granted by the family of the Bennets and Grubet; the last of whom was Sir David Bennet, who died about sixty years ago. The late Mr. Nesbit of Dirleton then succeeded to the estate, comprehending the baronies of Kirk Yetholm and Grubet. He died about the year 1783, and not long after, the property was acquired by the late Lord Tweeddale’s trustees.

“During the latter part of the late Mr. Nesbit, he was less frequently at his estate in Roxburghshire than formerly. He was a great favourite of the gypsies, and was in use to call them his body-guards, and often gave them money,” &c.

NOTES.—“I remember that about forty-five years ago, being then apprentice to a writer, who was in use to receive the rents as well as the small duties of Kirk Yetholm, he sent me there with a list of names, and a statement of what was due; recommending me to apply to the landlord of the public-house, in the village, for any information or assistance which I might need.

“After waiting a long time, and receiving payment from most of the feuers, or rentallers, I observed to him that none of the persons of the names of Faa, Young, Blythe, Fleckie, &c. who stood at the bottom of the list for small sums, had come to meet me, according to the notice given by the Baron officer; and proposed sending to inform them that they were detaining me, and to request their immediate attendance.

“The landlord, with a grave face, inquired whether my master had desired me to ask money from those men? I said, not particularly; but they stood on the list. ‘So, I see,’ said

the landlord; 'but had your master been here himself, he did not dare to ask money from them, either as rent or feu duty.—He knows that it is as good as if it were in his pocket. They will pay when their own time comes, but do not like to pay at a set time with the rest of the barony; and still less to be craved.'

"I accordingly returned without their money, and reported progress. I found that the landlord was right; my master said with a smile, that it was unnecessary to send to them, after the previous notice from the baron officer; it was enough if I had received the money if offered. Their rent and feu duty was brought to the office in a few weeks. I need scarcely add, those persons all belonged to the tribe.

"When first I knew any thing about the colony, old Will Faa was king or leader, and had held the sovereignty for many years.

"Meeting at Kelso with Mr. Walter Scott, whose discriminating habits and just observations I had occasion to know from his youth, and at the same time seeing one of my Yetholm friends in the horse-market, I merely said to Mr. Scott, 'Try to get before that man with the long drab coat; look at him on your return, and tell me whether you ever saw him, and what you think of him.' He was so good as to indulge me; and rejoining me, said, without hesitation, 'I never saw the man, that I know of; but he is one of the gypsies of Yetholm, that you told me of several years ago.' I need scarcely say that he was perfectly correct.

"The descendants of Faa now take the name of Fall, from the Mess. Fall, of Dunbar, who, they pride themselves in saying, are of the same stock and lineage. When old Will Faa was upwards of eighty years of age, he called on me at Kelso, in his way to Edinburgh, telling that he was going to see the laird, the late Mr. Nesbit, of Dirleton, as he understood that he was very unwell, and himself being now old and not so stout as he had been, he wished to see him once more before he died.

"The old man set out by the nearest road, which was by no means his common practice. Next market-day some of the farmers informed me, that they had been in Edinburgh, and seen Will Faa upon the bridge (the south bridge was not then built); that he was tossing about his old brown hat, and huzzaing with great vociferation, that he had seen the laird before he died. Indeed Will himself had no time to lose, for having set his face homewards by the way of the sea coast, to vary his route, as is

the general custom of the gang, he only got the length of Coldingham, when he was taken ill and died."

Before receiving the very interesting report from William Smith, the author of this Survey was entirely at a loss to determine what was become of the descendants of John Faw, who styled himself Lord and Earl of Little Egypt; and with a numerous retinue entered Scotland in the reign of Queen Mary, as stated in Section the 5th. His complaint of his men refusing to return home with him, might be only a feint, invented to cover his design of continuing in the country; for there does not appear to be any traces in history of the banishment of Fawgang, or of their quitting Scotland. But in the above-cited report, we find at the head of the Tinklers a Will Faa, in whose name there is only a variation of one letter from that of his distinguished predecessor; and that in reference to this origin, he asserts the *Falls* of Dunbar to be of the same stock and lineage.

WITCHES.

In the records of ignorance and credulity, there is not perhaps a more melancholy proof of the aberration of the human mind, than that which is exhibited by the very general belief in witchcraft, which, in this country, continued to prevail, even to the close of the 17th century, and which, even at the present moment, is far from being completely eradicated. The sex, age, condition, of the individuals commonly accused of this crime,—the utter improbability of the accusation itself, and of the cruel acts by which it was attempted to prove it—the horrid means by which confessions were extorted,—and the cruel doom which awaited conviction—do not appear to have raised any doubts of the reality of their guilt, and very rarely to have excited in the minds of their judges those feelings of commiseration, which nothing but the grossest superstition has ever been able altogether to repress with the sufferings of the greatest criminal. But it is not our intention here to enter upon the very extensive field to which these general views would conduct us. Suffice it, on

* A faithful picture of a wandering horde of Bohemians, or aboriginal gypsies, may be found in *Quentin Durward*, pages 196 to 201.

this occasion, merely to notice the law and practice of Scotland, in regard to the alleged crime of witchcraft; and then to mark the dawn of improvement in public opinion at the commencement of the 18th century, displayed in the case of the witches of Pittenween, in Fifeshire.*

It is a singular circumstance in the history of this delusion in Scotland, that the only statute against witchcraft passed so late as in 1563, a period when the superstition of the dark ages was shaken to its foundation by the spirit of inquiry, which, in a few years, led to the complete establishment of the reformation.

* As this remarkable statute, which brought so many innocent beings to an untimely end, is not very long, we shall here insert it. The reader cannot fail to perceive, on comparing this simple and concise enactment with the elaborate and voluminous acts of the present age, how much the technical part of the science of legislation has been improved in the intermediate period :

“QUEEN MARIE,—ninth parliament,

“IV of June, 1563.

“73. Anentis Witchcraftes.”

“Item, For sa meikle as the Queenis Majestie, and the three estaites in this present parliament, being informed that the heavie and abominable superstition used by divers of the lieges of this realme, be using of witchcraftes, sorcerie, and necromancie, and credence given thereto in times by-gone, against the law of God; and for avoiding and away-putting of all such vaine superstition in times to come; it is statute and ordained by the Queenes Majestie, and the three estaites foresaides, that na-manner of person or persones, of quhat-sum-ever estaite, degree or condition, they be off, take upon hand in onie times hereafter to use onie manner of witchcraftes, sorcerie, or necromancie, nor give themselves furth to have onie seik craft or knowledge thereof, their-throw abusand the people: nor that na person seek onie help, response, or consultation at onie sik users or abusers forsaidis of witch-craftes, sorcerie, or necromancie, under the paine of death, alsweil to be exccute against the user, abuser, as the seeker of the response or consultation. And this to be put to execution be the justice, Schireffis, Stewards, Baillies, Lordes of Regalites and Royalties, their deputies, and

either ordinary judges incompetent within this realm, with all vigour, have power to execute the same.”*

It deserves also to be remarked, that the trials for witchcraft seem to have been more numerous about a hundred years after the Reformation had taken place,† though during this interval the nation had not only acquired a thorough conviction of the value of civil and religious liberty, but shed its blood in the most arduous struggles to obtain and secure both, under circumstances of peculiar difficulty and discouragement. If the legal murders which the records of our criminal courts prove to have been committed during this period, had occurred in that comparatively remote age which Shakspeare has penetrated with the light of his genius in his tragedy of Macbeth, however much we might lament the infatuation of our forefathers, we should find it less difficult to account for their proceedings. But Sir George Mackenzie, in his “Laws and Customs of Scotland in Matters Criminal,” so late as 1678, never insinuates a doubt of the reality of witchcraft, though he was led to express his strong disapprobation of the forms of trial then in use in a number of instances. On the contrary, indeed, this eminent lawyer stoutly defends the popular belief against the more liberal views of “many lawyers in Holland and elsewhere.”

* It has been doubted, and we think with much propriety, whether the framers of this act themselves believed in witchcraft, and whether by denouncing the same heavy penalty against the dupe and the impostor, they even expected it to be executed at all. The judges and juries, however, never seem to have any doubts about the matter.

† In the year 1661, the number of commissioners upon record for trying persons suspected of witchcraft are very considerable in various parts of Scotland: they all confessed themselves guilty of the “abominable cryme of witchcraft, in entering into paction with the devill, renouncing their baptisme, and otherways,” &c. In 1662, the number is still more considerable, but the commissions seem to have been granted under certain qualifications; for instance, June 12, 1662, commission is granted to Sir Archibald Douglas, sheriff-principal of Roxburgh, and others, “to try and judge Bessie Thompson, Malie Thompson, Agness Quarie and Malie Turnbull, who have confest themselves to be guilty of witchcraft, with these qualitties, that if they shall be found guilty, upon voluntary confessions, by renouncing of baptisme, paction with the divell, or committing of malefices, without any sort of torture or other indirect means used, and that the tyme of their confession and pactioning with the divell, they wer of compleat age, sound judgment, no ways distracted, or under any earnest desire to dy, and reiterat the former confessions made by them judicially; and then, and in those cases, the said commissioners cause the sentence of death to be executed upon them, and no otherways.”

The same belief prevailed in England posterior to the middle of the seventeenth century. At the assizes held at Bury St. Edmund's, for the county of Suffolk, on the 10th March, 1664, before Sir Matthew Hale, Rose Cullender and Amy Duny, widows, were found guilty of witchcraft, "upon a long evidence," and hanged a few days after.* In the absurdity of the accusation, the insufficiency of the evidence, and the iniquity of the verdict,—the unhappy women asserting their innocence in their last moments,—this remarkable trial is in no degree exceeded by any similar one in Scotland.

* We find the following curious document among a collection of others, published a few years ago:†—"Edinburgh, November 2, (1652).... There was a man condemned for a witch, a very simple fellow, but he was reprieved. It is very observable in him, that upon a commission from the judges in June last, and afterwards before the judges, he confessed himself to have had familiar converse with the devil,—that he gave him a piece of silver, which was put into a crevice of his neighbour's house who had crost him, and thereupon all his cattle and horses died; and (after a year's languishment) the woman herself. He said also that he renounced his name, for which the devil gave him a new one, which is Alexander, or Sandy; that he sometimes lay with the devil in the likeness of a woman, with many other stories of that nature; and yet most of them that have conversed with him say they cannot believe him to be a witch. Before the judges at his trial, he denied all that he had confessed before, and said he was in a dream. Yet the very day that he should have been executed, he was not at all afraid, but seemed indifferent whether to live or die.

"The truth is, he lived in so poor a condition, and was (through his simplicity) so unable to get his livelihood, that he confessed, or rather said, every thing that was put into his head by some that accused him, upon the confession of some who have died witches. By this you may guess upon what grounds many

* Trial of Witches, &c. taken by a person then attending the court, printed in 1716.

† Military Memoirs of the great Civil War; being the Military Memoirs of John Gwynne; and an Account of the Earl of Glencairn's Expedition in the Highlands of Scotland, in 1653 and 1654.

hundreds have heretofore been burnt in this country for witches.....*

It was not until 1735, by the 9th Geo. II., c. 5, that prosecutions for witchcraft, and for imputing witchcraft to others, were prohibited: and it does not appear that the wisdom of the legislature in this repeal had been anticipated by the progress of knowledge among the great body of the people, to such an extent as has been sometimes alleged. So late as 1722, a person was brought to the stake in Scotland for the crime of witchcraft, under the authority of the sheriff-depute of the county of Sutherland.† In 1743, a body of dissenters, who have since become numerous and respectable, published an act of their presbytery, in which, among the national sins enumerated as the causes of God's wrath against Scotland, is to be found the repeal of the penal statutes against witches, "contrary to the express law of God," and the same doctrine is still taught from their pulpits, and firmly believed by the far greater number of their adherents. Indeed, a belief in witches prevails even at the present enlightened period among the lower orders in different parts of Scotland, whatever may be their religious persuasion.

In many parishes in Scotland, traditional tales of witches, and specific instances of their preternatural power, are still current, only a few of which have passed through the press. Of the works on this curious subject, "Satan's Invisible World Discovered," by "Master George Sinclair, late professor of philosophie at the College of Glasgow," seems to have been received with peculiar favour, the lords of council having, by an order, dated at Edinburgh, 26th Feb. 1685, prohibited and discharged all persons "from printing, re-printing, or importing into this kingdom, any copie or copies of the said book, during the space of eleven years after the date hereof, without licence of the

* The sectaries, however wedded to their own enthusiastic dreams, were free from the infatuated belief in witchcraft, which characterised the Presbyterians both in Scotland and England. During the brief domination of Presbytery in the latter country, a great many unhappy victims were executed, under the direction and upon the evidence of a pretended witch finder, called Hopkins, mentioned in *Hudibras*. The infatuation continued in Scotland to a much later period; the last witch being executed in 1722.

† Arnot's Criminal Trials, p. 412.

author or his order." The last edition printed is within a few years; and the editor, without the slightest intimation of any doubts as to the truth of the marvellous narratives it contains, has enriched his work with "some additional relations which have happened in the shire of Renfrew, towns of Pittenween, Calder, and other places." The Renfrewshire witches, indeed, have been thought to merit the honour of a separate "history," which was published in 1809, by the editor of the Paisley Reporter. We regret we cannot do as much justice to the old dames of Pittenween, who, notwithstanding the very laudable exertions of their minister and magistrates, had the singular good fortune to escape the flames, through the obstinacy of the privy council, who could not be prevailed on to bring them to trial. What could be done, however, by these active enemies of the evil one, was not spared. The witches were imprisoned and tortured, and confessed in the usual manner. One of them was starved in prison, and the rabble enjoyed "three hours' sport" in murdering another, by the permissive power of the legal guardians of their lives and properties on earth, and of their saintly guide to Heaven.

"About the month of March, 1704, there lived in the town of Pittenween, a noted witch, Beatrix Laing, by name, who came to one Patrick Mortoun, a blacksmith, with an order for some nails, which this person, being otherwise employed at the time, refused to execute. The witch went away muttering threats of course, and soon after was detected, by the blacksmith, in the use of a charm, of which even the literal description is not without its difficulties. Patrick, with another person in company, carrying some fish by the said Beatrix Layng's door, they saw a vessel with water placed at the door, with burning coal in it, upon which he was presently stricken with an impression, that it was a charm designed against him; and upon this, a little after he was sickened."*

This is the account of the party so active in the concern against the witches; and is given from a pamphlet published in their defence, after their proceedings had drawn upon them the notice of the privy council. Convincing, however, as this charm

* A just reproof of the false reports, &c. printed in 1706.

must have been to the magistrates and minister of Pittenween, as well as to the blacksmith himself of the *diablerie* of Layng, other proofs were not wanting. The physicians would not understand Morton's distemper. At length he was seized with fits, and in due time delated (accused) Layng and a number of other persons as his tormentors, who were forthwith thrown into prison, and subjected to the usual preparatory process of pricking or brodding, to prevent them from sleeping, and to extort from them a confession of guilt.

"It was upon his (Morton's) accusation ulteriorly the ministers and bailiffs imprisoned these poor women, and set a guard of drunken fellows about them, who, by pinching and pricking, some of them with pins and elesions (awls), kept them from sleep for several nights together; the marks whereof were seen by several, a month thereafter. This cruel usage made some of them learn to be so wise, as to acknowledge every question that was asked them; whereby they found the ministers and bailiffs well pleased, and themselves better treated."*

Nothing upon this subject of witchcraft has ever appeared more extraordinary, than the confessions of the accused themselves. But this wonder must cease, when we know the means by which they were extorted. "Thrusting of pins into the flesh, and keeping the accused from sleep, were the ordinary treatment of a witch. But if the prisoner was endued with uncommon fortitude, other methods were used to extort confession. The boots and capsie-claws, and the pilniewinks, engines for torturing the legs, the arms and the fingers, were applied to either sex, and that with such violence, that sometimes the blood would have spouted from the limb. Loading with heavy irons, and whipping with cords, till the skin and flesh were torn from the bones, have also been the adopted methods of torture."†

Of the treatment which the wretched Layng experienced, in consequence of the ridiculous charge we have mentioned, we have some account in a petition which she presented to the privy council, about a year afterwards, praying for protection against the rabble, who had murdered another woman, a few months

* An answer of a letter from a gentleman in Fife to a nobleman, printed in 1705.

† Arnof's Criminal Trials, p. 413.

before, and which detestable outrage, does not seem to have had its proper effect upon the darkened intellects of the rulers of that burgh :—

“ Act and protection to Bettie Laing,

“ Att the palace of Holyrudehouse.

“ May 1, 1705.

“ Anent the supplication given in and presented to his grace, her majesty's high commissioner, and the lords of her majesties privy council, by Bettie Laing, spous to William Brown, tayleor, and late theasurer of the town of Pittenween, humbly shewing, that the petitioner having met with most cruell and unchristianlike treatment in the town of Pittenween, upon no other ground than bare affection of anc Peter Mortoun, a young man in the said town, who being under a natural disease, which had some strange effect upon his body, pretended that the petitioner, and other persons he named, wer witches, and tormented him : upon this very unsufficient ground, the petitioner was thrown into the talbooth of Pittenween, by the minister and magistrates thereof; and because she would not confess that she was a witch, and in compact with the divell, was tortured by keeping her awake, without sleep for fyve days and nights together, and by continually pricking her with instruments in the shoulders, back, and thighs, that the blood gushed out in great abundance, so that her lyfe was a burden to her; and they nrging her continuallie to confess, the petitioner expressed severall things as they directed her, to be rede of the present torture; and because she afterwards avowed and publickly told, that what she said to them, of her having seen the divell, &c., was lyes and untruths, they put her in the stocks for several dayes, and then carried her to the thiefs' hall, and from that they transported her to a dark dungeon, where she was allowed no manner of licht, nor human converse, and in this condition she lay for five months together; and at last, having found means to get out of the said dungeon, she wandered about in strange places, in the extremity of hunger and cold, though she thanked God, she had a competency at home, but dared not come near her own house, because of the fury and rage of the people: and the petitioner being willing to undergoe any legall tryall upon the said cryme hereof she was accused, and for denying of which she had been so inhumanly treated: she confidently presumed their grace and their lops, would grant her the common benefit of protection to her person, till she were legally convict of crymes rendering her undeserving of it: and this she was necessitated to demand of your lops: for that she having lately returned to her own house at Pittenween, expecting to live safely and quietly with her husband, the rabble there so menaced, and threatened to treat her as they had done Janet Cornfoot, a little before; &c. &c. His grace her majesties high commissioner, &c. &c., declares the petitioner to be under the protection of the government; and therefore, his grace and the said lords, appoints and ordains the magistrates of Pittenween, to maintain and defend the petitioner against any tumults and mobbs, insult and violence, that may fall upon, or be attempted against her, as they will be answerable,” &c. &c. &c.

The Magistrates, however, were more careful of their own individual interest than the peace of their burgh, or the lives of

their fellow-citizens; and seem to have held their clergyman in higher veneration than the Commissioners of the Privy Council. In the burgh records there is the following minute on this occasion :

“ Act anent the committee of the privy counsel, their tryal of the process anent the witches.”

Undecimo May, 1705.

“ The which daie the baillics and counsell, viz. William Borthwick, &c. (thirteen present) being convened, the said baillie represented to the Counsell, that on the ninth day of May instant, the Erle of Bellcarnes and Lord Anstruther, two of her Majesties most honourable privie Counsell, being commissioned to meet here this day for takeing further triall of the murther of Janet Cornfoot, who confest herself guilty of witchcraft, and anent the way of the touns procedure against Beatrix Layng, and others, accused for that cryme, the said Lords requyred that the Baillie and whole toun counsell should engage in a bond to protect the Beatrix Layng against any rabble that should assault her. Which they unanimously refused to doe, in respect she may be murdered in the night without their knowledge, and the penaltie of the bond being five hundred merks they would be obliged to pay it. The said baillie also informed the Counsell, that these Lords of the Committee of the Counsell were to meet here on Saturday nixt, and it was concluded, that the baillie and some of the toun Counsell should attend them.”

Janet Cornphat, or Cornfoot, who was murdered by the rabble, was also one of those unhappy persons delated by this Mortoun. There was another crime, however, imputed to this woman of a not less extraordinary nature. Beatrix Layng, who seems to have been Satan's chief minister in those parts, happened to quarrel with one Alexander Macgregor, a fisherman, about what we are not told—and forthwith the Devil in person, with his Janet Cornfoot, and “ several others in company,” set upon poor Macgregor in his bed, with the felonious intent of murdering him in his sleep. Macgregor, however, awaking in good time, and wrestling manfully with his infernal majesty, was glad to beat a retreat with his baffled troops. The truth of the thing could not possibly be called in question, for it was confessed by two of the hags who assisted on the occasion; * and at least it would appear by Cornfoot herself alone. This poor woman of course retracted her confession to some gentlemen whom curiosity had induced to visit her in prison; but begged them, “ for

* A just reproof to the false reports, &c. p. 7.

Christ's not to tell them she had done so, else she would be murdered."* She was murdered nevertheless; and with circumstances of such almost incredible barbarity, that we shall give the account in the words of the writer to whom we have referred.

"It appears that this no less unhappy than innocent woman, (Jane Cornphat, or Cornfoot, above mentioned) had contrived by some means or other to escape from prison (stated to be by the connivance of the minister who, after the attention that began to be paid to her case by persons of rank and influence, seems to have lost all hope of bringing her to the stake, and was, probably, glad to get rid of her); she was, however, apprehended, and sent back to Pittenween by another active clergyman in the neighbourhood, in the custody of two men, who carried her as a matter of course to the minister, in whose person the offices of Priest and King appear to have been harmoniously combined throughout all these proceedings. But the clergyman had nothing to say to her; he was not concerned, he told the rabble, and they might do what they pleased with her.

"They took encouragement from this to fall upon the poor woman, those of the minister's family going along with them, as I hear; they fell upon the poor creature immediately, and beat her unmercifully, tying her so hard with a rope, that she was almost strangled; they dragged her through the streets, and along the shore by the heels. A baillie hearing of a rabble near his stair, came out upon them, which made them immediately disappear. But the Magistrates, though met together, not taking care to put her into close custody for her safety, the rabble gathered again immediately, and stretched a rope betwixt a ship and the shore, to a great height, to which they tied her fast, after which they swung her to and fro, from one side to another, in the mean time throwing stones at her from all quarters, until they were weary. Then they loosed her, and with a mighty swing threw her upon the hard sands; all about being ready in the mean time to receive her with stones and staves, with which they beat her most cruelly. The daughter in the time of her mother's agony, though she knew of it, durst not adventure to appear, lest the rabble had used her after the same manner, being in the house in great concern and terror, out of natural

* Account of an horrible and barbarous murder, in a letter from a gentleman in Fife, to a friend in Edinburgh, Feb. 1765.

affection for her mother. They laid a heavy door upon her, with which they pressed her so sore, that she cried out to let her up for Christ's sake, and she would tell the truth. But when they did let her up, what she said could not satisfy them, and therefore they again laid on the door, and with a heavy weight of stones on it pressed her to death. And to be sure it was so, they called a man with a horse and a sledge, and made him drive over her corpse backward and forward several times. When they were sure she was killed outright, they dragged her miserable carcase to Nicolas Lawson's house, where they first found her.

"There was a motion made to treat Nicolas Lawson (another witch) after the same manner immediately; but some of them being wearied with three hours' sport, as they called it, said it would be better to delay her for another day's divertisement; and so they all went off.

"To the disgrace of the country, the rabble, who had been so easily dispersed by the magistrates before, do not appear to have experienced any interruption in this protracted murder, which was perpetrated on the 30th of January, 1765, in one of the most civilized counties of Scotland, and within a few hours distance of the metropolis. But this was an enormity which it was impossible for a well-regulated government to overlook. The Privy Council had lent a deaf ear, as we have seen, to two sets of commissioners from this priest-ridden junto, who do not appear to have been supported either by the presbytery, or the commission of the general assembly of the Kirk; but this very plain hint was still not plain enough for their comprehension. On the present occasion, it was necessary to operate upon their perverted intellects, by a more definite expression of disapprobation. Besides this, Mrs. White, a witch of the better order, about this time commenced an action against these magistrates for false imprisonment. These proofs of a remarkable improvement in public opinion seem to have put an end to the legal persecutions of old women in that quarter,—though, as appears from the order made upon the petition of Beatrix Layng in May thereafter, formerly referred to—not to the belief in the existence in witches."

The following paper, of which the title does not exactly correspond with its contents, is transcribed from the original

records, and the proceedings of the Privy Council do not seem to have been carried further. The report of the Committee represents the murder as of a less atrocious character than the account of it taken from the letter before quoted, though the two are by no means inconsistent with each other.

“ Approbation of the report of the Committee anent the murder at Pittenween,

At Edinburgh, Feb. 15, 1705.

“ The Lords of her Majesties Privy Counsell doe hereby covenant and ap-
poynt the Earls of Rothes and Haddingtown, Lords Yester, Advocat, and En-
struther, to be a Committee to enquire into the murder committed upon a woman
in Pittenween, as suspect of witchcraft, and recommends to the said committee
to meet to-morrow at twelve o'clock, in the midd-day, and call for baillie Coutts,
in Pittenween, and know at him why he suffered the said murder to be com-
mitted, and did not keep the public peace in the place, and appoynts the solici-
tors to cite the rest of the magistrates to the said burgh of Pittenween, to ap-
pear before the said Committee, and answer to what shall be laid to their charge,
for their not keeping the peace of the place, as said is, and declares any three
of the said Committee, a quorum and to report.

*“ Report of the Committee appoynted to inquire after the murder committed
at Pittenween.*

“ At Edinburgh, sedurunt the Earle of Rothes, the Lord Yester, the Lord
Enstruther, and her Majesties Advocat. The baillies compearing, and having
given in a subsequent information of the matter of fact, with the double of the
precognition taken by them anent the murder of Janet Cornfoot, they find that
the said Janet was brought from the parish of Lewchars, by two men, to the
town of Pittenween, upon the thirtieth of January last, about six o'clock at
night; that the men brought her first to the minister, after she had stayed a
little in a private house in the town; and that the minister being for the time
at Baillie Cook's house, she was brought before Baillie Cook's door, but not
immediately secured as she ought to have been: That when the officer, Peter
Innes, after a little time, was found, and sent to secure her, the rabble was up,
and that they deforced the officer, and made made him flee; that the officer
went to the other two baillies and gott their verbal orders, but they concerned
themselves no further: That when Baillie Cook heard of the rabble, he came
out himself and dispersed them, and rescued the poor woman, but found her
almost halfe dead, lying within the sea-mark—that she being in that condition,
Baillie Cook did not order her to prison, but ordained the officer and four men
to take her to a private house: that they carried her to Nicolas Lawson's,
other houses being unwilling to receive her; that before Nicolas Lawson's
door she was again assaulted, cast down, and murdered. And that it appears
the principal actors were Robert Dalziel, a skipper's son, Walter Watson, in
Brutesland, and one Groundwater, an Orkney-man; all three fled.”

While these active magistrates displayed so much laudable

anxiety to expel the great enemy of mankind, and his associates, from their jurisdiction, it was not to be expected that they should look with horror on the instruments by which their object was, in some degree, accomplished. The end was probably thought holy enough to sanctify the means, however irregular. It does not appear that a single individual was ever brought to trial for the "three hour sport" of the rabble who murdered Janet Cornfoot. Before the baillies made their appearance in presence of the committee of the Privy Council, they had contrived, indeed, to imprison some of the murderers; but according to the writer of the letter to a nobleman already quoted, "they were not long from the town, when the minister set them at liberty," as it is alleged, by virtue of an order from these magistrates themselves.

The only men accused by Mortoun was one Thomas Brown, who died in prison, "after a great deal of hunger and hardship;" and his remains, as well as those of Janet Cornfoot, were denied Christian burial.

Thus much is said of the Pittenween witches, not because the evidence against them, if Mortoun's pretended fits could deserve such a name, or the murder of two of them, are circumstances in themselves remarkable. Hundreds were brought to the stake in Scotland during the seventeenth century, on no better grounds.* But what is worthy of particular notice in their case, is the visible conflict between statute law, supported by the obstinate credulity of the lower classes, on the one hand, —and the dawn on a purer day which was then rising upon our rulers, and had already begun to dispel the illusions of the most detestable fanaticism, on the other. Yet melancholy it is to reflect how long the night had lasted, and how deep had been its darkness; nor is it less lamentable to perceive how ineffectually the influence of true religion and of science is opposed

* See the ridiculous confessions of certain Scotch witches, taken out of an authentic copy of their trial at the assizes, held at Paisley, Feb. 15, 1678, touching the bewitching of Sir George Maxwell.—Also the confession of Agnes Sympson to King James—a confession which in all probability induced that monarch to change his opinion relative to the existence of witches; which, it was reported, he was inclined to think were mere conceits, as he was then but young (not above five or six-and-twenty years of age) when this examination took place before him; and part of the third chapter of his *Demonologie* appears to be a transcript of this confession.

in our days, to the inveterate credulity of a large proportion of our countrymen.*

FAIRIES.

The fiction of fairies is supposed to have been brought, with other extravagancies of a like nature, from the eastern nations, whilst the European christians were engaged in the holy war; such, at least, is the notion of an ingenious writer, who thus expresses himself: "Nor were the monstrous embellishments of enchantments the invention of romancers, but formed upon eastern tales, brought thence by travellers from their crusades and pilgrimages, which, indeed, have given a cast peculiar to the wild imagination of the eastern people."† That fairies, in particular, came from the east, we are assured by that learned orientalist, Mr. Herbelot, who tells us that the Persians called the fairies *Peri*, and the Arabs *Genii*; that, according to the eastern fiction, there is a certain country inhabited by fairies, called *Gennistian*, which answers to our fairy-land; and that the ancient romances of Persia are full of *Peri* or fairies. Mr. Warton, (vol. I. p. 64) in his observations on Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, is decidedly of opinion that the fairies came from the east; but he justly remarks that they were introduced into this country long before the period of the crusades. The race of fairies, he informs us, were established in Europe in very early times, but "not universally." The fairies were confined to the north of Europe—to the "ultima Thule"—to the British isles—to "the divis orbis Britannis." They were unknown at this remote era to the Gauls or the Germans, and they were, probably, familiar to the vallies of Scotland and Danmonium, when Gaul and Ger-

* The vulgar, even in this most enlightened period, are not entirely exempt from the belief in the powers of sorcery and magic, and other fantastical and imaginary agonies, such as exorcisms, charms, and amulets. It is pleasing, however, to contrast the former with present times, in which there is almost an extinction of these delusions. It is only 192 years since great numbers of persons were condemned to death, in the ordinary course of law, and executed for witchcraft in England. And the like disgraceful proceedings have occurred in Scotland of a more recent date. The like trials and convictions, and executions, took place in New England, in the end of the 17th century.—See Evelyn's *Memoirs*. Vol. XI. p. 35.—See also *Demonologia*, by J. S. Forsyth, 1827.

† Supplement to the *Trans.* Pref. to Jarvis's *Don Quixote*.

many were yet unpeopled either by real or imaginary beings. The belief, indeed, of such invisible agents, assigned to different parts of nature, prevails at this very day in Scotland, and in Devonshire and Cornwall, regularly transmitted from the remotest antiquity to the present time, and totally unconnected with the spurious romance of the crusader or the pilgrim. Hence those superstitious notions now existing in our western villages, where the spriggian* are still believed to delude benighted travellers, to discover hidden treasures, to influence the weather, and to rule the winds. "This, then," says Warton, "strengthens the hypothesis of the northern parts of Europe being peopled by colonies from the east!"

The inhabitants of Shetland and the isles pour libations of milk or beer through a holed stone, in honour of the spirit Brownie, and it scarcely can admit of a doubt that the Danmonii were accustomed to sacrifice to the same spirit, since the Cornish and the Devonians on the border of Cornwall, invoke to this day the spirit Brownie, on the swarming of their bees. With respect to rivers, it is a certain fact, that the primitive Britons paid them divine honours; even now, in many parts of Devonshire and Cornwall, the vulgar may be said to worship brooks and wells, to which they resort at stated periods, performing various ceremonies in honour of those consecrated waters; and the Highlanders, to this day, talk with great respect of the genius of the sea; never bath in a fountain, lest the elegant spirit that resides in it should be offended, and remove; and mention not the water of rivers without prefixing to it the name of excellent.† In one of the western islands, the inhabitants retained the custom to the close of the last century, of making an annual sacrifice to the Genius of the Ocean.

In the west of Europe, a host of other demons was brought upon the stage, far more formidable, who had their origin in Celtic, Teutonic, and even Eastern fables; and as their existence as well as influence, was, not only by the early Christians, but

* "That the Druids worshipped rocks, stones, and fountains, and imagined them inhabited, and actuated by divine intelligence, of a lower rank, may be plainly inferred from their stone monuments. These inferior deities, the Cornish call spriggian, or spirits, which answer to genii or fairies; and the vulgar in Cornwall still discourse of these spriggian as of real beings, and pay them a kind of veneration."—*Borlasse*, p. 163, 164.

† See Macpherson's Introduction to the History of Great Britain and Ireland.

even by the Reformers, boldly asserted, it was long before the rites to which they have been accustomed, were totally eradicated. Thus in Orkney, for instance, it was customary, even during the last century, for lovers to meet within the pale of a large circle of huge stones, which had been dedicated to the chief of the Scandinavian deities. Through a hole in one of the pillars, the hands of the contracting parties were joined, and the faith they plighted was named, the promise of Odin, to violate which, was infamous. But the influence of the “*dii majores*” of the Edda was slight and transient, in comparison with that of the *duergan*, or dwarfs, who figure away in the same mythology, and whose origin is thus recited:—Odin and his brothers killed the giant Ymor, from whose wound ran so much blood, that all the families of the earth were drowned, except one who saved himself on board a bark. These gods then made of the giant’s bones, of his flesh and blood, the earth, the waters, and the heavens. But, in the body of the monster, several worms had, in the course of putrefaction, been engendered, which, by order of the gods, partook of both human shape and reason. These little beings possessed the most delicate figures, and always dwelt in subterraneous caverns, or clefts in the rocks. They were remarkable for their riches, their activity, and their malevolence.* This is the origin of our modern fairies, who, at the present day, are described as people of a small stature, gaily dressed in habiliments of green. They possess material shapes, with the means, however, of making themselves invisible. They multiply their species; they have a relish for the same kind of food that affords sustenance to the human race, and when, on some festal occasion, they would regale themselves with good beef or mutton; they employ elf arrows to bring down their victim. At the same time they delude the shepherds with the substitution of some vile

* Sir Walter Scott has supposed that this mythological account of the *duergan* bears a remote allusion to real history, having an ultimate reference to the oppressed Fins, who, before the arrival of the invaders, under the conduct of Odin, were the prior possessors of Scandinavia. The followers of this hero saw a people, who knew how to work upon the minds of the people better than they did; and, therefore, from a superstitious regard, transformed them into spirits of an unfavourable character, dwelling in the interior of rocks, and surrounded with immense riches. See *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. II, p. 179.

substance, or illusory image, possessing the same form as that of the animal they had taken away. These spirits are much addicted to music; and when they make their excursions, a most exquisite band of music never fails to accompany them in their course. They are addicted to the abstraction of the human species, in whose place they leave substitutes for living beings, named changelings, the unearthly origin of whom is known by their mental imbecility, or some wasting disease. When a limb is touched with paralysis, a suspicion often arises that it has been touched by these spirits, or that, instead of the sound member, an insensible mass of matter has been substituted in its place.

In England, the opinions originally entertained, relative to the duergan or dwarfs, have sustained considerable modifications, from the same attributes being assigned to them as the Persian peris, an imaginary race of intelligences, whose offices of benevolence were opposed to the spiteful interference of evil spirits. Whence this confusion in proper Teutonic mythology has originated, is doubtful; conjectures have been advanced, that it may be traced to the intercourse the Crusaders had with the Saracens, and that, as before observed, was imported the corrupted name derived from the peris, of fairies; for under such a title the duergan of the Edda are now generally recognised,—the malevolent character of the dwarf being thus sunk in the opposite qualities of the peris, or fairies. Blessing became, in England, proverbial: “Grant that the sweet fairies may nightly put on your shoes, and sweep your house clean.” In more general terms, the wish denoted, “peace be to the house.”*

Fairies, for many centuries, have been the objects of spectral impressions. In the case of a poor woman of Scotland, Alison Pearson, who suffered for witchcraft, in the year 1586, they probably resulted from some plethoric state of the system, which was followed by paralysis. Yet, for this illusive image, to which the popular superstition of the times had given rise, the poor creature was indicted for holding communication with demons, under which light fairies were then considered, and burnt at a stake. During her illness, she was not unfrequently impressed

* In Germany, probably for similar reasons, the dwarfs have acquired the name of *elves*,—a word, observes Mr. Douce, derived from the Teutonic *helfin*, which etymologists have translated *juvare*. See *Demonologia*, p. 329.

with sleeping and waking visions, in which she held an intercourse with the queen of the Elf-land, and the "good neighbours." Occasionally, these capricious spirits would condescend to afford her bodily relief; at other times, they would add to the severity of her pains. In such trances or dreams, she would observe her cousin, Mr. William Sympsoune, of Sterling, who had been conveyed away to the hills by the fairies, from whom she received a salve that would cure every disease, of which the Archbishop of St. Andrew's deigned himself to reap the benefit. It is said, in the indictment against her, that "being in Grange Muir with some other folke, she, being sick, lay downe; and when alone, there came a man to her, clad in green, who said to her, if she would be faithful, he would do her good; but she being feared, cried out, but nae bodie came to her, so she said if he came in God's name, and for the gude of her soul, it was all well; but he gaed away. He appeared another time, like a lustie man, and manie men and women with him; at seeing him, she signed herself, and prayed, and passed with them, and saw them making merrie with pypes, and good cheer, and wine; she was carried with them, and when she telled any of these things, she was sairlye tormented by them; and the first time she gaed with them, she gat a sair stracke frae one of them, which took all the poustie (power) of her side frae her, and left an ill-far'd mark on her side.

"She saw the gude neighbours make their saas (salves) with panns and fyres, and they gathered the herbs before the sun was up, and they cam verie fearful sometimes to her, and flaire (scared) her verie sair, which made her cry, and threatened they would use her worse than before; and at last they tuck away the power of her haile syde frae her, and made her lye manie weeks. Sometimes they would come and sit by her, and promise that she should never want if she would be faithful; but if she would speak and tell of them, they would murder her. Mr. William Sympsoune is with them who healed her, and telt her all things; he is a young man, not six years older than herself, and he will appear to her before the court comes; he told her he was taken away by them, and he bid her sign herself that she be not taken away."

Another apparition of this kind may be seen in the pamphlet which was published in 1696, under the patronage of Dr.

Fowler, Bishop of Gloucester, relative to Ann Jeffries, "who was sed for six months by a small sort of airy people, called fairies." There is every reason to suppose, that this female was either effected with hysterics, or with that highly excited state of nervous irritation, which gives rise to ecstatic illusions. The narrative of this girl, which is not worth reciting, was, nevertheless, highly interesting at the time to her superstitious neighbours, and she was induced to relate far more wonderful stories, upon which not the least dependence can be placed, as the sympathy she excited, eventually induced her to become a rank impostor.

In his *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, Mr. Douce has shown that the Samogitæ, a people formerly inhabiting the shores of the Baltic, who remained idolatrous so late as the fifteenth century, had a deity named Pulseet, whom they invoked to live with them, by placing in the barn every night, a table covered with bread, butter, cheese and ale. If these were taken away, good fortune was to be expected; but if they were left, nothing but bad luck. This spirit is the same as the Goblin Groom, Puck, or Robin Good-fellow, of the English, whose face and hands were either of a russet or green colour, who was attired in a suit of leather, and armed with a flail. For a much smaller fee than was originally given him, he would assist in threshing, churning, grinding malt or mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight. "He would chafe exceedingly," says Scot, "if the maid or good wife of the house, having compassion on his nakedness, laid any clothes for him besides his messe of white bread and milk, which was his standing fee. For in that case he saith, what have we here? Hempten, Hempten, here will I never more tread nor stampen." A similar tall lubber fiend, habited in a brown garb, was known in Scotland. Upon the condition of a little wort being laid for him, or the occasional sprinkling, upon a sacrificial stone, of a small quantity of milk, he would ensure the success of many domestic operations.

According to Olaus Magnus, the northern nations regarded domestic spirits of this description, as the souls of men who had given themselves up, during life, to illicit pleasures, and were doomed, as a punishment, to wander upon the earth, for a certain time, in the peculiar shape which they assumed, and to be bound to mortals in a sort of servitude. It is natural, there-

fore, to expect, that these familiar spirits would be the subjects of many apparitions, of which a few relations are given in Martin's account of the Second Sight in Scotland. "A spirit," says this writer, "called Brownie, was frequently seen in all the most considerable families in the isles of the north of Scotland, in the shape of a tall man, but within these twenty or thirty years, he is seen but rarely." Suffice it to observe, as regards this subject, that in the course of a few centuries, the realms of superstition were increased to almost an immeasurable extent; the consequence was, that the air, the rocks, the seas, the rivers, nay, every lake, pool, brook or spring, were so filled with spirits, both good and evil, that in each province, in the words of the Roman satirist, "*Nosiba regio tam plena est numinibus, ut facilius possis deum quam hominem invenire.*" Hence the modification which took place of systems of demonology, so as to admit of the classification of all description of devils, whether Teutonic, Celtic, or Eastern.

The popular belief in the existence of fairies still remains almost unimpaired in some of the more remote parts of the Borders of Scotland and England; though it is generally allowed that they are now very seldom *seen* in the southern parts of the island. The opinion current among the peasantry is, that, after the land had been purged from popish superstitions and prelatic corruptions, the "gude neighbours," as they were usually called, found it expedient likewise to retreat to the Highlands and other "sick like" unenlightened and uncivilized regions. A similar cause is assigned for their disappearance by Cleland, the Cameronian poet, who, as might be expected, speaks of them somewhat rigidly, though, at the same time, evidently with a degree of hankering partiality, not unlike that with which the pious mountaineers of the present day still regard these old "neighbours," in spite of all the clerical fulminations which have been so frequently launched against them. Cleland, alluding to the classical attributes of certain Border streams, whose poetical "vertu" he, with some justice, ascribes chiefly to the haunting of these ærial visions, says :

"For there, and several other places,
About mill-dams and green brae faces,
Both Elrich elfs, and Brownies stayed,
And green-gown'd fairies danced and played."

When old John Kuox and other some
Began to plott the baggs of Rome,
They suddenly took to their heels,
And did no more frequent these fields :
But if Rome's pipes perhaps they hear,
Sure for their interest they'll compear
Again, and play their old hell's tricks," &c.

Yet, though thus proscribed and exiled from our Scottish Arcadia, the fairy folk are still supposed to pay, now and then, a passing visit to their old haunts, and to keep up a sort of shy correspondence with a few favourable individuals. "A most worthy old woman of our acquaintance," says our informant, "who for the greater part of a century resided in a spot very well known to me, has long held much familiar and kindly intercourse with them. Indeed, their intercourse with old Nanzy could scarcely be otherwise than of a kindly description, for she possessed such an inexhaustible fund of good nature, and moreover entertained such a true respect for them, that the 'Brown Man of the Moors' himself, the most malignant sprite of the elfin kind, could scarcely have had the heart to do her an injury. Nanzy has frequently met with fairy processions when she chanced to be late or early out of doors, and has more than once received presents from her aërial neighbours; among other things, very nice rolls of fairy butter have occasionally been laid down before her on the grass when she had occasion to go to market. But she was too good a Christian, and too well aware of the insidious nature of such gifts, to use this in "ony meltith," though she applied it without hesitation to other household purposes.

The place where Nanzy resided was an old ruinous hamlet, containing only five habitable cottages, all of which were tenanted by old unmarried women, except one that was occupied by an aged weaver and his wife. It stood at the bottom of a black heathy hill, was dreary and desolate in appearance, and remote from even the cross roads of the country; and was very well known to be haunted, as were also several places in its immediate vicinity. At a little distance down the valley lay a marshy recess, traversed by a moorland stream, called the Laike, which, from time immemorial, had been haunted by the unhappy ghost of an unchristened infant, which a cruel mother was said to have murdered there at some former period. Many

persons have heard this wailing: though many have imagined they heard the unearthly yell, nobody was ever known to have seen it, except old Nanzy. "She gat a sight o't ae morning," she said, "just afore the skriegh o' day, as she was gaun through the Laike, on her way to the merket. Hearing its eirie erlish maenè, she lookit up the water, and just gat a glim o't as it was hovan away like i' the mist, wi its bit wee waesome hands streekit out, and its elfish body swathed like a corpse in the dead cleeding."

Still nearer the old hamlet, at about the distance of half a Scotch mile, stood an old farm-house, which, about sixty or seventy years ago, is said to have been visited by a bogle much more uncommon, as well as familiar, than the "Greetin Bairn o' the Laike." This being was neither fairy, ghost, nor Brownie, but appears to have partaken somewhat of the attributes of the whole three. Often have we, in our boyhood, listened with intense and fearful interest to the strange and mysterious tales related of this "elrich incubus;" but the purport of these was altogether so undefined and shadowy, that they cannot now be detailed with any degree of accuracy or distinctness. It was generally said, however, that this creature took on the appearance of an ancient man, wild, withered, dwarfish and deformed; that it played a number of malicious tricks to such as gave offence to it; that it never, on any occasion, was known to speak; but at length, one winter evening, it came and took a seat among the family, who were sitting round the kitchen fire; when a servant girl, who was churning, having offered it a bowl of cream, it thought fit to fly up the chimney, and was never since seen or heard of. When we met with the account of Gilpin Horner, for the first time in the notes of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," we were forcibly struck with the resemblance of that elfish sprite to this anomalous ghaist, and have ever since believed that the "Bogle of Blacklaw Myres" could be none other than the redoubted Gilpin himself, or one of his near relatives.

Though the inhabitants of the old hamlet never made any objection to these and other bogles who frequented their neighbourhood, nor even seemed to be any way adverse to a peaceable intercourse with them, they by no means exhibited the same degree of forbearance in regard to witches. They were once

put to a sore trial on this point: one of the ancient female inhabitants having died, the landlord let the cottage she had occupied to two old single women who lived together. These poor creatures had the misfortune to be strongly suspected in the neighbourhood of using the black art; which probably arose from the circumstance of one of them being very crabbed in her temper, and the other very crazed in her head. They ruled the new neighbours for a season most despotically, for none dared to quarrel with them; till at length the old weaver plucked up courage, held a council of the other cronies, and forthwith went to the landlord, and declared, in their name and his own, that unless the witches were put away next term, or else "scored aboon the breath," * all the other cotters would leave the place. It was in vain to reason on the subject, and the unhappy beldames were obliged to flit. This occurred only about twenty years ago; and one of these supposed witches (the crazy one) rather encouraged the belief of her magical endowments. She was generally known by the name of Whistling Ann.

The Plora wood, between Traquair† and Selkirk, is distinguished for a remarkable feat of the fairies, who are said to have carried off from this place a little girl, and after keeping her a considerable time, and showing her all the wonders of the fairy-land, left her asleep, as the story goes, upon the same spot

* To draw blood above the breath of a reputed witch, is to render all her spells impotent.

† *The Bush aboon Traquair*, or rather what is called the new bush, is nothing else than an ugly square clump of Scotch firs, planted on the side of a bleak hill, at a distance from every thing in the landscape that is pleasing or poetical. The rest of the scenery, however, abundantly compensates for this piece of bad taste. The situation and appearance of the old mansion of Traquair is beautiful and interesting in the highest degree. What is here most striking is the wonderful resemblance, in the whole aspect of the gate-way, avenue, and house itself, to the semi-gothic bear-guarded mansion of Tully-Veolan, as described by the author of *Waverley*. It is true, indeed, that, in place of the multitudinous representations of the *bear*, so profusely scattered around the environs of Bradwardine, we have here only the single pair which adorn the gate at the entrance of the avenue, and that the avenue itself cannot pretend to match the broad continuous shade through which *Waverley* approached the castle of the hospitable and redoubted baron; and also that several other important features are wanting to complete the resemblance; yet if one be not altogether imposed upon by one's fancy, there is a likeness sufficiently strong to support the idea, that this scene formed the original study of the most finished and bold-featured fiction of the celebrated novelist.—(*Ed Mag.*) See *Waverley*, note, p. 134.

from whence they had stolen her away. Upon this legend, Mr. Hogg is understood to have founded his very beautiful and enchanting tale of Kilmeny.

The Pastoral Braes of Plora would appear to have been peculiarly favoured by these and other beneficent genii. The following story was related by a lady of very superior intelligence, who was long resident in that neighbourhood, and remembers hearing the matter talked of, as a very recent and well-authenticated occurrence. A family who resided on the banks of the Plora were assembled one evening at family worship, and the old goodman had just concluded his pious duty, when the youngest girl, a child who had been absent unnoticed, rushed breathless into the room, and, in a perfect rapture of delight, called upon them "to come a' and look ! for the maist beautifu' leddie o' a' the world was coming sailing down the glen !"—Such was the eagerness and even ecstasy of the child, that the call was instantly obeyed, and old and young followed her straight out of doors to see this delightful vision. They looked up the glen, as she pointed, but in vain : nothing unusual could be seen or heard, till a sudden and dreadful crash behind them made every one look instantly round, and explained at once the benevolent mission of this lovely lady of the wood ; the house which had just been emptied of all its inmates, had fallen flat on the ground.

The Brownies formed a class of beings distinct in habit and disposition from the freakish and mischievous elves. They were meagre, shaggy, and wild in their appearance. Cleland, in his satire against the Highlanders, compares them to

" Fawnies, or Brownies, if ye will,
Or Satyrs come from Atlas hill."

In the day-time, the Brownies lurked in remote recesses of the old houses which they delighted to haunt ; and in the night, sedulously employed themselves in discharging any laborious task which they thought might be acceptable to the family, to whose service they had devoted themselves. But although, like Milton's lubber fiend, they love to stretch themselves by the fire, they do not drudge from the hope of recompense. On the contrary, so delicate is their attachment, that the offer of reward,

but particularly of food, infallibly occasions their disappearance for ever.

The last Brownie known in Etterick forest, resided at Bodsbeck, a wild and solitary spot, where he exercised his functions undisturbed, till the scrupulous devotion of an old lady induced her to hire him away, as it was termed, by placing in his hands a porringer of milk and a piece of money. After receiving the hint to depart, he was heard the whole night to howl and cry, "Farewell to Bonnie Bodsbeck!" which he was compelled to abandon for ever.—When the menials of a Scottish family protracted their vigils around the kitchen fire, Brownie, weary of being excluded from the midnight hearth, sometimes appeared at the door, seemed to watch their departure, and thus admonish them: "Gang a' to your beds, sirs, and dinna put out the wie grieshoch (embers)"—It seems no improbable conjecture, that the Brownies are legitimate descendants of the "Lares familiares" of the ancients.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

Many of the casts and qualities of human character have been so frequently described, and are so obviously subject to every common observation, that they can no longer have the power to interest in a drama, an epic poem, a novel, or even in the faithful narrative of true history. Thus, after Homer, Virgil, Tasso, and Milton, it is no longer easily possible to confer interesting peculiarity on the character of a hero without violating its natural propriety; and hence comes it that the heroes in our modern epic poems so slightly command our sympathy or fond enthusiastic admiration. Indeed, it would be folly to suppose that there can be any person of native genius which, without culture, observation, and experience, can in any department of writing produce those *speciosa miracula* which alone have power to astonish, or interest to charm. In the whole furniture of our circulating libraries, we have not a single novel written by a raw unexperienced youth of either sex that exhibits any happy and vigorous delineations of character. What a deep insight into human nature must there not have been necessary to enable Cervantes to imagine and develop a character so natural yet so inimitably singular as that of Don Quixote? How much must Le Sage have read and observed, to be able to paint so many faithful, yet happy, touches as the characters in his novel of Gil Blas? How careful must Fielding have observed, at least the superficies of both vulgar and fashionable life, before he could be qualified to present those genuine displays of the humour of English manners which are diffused throughout his novels? Smollett looked deep into the human mind, and often, as it should seem, with a malignant suspicious inspection, before he drew the characters of Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, and Humphrey Clinker. How much of real knowledge, the result of keen observation and of deep thought, appears in the

single character of Zeluco, by Dr. Moore? Of all our modern novelists, Charlotte Smith is one whose writings afford the most faithful, the happiest, and the most various pictures of character. Her experience, her affections, and the fluctuating course of her life, have evidently contributed not less than the nature, strength, and vivacity of her genius, to enable her to make her works, to a degree so remarkable, a great exhibition of the varieties in human nature, and of genuine English life. We would not here be understood, let it be observed, that mere reading and experience in the world will endow any person with the power of happily inventing characters for a novel:—there must be something more. The novelist is not to copy his characters from real life and books, with the servility of a plagiarist: he is to take thence only the elements—the composition of these elements into one substance, and the moulding of that into new forms, must be the work of his own genius.

The novelist, of all the writers who address themselves to the heart, appears to have a superior sway over the attention of his reader; or perhaps it were better to say that there is no species of writing for which the generality of readers show such a rooted predilection, as for romance. We are fond of examining a moral painting. We are curious to mark the modifications, the diversities, and shades of human nature. This passion is universal: and wherever a character is faithfully delineated, it is instantly observed and appreciated by all ranks of people. Now there are points of view without number from which interesting sketches of human character can be taken: and wherever there is a moral painter who, to a quick conception, and a playful fancy, joins acuteness of observation, we take it to be almost impossible that, until he ceases to write, he should ever cease to please. The very uncommon, and very deserved success of the romances which have been supplied us from the pen of the distinguished author of *Waverley*, shows that there is something more than speculation or hypothesis in this remark; and we will add, that the curiosity already alluded to, to survey the different aspects and phases of character, is, together with the great merit of these publications, a very good ground on which to argue, that they shall retain in after times the popularity which they have acquired in our own.

The author of *Waverley* has contributed a vast stock to the

fund of imaginative felicity; he has evinced a consummate knowledge of nature and the workings of the human mind, in many of his vigorous and, perhaps, unrivalled delineations of character; the creations of his fancy are pregnant with enjoyment. He has exhibited such a rare combination of mingled qualities, good and evil, as even tend to throw a charm on vice itself. However difficult it may be to preserve the truth of nature, our author, however, has fallen into the best side of the general error of his predecessors—he has made his readers in love only with vice, on account of the splendid talents and virtues with which it appears inseparably allied.

We must dissent altogether from Sir Walter's opinion, that "the worst evil to be apprehended from the perusal of novels is, that the habit is apt to generate an indisposition to useful literature and real history."

The person who devours the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, and allows his *Clarendon* to sleep on a dusty shelf, would have treated the *Lord Chancellor*, we shrewdly suspect, with equal disrespect, although Defoe's delightful novel had never existed; and many, on the other hand, who, if that had never existed, would never have troubled *Clarendon*, have their curiosity stimulated by the charm of the fiction, and are compelled to gratify it by having recourse to the history. We have had abundant evidence of this tendency in our own times. The author of *Waverley's* historical romances has, with hardly one exception, been immediately followed by republications of the comparatively forgotten authors from whom he had drawn the historical part of his materials. A new edition of *Philip de Comines* was sold rapidly during the first popularity of *Quentin Durward*. A variety of contemporaneous tracts concerning the Scotch religious and civil wars have in like manner been recalled from oblivion in consequence of *Waverley* and *Old Mortality*—and some valuable MS. memoirs even have been sent to the press solely under the influence of the curiosity which these and other novels of the same author had excited. It is certain there are more readers of novels now than in any former time; but we suspect the readers of almost all other kinds of books are increased in at least as large a proportion. The elder established classics of our literature, historians among the rest, are eternally republished: the chief of

them are obliged to be stereotyped in order to meet the constantly growing demand. Indeed, it is a most remarkable fact, that no former period, eminently distinguished for the production of works of imagination, was at all to be compared with the present, for the encouragement and favour bestowed on departments of intellectual exertion, apparently the most remote from that to which these belong. The public that is so voracious of novels, is the same public that gives ear so willingly to the expounders of many branches of science, from which our ancestors would unquestionably have turned away as utterly dry and uninteresting. The novel-readers, who remain in our time exclusively novel-readers, would, we take leave to think, have been, in the immense majority of cases, readers of exactly nothing at all, had they lived a hundred years ago.

In *Waverley*, the characters of the brave and devoted 'Vich Ian Vhor,' the eccentric and kind-hearted Baron Bradwardine, with his bears and boot-jacks,—the poor idiot David Gellatley, with his leal cunning; the two dogs, Ban and Busker, with the glorious and soul-inspiring loyalty and self-devotion of Flora M'Ivor, are master touches and dear to our recollection. Then Dominic Sampson, with his learning and his simplicity—poor Meg Merrilies, with her supernatural energies, and her simply natural feelings (we could almost cry now at the remembrance of the exquisite pathos with which she laments the loss of her humble cottage),—Dirk Hatterick, with his stern, and Gilbert Glossin, with his sly, villanies; Paul Pleydell, that prince of advocates; and Dandie Dinmont, that prince of honest hearts and iron frames—the living images of Guy Mannering: and our good friend Monkbarns, with his veneration for the press, sanctifying in our eyes, all his whims in prætoriums, old coins, and old ladles—the fisherman at the funeral, old Edie Ochiltree full of good humoured craftiness,—the high-spirited young Highlander and the seal, together with the aristocratic Baronet, and his charlatan Dunsterswivel, in the *Antiquary*.

Then, in our opinion, the chief production of all, *Old Mortality*, abounding with incident and delineation—the period of the Covenant, when Scotland would not tamely endure a corrupt kirk, and an arbitrary king—Balfour of Burley, with his fearlessness and desperate fanaticism; the maniac Mucklewrath, the sonorous Kettledrumle, the gallant but bloody Claverhouse:

the crafty clown Cuddie, and his crafty helpmate,—the old Lady Bellenden, with the eternal *déjeûner*—the unfortunate Calf Gibbie, Cuddie's mother, with her love for the cause, sadly battling in her mind with the fears of her son; and the finest character of all, the young preacher Machriar, dying in a consumption, yet still animated with divine energy in the cause of his God,—here, however, we must stop, or we shall fill this chapter with a mere catalogue of portraits painted with all the freshness of Teniers, all the richness of Rubens, all the colouring of Titian, and all the splendour, power, and boldness of Raphael.

However mighty and teeming the imagination, there is a point beyond which it cannot soar, and the distinguished author who, with confidence and intrepidity, for a course of years, not only courted, but commanded the approbation of the public, and kept, as it were, caprice stationary—he who regularly spread before us an annual banquet, without any lack of relish, or exhaustion of means, procured, for every successive performance, an additional measure of praise; and after having given the most unequivocal proofs that can be required of extraordinary genius, began at length to discover symptoms of an over-wrought and exhausted mind worn out by its own incessant liberality.

There is a time when, in the selection of characters fitted to command the sympathetic curiosity of the greatest number of those who are likely to be readers of similar productions, the mind must become exhausted, original characters cannot always be invented. “All that's bright must fade,” and the brightness of our Aurora Borealis began to diminish, more or less, with many an intervening corruscation, with the Monastery and the Abbot. The Redgauntlet is rather a prosing tale; the Bride of Lammermuir and the Legend of Montrose contain more incidents in one volume and a half, than it does in three. There is moreover no description—the salmon-striking scene is nothing compared to a similar one in Guy Mannering. Allan Fairford and his father are a thousand degrees beneath Paul Pleydell. Old Trumbell is an unnatural and unprobable hypocrite, and not half so well drawn as Gilbert Glossin. Redgauntlet, as a political enthusiast, comes far short either of Claverhouse on the one side, or Balfour on the other. Foxley, the justice, is a cy-

pler compared with Justice Ingleby in *Rob Roy*, as his clerk is to Jobson in the novel; and wandering Willie must hide his diminished head before Edie Ochiltree. The letters in the first volume are somewhat tedious and wire-drawn. The narrative in the other two is disconnected and made up in the way of common novel writers—leaving off just when the interest is excited, to begin another long story. These are the main faults in the work, and which, but for the many redeeming characters of the author, were in our opinion sufficient to damn it. There are, however, beauties—flights which could only proceed from the bow of the northern Ulysses. The character and tale of Nanty Ewart, the smuggler, are admirable and original;—a smuggler now and a pirate formerly: not the villanies of his present profession, nor the horrid barbarities of his late one—nor continued intoxication, nor habitual blasphemy, can efface from his conscience one ever-gnawing feeling, arising from the seduction of a young female, who, her chastity gone, lost her remaining virtues, became a thief, and was sent to the plantations—her poor mother turned out of doors and dying in a workhouse. Though there were no aggravating circumstances in the seduction—yet, still her former innocence, and her present fate, her mother's happiness and her mother's end, were ever before the eyes of the drunken and blaspheming smuggler and pirate—he was dying with the worm within, and the cankerings of his heart are well delineated.

WAVERLEY.

There is no small portion of poetical power, of ideal creation, in *Waverley*. Whatever there is of acquired knowledge, and there is a great deal, is reproduced in another form, differently organized for a peculiar purpose, as (to revert to a former illustration) the tree reproduces the dew and the shower in spontaneous foliage and blossom. And freely as the tree expands her branches, and multiplies her leaves, has the author of *Waverley* continued to produce with a fertility apparently inexhaustible. But let no one vainly imagine that, whatever his genius may be, he can, without long preparation and pro-

found study, produce works like these. The mind must be nourished and enriched with the appropriate aliment, and disciplined by patient exercise and practice, before it can possibly attain to the tenth part of an hair of excellence like his—still less can a writer of little genius hope to succeed as his rival or imitator. There are writers of some talent, though not very elevated either in kind or degree, who seem to think that to imitate the construction of his fable, to collect some scraps of antiquarian lore, and to introduce old names at intervals, is to write a novel in the style of Waverley. It is an error, and a fatal one.

Waverley is produced from the outpourings of the writer's mind. "From the fulness of his heart his mouth speaketh." The familiar and romantic, the gay and the grave, are blended and harmonized with peculiar grace and vigour. He seems impatient for opportunity to sparkle—to bewitty—to relieve his teeming fancy of its inventions, and his understanding of its stores of fiction and story, accumulated for the matter and embellishment of his narrative. The Spirit of Poetry is breathing all about, and glancing upon it, in the happiest light and the most amiable aspects. There is an instance of prodigality, arising from a confidence in superabundant resources, in Mrs. Rachael's tale of "Poor William," and of Lucy St. Aubin, who lived and died a maid for his sake, and who "when she found herself sinking, desired to be brought to Waverley Honour once more, and visited all the places where she had been with my grand uncle, and caused the carpets to be raised, that she might trace the impression of his blood; and if tears could have washed it out, it had not been there now, for there was not a dry eye in the house!" Then follows a fine effusion of poetry and feeling:—"You would have thought, Edward, that the very trees mourned for her, for their leaves dropped around her without a gust of wind; and indeed she looked like one that would never see them green again." The writer who could afford this expense of feeling and fancy upon such an occasion, must have felt satisfied of the sufficiency of his resources;—and that he did not vainly presume on their extent, what he was able to do in the subsequent portions of that work, and in those that immediately succeeded, abundantly testified.

BRADWARDINE.—Of the genus of Bradwardine, Colonel Stewart gives the following account: *—

“The armies of Sweden, Holland, and France gave employment to the younger sons of the Highland gentry, who were educated abroad in the seminaries of Leyden and Douay. Many of these returned with a competent knowledge of modern languages added to their classical education—often speaking Latin with more purity than Scotch, which, in many cases, they only learned after leaving their native homes. The race of Bradwardine is not long extinct. In my own time, several veterans might have sat for the picture of that most honourable, brave, learned, and kind-hearted personage. These gentlemen returned from the Continent full of warlike Latin, French phrases, and inveterate broad Scotch. One of the last of these, Colonel Alexander Robertson, of the Scotch Brigade, uncle of the present” (now late) “Stro-wan, I well remember.

“Another of the Bradwardine character is still remembered by the Highlanders with a degree of admiration bordering on enthusiasm. This was John Stewart, of the family of Kincardine, in Strathspey, known to the country by the name of John Roy Stewart, an accomplished gentleman, an elegant scholar, a good poet, and a brave officer. He composed with equal facility in English, Latin, and Gaelic: but it was chiefly by his songs, epigrams, and descriptive pieces, that he attracted the admiration of his countrymen. He was an active leader in the rebellion of 1745, and during his ‘hiding’ of many months, he had more leisure to indulge his taste for poetry and song. The country traditions are full of his descriptive pieces, eulogies, and laments on friends, or in allusion to the events of that unfortunate period. He had been long in the service of France and Portugal, and had risen to the rank of colonel. He was in Scotland in 1745, and commanded a regiment, composed of the tenants of his family and a considerable number of the followers of Sir George Stewart of Grandtully, who had been placed under him. With these, amounting in all to 400 men, he joined the rebel army, and proved one of its ablest partizans.”

Diligent research, however, has enabled us to point out a

* Sketches, vol. II. Notes.

much nearer original.—The person who held the situation in the rebel army, which in the novel has been assigned to the Baron, namely, the command of their few cavalry, was Alexander, fourth Lord Forbes of Pitsligo. This nobleman, who possessed but a moderate fortune, was so much esteemed for his excellent qualities of temper and understanding, that when, after the battle of Prestonpans, he declared his purpose of joining Prince Charles, most of the gentlemen in that part of the country put themselves under his command, thinking they could not follow a better or safer example than the conduct of Lord Pitsligo. He thus commanded a body of 150 well mounted gentlemen in the subsequent scenes of the rebellion, at the fatal close of which he escaped to France, and was attainted, in the following month, by the title of Lord Pitsligo, his estate and honours being of course forfeited to the crown. After this he claimed the estate before the Court of Session, on account of the misnomer, his title being properly Lord Forbes of Pitsligo; and that Court gave judgment in his favour, 16th November, 1749; but, on an appeal, it was reversed by the House of Lords, 1750.

Like Bradwardine, Lord Pitsligo had been *out* in 1715 also—though it does not appear that much notice was then taken of his defection. His opposition to the whiggery of modern times had been equally constant, and of long standing; for he was one of those stanch and honourable though mistaken patriots of the last Scottish Parliament, who had opposed the Union.

He could also boast of a smattering of the belles lettres; and probably plumed himself upon his literary attainments as much as the grim old pedant, his counterpart. In 1734, he published “Essays, Moral and Philosophical;” and something of the same sort appeared in 1761, when he seems to have been in the near prospect of a conclusion to his earthly trials. He died at Auchiries, in Aberdeenshire, December 21, 1762, at an advanced age, after having possessed his title, counting from his accession in 1691, during a period of seventy-one years.

It is not unworthy of remark, that the supporters of Lord Pitsligo’s arms were two bears proper; which circumstance, connected with the great favour in which these animals were held by Bradwardine, brings the relation between the real and the fictitious personages very close.

DAVIE GELLATLEY.—It appears that licensed fools were customary appendages of the Scottish Court at a very early period; and the time is not long gone by, when such beings were retained at the table and in the halls of various respectable noblemen. The absence of more refined amusements made them become as necessary a part of a baronial establishment as horses and hounds still continue to be in the mansions of many modern squires. When as yet the pursuits of literature were not, and ere gaming had become vicious enough to be fashionable, the rude humours of the jester could entertain a pick-tooth hour; and what val-nuts now are to wine, and enlightened conversation to the amusements of the drawing-room, the boisterous bacchanalianism of our ancestors once found in coarse buffooneries and the alternate darkness and radiance of a foolish mind.

In later times, when all taste for such diversion had gone out, the madman of the country-side frequently found shelter and patronage under the roofs of neighbouring gentlemen; but though the good things of Daft Jamie and Daft Wattie were regularly listened to by the laird, and preserved in the traditions of the household, the encouragement given to them was rather extended out of a benevolent compassion for their helpless condition than from any desire to make their talents a source of entertainment. Such was the motive of Bradwardine in protecting Davie Gellatley; and such was also that of the late Earl of Wemyss, in the support which he gave to the renowned Willie Howison, a personage of whom many anecdotes are yet told in Haddingtonshire, and whose services at Gosford House were not unlike those of Davie at Tully-Veolan.

Till within the last few years, these unfortunate persons were more frequently to be found in their respective villages throughout the country than now; and it is not long since even Edinburgh could boast of her "Daft Laird," her "Bailie Duff," and her "Madam Bouzie." Numerous charitable institutions now seclude most of them from the world. Yet, in many retired districts, where delicacy is not apt to be shocked by sights so common, the blind, the dumb, and the insane are still permitted to mix indiscriminately with their fellow-creatures. Poverty compels many parents to take the easiest method of supporting their unfortunate offspring—that of bringing them up with the rest of the fa-

mily: the decent pride of the Scottish peasant also makes an application to charity, even in such a case as this, a matter of very rare occurrence; and while superstition points out, that those whom God has sent into the world with less than the full share of mental faculties are always made most peculiarly the objects of his care, thus rendering the possession of such a child rather a medium through which the blessings of heaven are diffused than a burden or a curse, the affectionate desire of administering to them all those tender offices which their unhappy situation so peculiarly requires, of tending them with their own eyes, and nursing them with their own hands, make their domestication a matter of strong, and happily not unpleasing, necessity.

The rustic idiots of Scotland are also in general blessed with a few peculiarities, which seldom fail to make them objects of popular esteem and affection. Many of them exhibit a degree of sagacity or cunning, bearing the same relation to the rest of their intellectual faculties which, in the ruins of a Grecian temple, the coarse and entire foundations bear to the few and scattered, but beautiful fragments of the superstructure. This humble qualification, joined sometimes to the more agreeable one of a shrewd and sly humour, while it enables them to keep their own part, and occasionally to baffle sounder judgments, proves an engaging subject of amusement and wonder to the cottage fireside. A wild and wayward fancy, powers of song singularly great, together with a full share of the above qualifications, formed the chief characteristics of Daft Jock Gray of Gilmanscleugh, whom we are about to introduce to the reader as the counterpart of Davie Gellatley.

John Gray is a native of Gilmanscleugh, a farm in the parish of Etterick, of which his father was formerly the shepherd, and from which, according to Border custom, he derives his popular designation or title "of Gilmanscleuch." Jock is now above fifty years of age, and still wanders through the neighbouring counties of Roxburgh, Selkirk, and Peebles, in a half minstrel, half mendicant manner, finding, even after the fervour of youth is past, no pleasure in a sedentary or domestic life.

Many months, many weeks, had not elapsed after Jock came into the world, before all the old women of the Faculty in the parish discovered that "he had a want." As he grew up, it was found that he had no capacity for the learning taught at the pa-

rish school, though, in receiving various other sorts of lore, he showed an aptitude far surpassing that of more highly-gifted children. Thus, though he had not steadiness of mind to comprehend the alphabet, and Barrie's smallest primer was to him as a fountain closed and a book sealed, he caught, at a wonderfully early age, and with a rapidity almost incredible, many fragments of Border song, which he could repeat, with the music, in the precise manner of those who instructed him ; and indeed he discovered an almost miraculous power of giving utterance to sounds, in all their extensive and intricate varieties.

All endeavours on the part of his parents to communicate to his mind the seed of written knowledge having failed, Jock was abandoned to the oral lore he loved so much ; and of this he soon possessed himself of an immense stock. His boyhood was passed in perfect idleness ; yet if it could have been proved upon him that he had the smallest glimmering of sense, his days would not have been so easy. In Jock's native district there are just two ways for a boy to spend his time ; either he must go to school, or he must tend the cows ; and it generally happens that he goes to school in summer, and tends the cows in winter. But Jock's idiocy, like Caleb Balderstone's "fire," was an excuse for every duty. As to the first employment, his friend the Dominie bore him out with flying colours ; for the second, the question was set for ever at rest by a coup-de-main achieved by the rascal's own happy fancy. "John," says the minister of Yarrow to him one day, "you are the idlest boy in the parish ; you do nothing all day but go about from house to house ; you might at least herd a few cows." "Me, Sir !" says Jock, with the most stolid stare imaginable, "how could I herd the kye ? Losh, Sir, I disna ken corn by garse !"—This happy hit was enough to keep Jock comfortable all the rest of his life.

There is one species of employment in which Jock always displays the utmost willingness to be engaged. It must be understood, that, like many sounder men, he is a great admirer of the fair sex. He exhibits an almost chivalrous devotion to their cause, and takes great pleasure in serving them. Any little commission with which they may please to honour him, he executes with alacrity, and his own expression is, that he would "jump Tweed, or dive the Wheel (a deep eddy in Tweed), for their sakes." He requires no reward for his ser-

vices, but, like a true knight, begs only to kiss the hand of his fair employer, and is satisfied. It may be observed, that he is at all times fond of saluting the hands of ladies that will permit him.

The author of *Waverley* has described Davie Gellatley as dressed in a grey jerkin, with scarlet cuffs, and slashed sleeves, showing a scarlet lining, a livery with which the Baron of Bradwardine indued him, in consideration of his services and character. Daft Jock Gray has at no period of his life exhibited so much personal magnificence. His usual dress is a rather shabby suit of hodden grey, with ridge and furrow* stockings; and the utmost extent of his finery is a pair of broad red garters, bound neatly below the knee-strings of his nether garments, of which, however, he is probably more vain than ever belted knight was of the royal garter. But waving the matter of dress, their discrepance in which is purely accidental, the resemblance is complete in every other respect. The face, mien, and gestures are exactly the same. Jock walks with all that swing of the body and arms, that abstracted air and sauntering pace, which figure in the description of Davie,† and which, it may indeed be said, are peculiar to the whole genus and body of Scottish madmen. Jock's face is equally handsome in its outline with that given to the fool of Tully-Veolan, and is no less distinguished by "that wild, unsettled, and irregular expression, which indicated neither idiocy nor insanity, but something resembling a compound of both, where the simplicity of the fool was mixed with the extravagance of a crazed imagination." Add to this happy picture the prosaic and somewhat unromantic circumstance of a pair of buck-teeth, and the reader has our friend Jock to a single feature.

Like Davie Gellatley, Jock "is in good earnest the half-crazed simpleton which he appears to be, and incapable of any steady exertion. He has just so much wild wit as saves him from the imputation of insanity, warm affections, a prodigious memory, and an ear for music." This latter quality is a point of resemblance which puts all question of their identity past the possibility of doubt. Davie, it must be well remembered by

* See Introduction to "*Peveril*," where the Scottish Novelist describes himself as wearing such old-fashioned habiliments.

† *Waverley*, p. 137.

the readers of Waverley, is there represented as constantly singing wild scraps of ancient songs and ballads, which, by a beautiful fiction of the author, he is said to have received in legacy from a poetical brother who died in a decline some years before. His conversation was in general carried on by means of these, to the great annoyance of young Waverley, and such as, like him, did not comprehend the strange metaphorical meanings of his replies and allusions. Now, Jock's principal talent and means of subsistence are vested in his singular and minstrel-like powers of song, there being few of our national melodies of which he cannot chaunt forth a verse, as the occasion may suggest to his memory. He never fails to be a welcome guest with all the farmers he may chance to visit,* on account of his faculties of entertaining them with the tender or warlike ditties of the Border, or the more smart and vulgar songs of the modern world. It is to be remarked, that his style of singing, like the styles of all other great geniuses in the fine arts, is entirely his own. Sometimes his voice soars to the ecstasy of the highest, and sometimes descends to the melancholious grunt of the lowest pitch; while ever and anon he throws certain wild and beautiful variations into both the words and the music, *ad libitum*, which altogether stamp his performances with a character of the most perfect originality. He generally sings very much through his nose, especially in humorous songs; and, from his making a curious hiss, or twang, on setting off into a melody, one might almost think that he employs his notorious buck-teeth in the capacity of what musicians term a pitchfork.

In addition to his talent as a musician, Jock can also boast of a supplementary one, by means of which, whenever memory fails in his songs, he can supply, *currente voce*, all incidental deficiencies. He is not only a wit and a musician, but also a poet! He has composed several songs, which by no means want admirers in the country, though the most of them scarcely deserve the praise of even mediocrity. Indeed his poetical talents are of no higher order than what the author of an excellent article in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* happily terms "wonderfully well considering;" and seem to be admired by his rustic

* While Sir Walter Scott resided at Ashesteil, Jock frequently visited him, and was much noticed, on account of his strange humours and entertaining qualities.

friends only on the benevolent principle of "where little has been given, let little be required."

He has, however, another most remarkable gift, which the author of *Waverley* has entirely rejected in conceiving the revised and enlarged edition of his character,—a wonderful turn for mimicry. His powers in this art are far, far indeed, from contemptible, though it unfortunately happens that, like almost all rustic Scottish humorists, he makes ministers and sacred things his chief and favourite objects. He attends the preachings of all the ministers that fall within the scope of his peregrinations, and sometimes brings away whole tenthlies of their several sermons, which he lays off to any person that desires him, with a faithfulness of imitation, in tone and gesture, which never fails to convulse his audience with laughter. He has made himself master of all the twangs, soughs, wheezes, coughs, snirtles, and bleatings, peculiar to the various parish ministers twenty miles round; and being himself of no particular sect, he feels not the least delicacy or compunction for any single class of divines—all are indiscriminately familiar to the powers of the universal Jock!

It is remarkable, that though the Scottish peasantry are almost without exception pious, they never express, so far as we have been able to discover, the least demur respecting the profanity and irreverence of this exhibition. The character of the nation may appear anomalous on this account. But we believe the mystery may be solved by supposing them so sincerely and unaffectedly devout, in all that concerns the sentiment of piety, that they do not suspect themselves of any remissness, when they make the outward circumstances, and even the ordinances of religion, the subject of wit. It is on this account, that in no country, even the most lax in religious feeling, have the matters of the Church been discussed so freely as in Scotland; and nowhere are there so many jokes and good things about ministers and priests. In this case the very ministers themselves have been known to listen to Daft Jock's mimicries of their neighbours with unqualmed delight,—never thinking, good souls, that the impartial rascal has just as little mercy on themselves at the next manse he visits. It is also to be remarked, that, in thus quizzing the worthy ministers, he does not forget to practise what the country-people consider a piece of exquisite satire on the

habits of such as read their sermons. Whenever he imitates any of those degenerate divines, who, by their unpopularity, form quite a sect by themselves in the country, and are not nearly so much respected as extempore preachers,* he must have either a book or a piece of paper open before him, from which he gravely affects to read the subject of discourse; and his audience are always trebly delighted with this species of exhibition. He was once amusing Mrs. C——, the minister's wife of Selkirk, with some imitations of the neighbouring clergymen, when she at last requested him to give her a few words in the manner of Dr. C——, who being a notorious reader, "Ou, Mem," says Jock, "ye maun bring me the Doctor's Bible then, and I'll gie ye him in style." She brought the Bible, little suspecting the purpose for which the wag intended it, when, with the greatest effrontery, he proceeded to burlesque this unhappy peculiarity of the worthy Doctor, in the presence of his own wife.

Jock was always a privileged character in attending all sorts of kirks, though many ministers, who dreaded a future sufferance under his relentless caricaturing powers, would have been glad to exclude him. He never seems to pay any attention to the sermon, nor even deigns to sit down, like other decent Christians, but wanders constantly about from gallery to gallery, up stairs and down stairs. His erratic habit is not altogether without its use. When he observes any person sleeping during the sermon, he reaches over to the place, and taps him gently on the head with his kent till he awake; should he in any of his future rounds (for he parades as regularly about as a policeman in a large city), observe the drowsy person repeating the offence, he gives him a tremendous thwack over the pate; and he increases the punishment so much at every subsequent offence, that, like the military punishment for desertion, the third infliction almost amounts to death itself. A most laughable incident once occurred in —— Church, on a drowsy summer afternoon, when the

* A respectable clergyman of our acquaintance, who is in the habit of preaching his elegant discourses with the help of MS., was once extremely amused with the declaration of a hearer, who professed himself repugnant to that practice. "Doctor," says he, "ye're just a slave to the bit paper, and nane o' us ha'e that respect for ye that we ought to ha'e; but, to do ye justice, I maun confess, that since I changed my seat in the loft, and ha'n' ye now sae fair atween my een, so that I can hear without seeing ye, sient a bit but I think ye're just as good as auld Threshin' Willy himsel!"

windows were let down, admitting and emitting a thousand flies, whose monotonous buzz, joined to the somniferous snuffle of Dr. —, would have been fit music for the bed-chamber of Morpheus, even though that honest god was lying ill of the tooth-ache, the gout, or any other equally waukrife disorder. A bailie, who had dined, as is usual in most country towns, between sermons, could not resist the propensity of his nature, and, fairly overpowered, at last was under the necessity of affronting the preacher to his very face, by laying down his head upon the book-board; when his capacious, bald, round crown, might have been mistaken, at first sight, for the face of the clock placed in the front of the gallery immediately below. Jock was soon at him with his stick, and with great difficulty succeeded in rousing him. But the indulgence was too great to be long resisted, and down again went the bailie's head. This was not to be borne. Jock considered his authority sacred, and feared not either the frowns of elders, nor the more threatening scowls of kirk-officers, when his duty was to be done. So his arm went forth, and the kent descended a second time with little reverence upon the offending sconce; upon which the magistrate started up with an astonished stare, in which the sentiment of surprise was as completely concentrated as in the face of the inimitable Mackay, when he cries out, "Hang a magistrate! My conscience!" The contrast between the bailie's stupid and drowsy face, smarting and writhing from the blow, which Jock had laid on pretty soundly, and the aspect of the natural himself, who still stood at the head of the pew, shaking his stick, and looking at the magistrate with an air in which authority, admonition, and a threat of further punishment, were strangely mingled,—altogether formed a scene of striking and irresistible burlesque; and while the Doctor's customary snuffle was increased to a perfect whimper of distress, the whole congregation showed in their faces evident symptoms of every thing but the demureness proper to a place of worship.

Sometimes, when in a sitting mood, Jock takes a modest seat on the pulpit stairs, where there likewise usually roost a number of deaf old women, who cannot hear in any other part of the church. These old ladies, whom the reader will remember as the unfortunate persons that Dominie Sampson sprawled over, in his premature descent from the pulpit, when he *stickit* his first

preaching, our waggish friend would endeavour to torment by every means which his knavish humour could invent. He would tread upon their corns, lean amorously upon their laps, purloin their specks (spectacles), set them on a false scent after the psalm, and, sometimes getting behind them, plant his longest and most serious face over their black cathedral-looking bonnets, like an owl looking over an ivied wall, while few of the audience could contain their gravity at the extreme humour of the scene. The fun was sometimes, as we ourselves have witnessed, not a little enhanced by the old lady upon whom Jock was practising, turning round, in holy dudgeon, and dealing the unlucky wag a vengeful thwack across the face with her heavy octavo Bible. We have also seen a very ludicrous scene take place, when, on the occasion of a baptism, he refused to come down from his citadel, and defied all the efforts which James Kerr, the kirk-officer, made to dislodge him; while the father of the child, waiting below to present it, stood in the most awkward predicament imaginable, not daring to venture upon the stairs while Jock kept possession of them.

The naturals, or idiots, of Scotland, of whom the Davie Gellatley of fictitious, and the Daft Jock Gray of real life, may be considered as good specimens, form a class of our countrymen which it is our anxious desire should be kept in remembrance. Many of the anecdotes told of them are extremely laughable, and we are inclined to prize such things, on account of the just exhibitions they sometimes afford of genuine human nature. The sketch we have given, and the anecdotes which we are about to give, may perhaps be considered valuable on this account, and also from their connexion, moreover, with the manners of rustic life in the Lowlands of Scotland.

Daft Willie Law of Kirkaldy was a regular attendant on tent-preachings, and would scour the country thirty miles round in order to be present at "an occasion."* One warm summer-day, he was attending the preaching at Abbots-Hall, when, being very near-sighted, and having a very short neck, he stood

* The country people call a dispensation of the greater Sacrament "an occasion." It is also scoffingly termed "the Holy Fair." In Edinburgh it is called "the Preachings." But it must be observed, these phrases are only applied in reference to the outward circumstances, and not to the holy ceremony itself.

quite close to "the tent," gaping in the minister's face, who, greatly irritated at a number of his hearers being fast asleep, bawled out, "For shame, Christians, to lie sleeping there, while the glad tidings of the gospel are sounding in your ears; and here is Willie Law, a poor idiot, hearing me with great attention!" "Eh go! sir, that's true," says Willie; "but if I hadna been a puir idiot, I would have been sleeping too!"

The late John Berry, Esq. of Wester Bogie, was married to a distant relation of Daft Willie, upon which account the poor fellow used a little more freedom with that gentleman than with any other who was in the habit of noticing him. Meeting Mr. Berry one day in Kirkaldy, he cries, "God bless you, Mr. Berry! gie's a bawbee, gie's a bawbee." "There, Willie," says Mr. Berry, giving him what he thought a halfpenny, but which he immediately saw was a shilling. "That's no a gude bawbee, Willie," continues he; "gie me't back, and I'll gie ye anither ane for't." "Na, na," quoth Willie, "it sets daft Willie Law far better to put away an ill bawbee than it wad do you, Mr. Berry." "Ay, but Willie, if ye dinna gie me't back, I'll never gie ye anither ane." "Deil may care," says the wag, "it'll be lang or I get ither four-and-twenty frae ye!"

Willie was descended from an ancient Scottish family, and nearly related to John Law of Lauriston, the celebrated financier of France. On that account he was often spoken to and noticed by gentlemen of distinction; and he wished always to appear on the most intimate terms with the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. Posting one day through Kirkcaldy with more than ordinary speed, he was met by Mr. Oswald of Dumnikier, who asked him where he was going in such a hurry. "I'm gaun to my cousin Lord Elgin's burial." "Your cousin Lord Elgin's burial, you fool! Lord Elgin's not dead! "Ah, deil may care," quoth Willie; "there's sax doctors out o' Embro' at him, and they'll hae him dead afore I win forat!"

Of Matthew Gathie, an East Lothian idiot, numerous characteristic anecdotes are related. He lives by begging in the town of North Berwick, and is well treated by the people there, on account of his extreme inoffensiveness. Like Daft Jock Gray, he is fond of going into churches, where his appearance does not fail to set the people a-staring. On one occasion, the minister, pointing to Matthew, said, "That person must be put out before we can proceed." Matthew, hearing this, exclaimed, "Put him out wha likes, I'll

hae nae hand in't!"—Another time, the minister said "Mathew must be put out!" when Matthew got up and replied, "Oh! Geordie, man, ye needna fash—Matthew can gang out himsel'!"

The Earl of Wemyss, walking one day, found his fool, Willie Howison, asleep upon the ground, and, rousing him, asked what he had been dreaming about. "Ou, my lord," says Willie, "I dreamed that I was in hell!" "Ay, Willie, and pray what did ye observe there?" "Ou, my lord, it's just there as it's here—the grit folk's ta'en *farrest ben*!"

Selkirkshire boasts of several highly amusing idiots, all of whom John Gray once made the subject of a song, in which each of them received some complimentary mention. Himself, Davie o' the Inch, Caleb and Robbie Scott, and Jamie Renwick, are the chief heroes. Caleb, a very stupid natural, was once engaged by a troop of wandering showfolks to personate the character of an orang-outang at a Melrose fair; the regular orang-outang of the establishment having recently left his keepers in the lurch, by marrying a widow in Berwick, which enabled him to give up business, and retire to the shades of domestic privacy. Caleb performed very well, and, being appropriately tarred and feathered, looked the part to perfection. Amateurship alone would have soon reconciled him to be an orang-outang all the rest of his life, and to have left Selkirkshire behind; for, according to his own account, he had nothing to do but hold his tongue, and sit munching apples all day long. But his stars had not destined him for so enviable a life of enjoyment. A drunken farmer coming in to see "the wild man of the woods," out of pure mischief gave Caleb a lash across the shoulders with his whip, when the poor fellow roaring out in his natural voice, a mortifying denouement took place; the showfolks were affronted and hissed out of the town, and Caleb was turned off at a moment's notice, with all his blushing honours thick upon him!

Jamie Renwick has more sense and better perceptions than Caleb Scott, but he is much more intractable and mischievous. He is a tall, stout, wild-looking fellow, and might perhaps make as good a hyæna as Caleb made an orang-outang. Once, being upon an excursion along with Jock Gray, they came to a farmhouse, and, in default of better accommodation, were lodged in the barn. They did not like this treatment at all, and Jock, in particular, was so irritated, that he would not rest, but got up

and walked about, amusing himself with some of his wildest and most sonorous melodies. This, of course, annoyed his companion, who, being inclined to sleep, was making the best he could of a blanket and a bundle of straw. "Come to your bed, ye skirlin' deevil!" cries Jamie; "I canna get a wink o' sleep for ye: I daursay the folk will think us daft! Od, if ye dinna come and lie down this instant, I'll rise and bring ye to your senses wi' my' rung!"—"Faith," says Jock, "if ye do *that*, it will be mair than any ither body has ever been able to do!" It will be remembered that even the minister of Yarrow himself failed in accomplishing this consummation so devoutly to be wished.

The following anecdote, from Colonel Stewart's work on the Highlands, displays a strange instance of mingled sagacity and fidelity in a Celtic madman; and has, we have no doubt, been made use of in the Author of Waverley's examples of the fidelity of Davie Gellatley, as exerted in behalf of his unfortunate patron on similar occasions:—

"In the years 1746 and 1747, some of the gentlemen 'who had been out' in the rebellion were occasionally concealed in a deep woody den near my grandfather's house. A poor half-witted creature, brought up about the house, was, along with many others, entrusted with the secret of their concealment, and employed in supplying them with necessaries. It was supposed that when the troops came round on their usual searches, they would not imagine that he could be intrusted with so important a secret, and, consequently, no questions would be asked. One day two ladies, friends of the gentlemen, wished to visit them in their cave, and asked Jamie Forbes to show them the way. Seeing that they came from the house, and judging from their manner that they were friends, he did not object to their request, and walked away before them. When they had proceeded a short way, one of the ladies offered him five shillings. The instant he saw the money, he put his hands behind his back, and seemed to lose all recollection. 'He did not know what they wanted: he never saw the gentlemen, and knew nothing of them;' and, turning away, walked in a quite contrary direction. When questioned afterwards why he ran away from the ladies, he answered, that when they had offered him such a sum (five shillings was of some value seventy years ago, and would have bought two sheep in the

Highlands), he suspected they had no good intention, and that their fine clothes and fair words were meant to entrap the gentlemen."

RORY DALL, THE HARPER.—An allusion is made to this celebrated musician in the description of Flora MacIvor's performance upon the harp in the Highland glen. "Two paces back stood Cathleen, holding a small Scottish harp, the use of which had been taught her by Rory Dall, one of the last harpers of the Western Islands." *—Roderick Morison, called Dall on account of his blindness, lived in Queen Anne's time, in the double capacity of harper and bard to the family of MacLeod of MacLeod. Many of his songs and poems are still repeated by his countrymen.

THE BODACH GLAS.—The original of the Bodach Glas, whose appearance proved so portentous to the family of the MacIvors, may probably be traced to a legend current in the ancient family of MacLaine of Lochbuy, in the Island of Mull, noticed by Sir Walter Scott in a note to his "Lady of the Lake."† The popular tradition is, that whenever any person descended of that family is near death, the spirit of one of them, who was slain in battle, gives notice of the approaching event. There is this difference between the Bodach Glas and him, that the former appeared on these solemn occasions only to the chief of the house of MacIvor, whereas the latter never misses an individual descended of the family of Lochbuy, however obscure, or in whatever part of the world he may be.

The manner of his showing himself is sometimes different, but he uniformly appears on horseback. Both the horse and himself seem to be of a very diminutive size, particularly the head of the rider, from which circumstance he goes under the the appellation of "Eoghan a chinn blig," or "Hugh of the little head." Sometimes he is heard riding furiously round the house, where the person is about to die, with an extraordinary noise, like the rattling of iron chains. At other times he is discovered with his horse's head nearly thrust in at a door or window; and, on such occasions, whenever observed, he gallops off in the manner already described, the hooves of his steed striking fire from

* See Waverley, p. 247.

† Note 7 to Canto III.

flinty rocks. The effects of such a visit on the inmates of the dwelling may be easily conceived when it is considered that it was viewed as an infallible prognostication of approaching death—an event at which the stoutest heart must recoil, when the certainty is placed before him of his hours being numbered. Like his brother spirits, he seems destined to perform his melancholy rounds amidst nocturnal darkness, the horrors of which have a natural tendency to increase the consternation of a scene in itself sufficiently appalling.

The origin of the tradition is involved in the obscurity of antiquity. It is related of him that, on the eve of a battle in which he was to be engaged, a weird woman prophesied to him, that if his wife (who was a daughter of MacDougall of Lorn), on the morning when he was to set out on his expedition, had his breakfast prepared before he was ready for it, good fortune would betide him; if, on the other hand, he had to call for his breakfast, he would lose his life in the conflict. It seems he was not blest with an affectionate spouse; for, on the morning in question, after waiting a considerable time, he had at last to call for his breakfast, not, however, without upbraiding his wife, by informing her of what was to be the consequence of her want of attention. The presentiment that he was to fall may have contributed to the fulfilment of the prophecy, which was accomplished as a matter of course. This part of the story probably refers to one of the MacLaines of Lochbuy, who was married to a daughter of MacDougall of Lorn, and who, with his two eldest sons, was killed in a feud with their neighbours, the MacLeans of Duart, which had nearly proved fatal to the family of Lochbuy. This happened in the reign of King James IV.

It has not come to our knowledge for what cause the penance imposed on Eoghan a chinn bhig of giving warning to all his clan of their latter end—whether for deeds done in this life, or whether (as some people imagine that departed spirits act as guardian angels to the living), he is thus permitted to show his regard for his friends by visiting them in their last moments, to prepare them for another world. The latter would appear to be the most probable, from a circumstance reported of him, which seems rather at variance with his general character of a

harbinger of death. It is said that he took a great fancy to a near relation of the family of Lochbuy (called, by way of patronymic, John M'Charles), to whom he paid frequent visits, and communicated several particulars respecting the future fate of the family. Whenever he wished an interview with his favourite, he would come to his door, from which he would not stir till John M' Charles came out; when he would pull him up behind him on his Pegasus, and ride all night over hills, rocks, woods, and wilds, at the same time conversing with him familiarly of several events that were to happen in the Lochbuy family, one of which is said to have been accomplished, about forty years ago, according to his prediction.

This tiny personage, though light of limb, has the reputation of being, like all other unearthly beings, endued with supernatural strength, of which his exploits with John M'Charles afford an instance. Not many years ago, a man in Mull, when returning home about dusk, perceived a person on horseback coming towards him. Supposing it might be some person whom he knew, he went up to speak to him; but the horseman seemed determined to pass on without noticing him. Thinking he observed something remarkable in the appearance of the rider, he approached close to him, when he was unexpectedly seized by the collar, and forcibly dragged about a quarter of a mile by the stranger, who at last abandoned his hold, after several ineffectual attempts to place his terrified victim behind him, which, being a powerful man, he successfully resisted. He was, however, so much bruised in the scuffle, that it was with difficulty he could make his way home, although he had only about half-a mile to go. He immediately took to his bed, which he did not leave for some days, his friends wondering all the time what could be the matter with him. It was not until he told the story, as we have related it, that the adventure was known. And as, after the strictest inquiry, it could not be ascertained that any person on horseback had passed that way on the evening on which it took place, it was, by the unanimous voice of all the seers and old wives in the neighbourhood, laid down as an incontrovertible proposition, that the equestrian stranger could be no other than "Eoghan a chinn bhig."

In whatever way the tradition originated, certain it is that, at

one time, it was very generally, if not universally, received over the island of Mull and adjacent parts. Like other superstitions of similar nature, it has gradually given way to the more enlightened ideas of modern times, and the belief is now confined to the vulgar.

GUY MANNERING.

GROUNDWORK OF THE NOVEL.*—"Sir Robert Maxwell of Orchardston, in the county of Galloway, was the descendant of an ancient Roman Catholic family of title in the south of Scotland. He was the only child of a religious and bigoted recluse, who sent him, while yet very young, to a college of Jesuits in Flanders, for education—the paternal estate being, in the meantime, wholly managed by the boy's uncle, the brother of the devotee, to whom he resigned the guardianship of the property, in order that he might employ the remainder of his days exclusively in acts of devotion. In the family of Orchardston, as, indeed, in most great families of that day, the younger branches were but ill provided for, and looked to the inheritor of the family estate alone for the means of supporting their rank in society: the liberal professions and the employments of trade were still considered somewhat dishonourable; and the unfortunate junior, nursed with inflated ideas of consequence and rank, was doomed in after life to exercise the servility and experience the mortification of an humble dependant. In this case, the culpable negligence of the father had transferred the entire management of a large estate to his younger brother, who was so delighted in the possession, that he resolved to retain it, to the exclusion of the rightful heir. He consequently circulated a report that the boy was dead; and, on the death of the old baronet, which took place about this period, he laid claim to the title and estate. In the meantime, our young hero was suffering (very reluctantly) the severe discipline of the Jesuits' college, his expenses being defrayed by occasional supplies sent him by his uncle, which were represented to him as the bounties of the college—a story which he could not discredit, as he had been placed there at an

* From the *New Monthly Magazine*, June, 1819.

age too young to know distinctly either who he was or whence he came. He was intelligent and docile; and was deemed of sufficient capacity to become hereafter one of their own learned body, with which view he was educated. When at the age of sixteen, he found the discipline and austerities of a monastic life so ill suited to his inclination, that, on a trivial dispute with the superior of his college, he ran away, and enlisted himself in a French marching regiment. In this situation he sustained all the hardships of hunger, long marches, and incessant alarms; and, as it was in the hottest part of the war between France and England, about the year 1743, it may easily be imagined that his situation was by no means enviable. He fought as a foot-soldier at the battle of Dettingen; he was also at the battle of Fontenoy; and landed, as an ensign in the French troops, at Murray Frith, during the rebellion of 1745. He joined the rebels a little before the battle of Prestonpans, marched with them to Derby, and retreated with them to Scotland. He was wounded at the battle of Culloden, and fled with a few friends to the woods of Lochaber, where he remained the greater part of the summer of 1746, living upon the roots of trees, goats' milk, and the oat-meal and water of such peasants as he durst confide in. Knowing, however, that it would be impossible to continue this course of life during the winter, he began to devise means of effecting his return to France—perfectly unconscious that, in the country where he was suffering all the miseries of an outcast criminal, he was entitled to the possession of an ample estate and title. His scheme was to gain the coast of Galloway, where he hoped to get on board some smuggling vessel to the Isle of Man, and from thence to France. The hardships which he suffered in the prosecution of this plan would require a volume in their description. He crept through by-ways by night, and was forced to lie concealed among rocks and woods during the day. He was reduced almost to a state of nudity, and his food was obtained from the poorest peasants, in whom only he could confide. Of this scanty subsistence he was sometimes for days deprived; and, to complete his misfortunes, he was, after having walked barefooted over rocks, briers, and unfrequented places, at length discovered, seized, and carried before a magistrate near Dumfries. As his name was Maxwell, which he did not attempt to conceal, he would have suffered as a rebel, had not

his commission as a French officer been found in the lining of his tattered coat, which entitled him to the treatment of a prisoner of war. This privilege, however, only extended to the preservation of his life. He was confined in a paved stone dungeon so long, that he had amused himself by giving names to each stone which composed the pavement, and which, in after life, he took great pleasure in relating and pointing out to his friends. An old woman, who had been his nurse in childhood, was at this time living in Dumfries, where he was a prisoner; and having accidentally seen him, and becoming acquainted with his name, apparent age, &c. felt an assurance that he was the rightful Sir Robert Maxwell. The indissoluble attachment of the lower orders in Scotland to their chiefs is well known; and, impelled by this feeling, this old and faithful domestic attended him with almost maternal affection, administering liberally to his distresses. After an interview of some weeks, she made him acquainted with her suspicion, and begged leave to examine a mark which she remembered upon his body. This proof also concurring, she became outrageous with joy, and ran about the streets proclaiming the discovery she had made. This rumour reaching the ears of the magistrates, inquiry was made, the proofs were examined, and it soon became the general opinion that he was the son of the old baronet of Orchardston. The estate lay but a few miles from Dumfries; and the unlawful possessor being a man of considerable power, and of a most vindictive disposition, most people, whatever might be their private opinion, were cautious in espousing the cause of this disinherited and distressed orphan. One gentleman, however, was found, who, to his eternal honour, took him by the hand. A Mr. Gowdy procured his release from prison, took him to his own house, clothed him agreeably to his rank, and enabled him to commence an action against his uncle. The latter was not inactive in the defence of his crime, and took every pains to prove his nephew to be an impostor. Chagrin and a consciousness of guilt, however, put an end to his existence before the cause came to a hearing; and Sir Robert was at length put into possession of an estate worth upwards of ten thousand pounds a-year. He now began to display those qualities and abilities which had been but faintly perceptible in his former station: he now discovered an ingenuous mind, an intellect at

once vigorous and refined, and manners the most elegant and polished. His society was courted by all the neighbouring gentry, and, in the course of time, he married a Miss MacLellan, a near relation of the family of Lord Kirkcudbright: with this lady he lived in the most perfect happiness for many years. He joined in the prevalent practice of farming his own estate, and built a very elegant house on an eminence overlooking the Nith. An imprudent speculation in the bank of Ayr, however, compelled him to abandon the seat of his ancestors. He had reserved a small pittance, on which he and his lady lived the latter part of their days. This calamity he bore as became a man familiar with misfortune; and he continued the same worthy open-hearted character he had ever been. The reduction of his fortune served only to redouble the kindness and cordiality of his friends. He died suddenly in September, 1786, whilst on the road to visit one of them—the Earl of Selkirk. He left behind him no issue; but his name is still remembered with ardent attachment.”

COUNSELLOR PLEYDELL—Is understood to be the representative of Mr. Andrew Crosbie, who flourished at the head of the Scottish bar about the period referred to in the novel.

Many circumstances conspire to identify him with the lawyer of the novel. Their eminence in their profession was equally respectable,—their habits of frequenting taverns and High Jinks parties on Saturday nights was the same,—and both were remarkable for that antique politeness of manner so characteristic of old Scottish gentlemen. It may be allowed that Pleydell is one of the characters most nearly approaching to *generic* that we have attempted to identify with real life; but it is nevertheless so strenuously asserted by all who have any recollection of Mr. Crosbie, that Pleydell resembles him in particular, that we feel no hesitation in assigning him as the only true specific original. We therefore lay the following simple facts before the public, and leave the judicious reader to his own discrimination.

Mr. Crosbie was in the prime of life about the middle of the last century, and from that period till the year 1780, enjoyed the highest reputation in his profession. He came of a respectable family in the county of Galloway—the district, the reader will remember, in which the principal scenes of the novel are laid, and

probably the shire of which Paulus Pleydell, Esq. is represented * as having been, at an early period of his life, the she-riff-depute.

The residence of Mr. Crosbie, in the early periods of his practice, exactly coincides with that of Pleydell, whom Colonel Mannering found in a dark close on the north side of the High Street, several storeys up a narrow common stair. Mr. Crosbie lived first in Lady Stair's Close, a steep alley on the north side of the Lawnmarket—afterwards in the Advocate's Close, in the Luckenbooths—and finally in a self-contained and well-built house of his own, at the foot of Allan's Close, still standing, and lately inhabited by Richard Cleghorn, Esq. Solicitor before the Supreme Courts. All these various residences are upon the north side of the High Street, and the two first answer particularly to the description in the novel. The last is otherwise remarkable as being situated exactly behind and in view of the innermost penetralia of Mr. Constable's great publishing warehouse,†—the *sanc-tum sanctorum* in which Captain Clutterbuck found the *Eidolon* of the Author of Waverley, so well described in the Introduction to "Nigel."

At the period when Mr. Crosbie flourished, all the advocates and judges of the day dwelt in those obscure wynds or alleys leading down from the High Street, which, since the erection of the New Town, have been chiefly inhabited by the lower classes of society. The greater part, for the sake of convenience, lived in the lanes nearest to the Parliament House—such as the Advocate's Close, Writer's Court, Lady Stair's Close, the West Bow, the Back Stairs, the President's Stairs in the Parliament Close, and the tenements around the Mealmarket. In these dense and insalubrious obscurities they possessed what were then the best houses in Edinburgh, and which were considered as such till the erection of Brown's Square and the contiguous suburbs, about the beginning of the last king's reign, when the lawyers were found the first to remove to better and more ex-

* Guy Mannering, chapter 37.

† From which all the works of the Author of Waverley, besides many other publications of the highest character, have issued. It is perhaps worth while to record, that "Peveril of the Peak" was the last work of the Author of Waverley's that appeared here—its successor, "Quentin Durward," being published (May 1823), a few days after Constable and Co. had forsaken the High-Street for the genteeler air of the New Town.

tensive accommodations, being then, as now, the leading and most opulent class of Edinburgh population.

Living, as they did, so near the Parliament House, it was the custom of both advocates and senators to have their wigs dressed at home, and to go to court with their gowns indued, their wigs in full puff, and each with his cocked hat under his arm.* About nine in the morning, the various avenues to the Parliament Square used to be crowded with such figures. In particular, Mr. Crosbie was remarkable for the elegance of his figure, as, like his brethren, he emerged from the profundity of his alley into the open street. While he walked at a deliberate pace across the way, there could not be seen among all the throng a more elegant figure. He exhibited at once the dignity of the counsellor high at the bar and the gracefulness of the perfect gentleman. He frequently walked without a gown, when the fineness of his personal appearance was the more remarkable. His dress was usually a black suit, silk stockings, clear shoes, with gold or silver buckles. Sometimes the suit was of rich black velvet.

Mr. Crosbie, with all the advantages of a pleasing exterior, possessed the more solid qualifications of a vigorous intellect, a refined taste, and an eloquence that has never since been equalled at the bar. His integrity as a counsel could only be surpassed by his abilities as a pleader. In the first capacity, his acute judgment and great legal knowledge had long placed him in the highest rank. In the second, his thorough and confident acquaintance with the law of his case, his beautiful style of language, all "the pomp and circumstance" of matchless eloquence, commanded the attention of the bench in no ordinary degree; and while his talents did all that could be done in respect of mov-

* Even when the judges lived in the distant suburb of George's Square, they did not give up this practice. Old Braxfield used always to put on his wig and gown at home, and walk to the Parliament House, *via* Bristo Street, Society, Scott's Close, and the Back Stairs. One morning, his barber, old Kay, since the well known limner, was rather late in taking his Lordship's wig to George's Square. Braxfield was too impatient to wait; so he ran off with only his night-cap on his head, and was fortunate enough to meet his tardy barber in Scott's Close, when he seized his wig with one hand, took off his night-cap with the other, and adjusting the whole matter himself, sent Kay back with the undignified garment exued. This is a picture of times gone by never to return; yet, as if to show how long traces of former manners will survive their general decay, Lord Glenlee, who continues to live in Brown's Square, still dresses at home, and walks to court in the style of his predecessors.

ing the court, the excelling beauty of his oratory attracted immense crowds of admirers, whose sole disinterested object was to hear him.

It is recorded of him that he was one day particularly brilliant—so brilliant as even to surprise his usual audience, the imperturbable Lords themselves. What rendered the circumstance more wonderful was, that the case happened to be extremely dull, common-place, and uninteresting. The secret history of the matter was to the following effect:—A facetious contemporary, and intimate friend of Mr. Crosbie, the celebrated Lord Gardenstone, in the course of a walk from Morningside, where he resided, fell into conversation with a farmer, who was going to Edinburgh in order to hear his cause pled that forenoon by Mr. Crosbie. The senator, who was a very homely and rather eccentric personage, on being made acquainted with the man's business, directed him to procure a dozen or two of farthings at a snuff-shop in the Grassmarket—to wrap them separately up in white paper, under the disguise of guineas—and to present them to his counsel as fees, when occasion served. The case was called: Mr. Crosbie rose; but his heart not happening to be particularly engaged, he did not by any means exert the utmost of his powers. The treacherous client, however, kept close behind his back, and ever and anon, as he perceived Mr. C. bringing his voice to a cadence, for the purpose of closing the argument, slipped the other farthing into his hand. The repeated application of this silent encouragement so far stimulated the advocate, that, in the end, he became truly eloquent—strained every nerve of his soul in grateful zeal for the interests of so good a client—and, precisely at the fourteenth farthing, gained the cause. The dénouement of the conspiracy took place immediately after, in John's Coffeehouse, over a bottle of wine, with which Mr. Crosbie treated Lord Gardenstone from the profits of his pleading; and the surprise and mortification of the barrister, when, on putting his hand into his pocket in order to pay the reckoning, he discovered the real extent of his fee, can only be imagined.

Within the last forty years, a curious custom prevailed among the gentlemen of the long robe in Edinburgh,—a custom which, however little it might be thought of then, would certainly make nine modern advocates out of ten shudder at every curl just to think of it. This was the practice of doing all their business, ex-

cept what required to be done in the court, in taverns and coffee-houses. Plunged in these subterranean haunts, the great lawyers of the day were to be found, surrounded with their myrmidons, throughout the whole afternoon and evening of the day. It was next to impossible to find a lawyer at his own abode, and, indeed, such a thing was never thought of. The whole matter was, to find out his tavern, which the cadies upon the street—those men of universal knowledge—could always tell—and then seek the oracle in his own proper *hell*, as Æneas sought the sybil. At that time a Directory was seldom applied to; and even though a stranger could have consulted the celebrated Peter Williamson's (supposing it then to have been published), he might, perhaps, by dint of research, have found out where Lucky Roberston lived who, in the simple words of that intelligencer, "sold the best twopenny;" or he might have been accommodated, more to his satisfaction, with the information of who, through all the city, "sett lodgings" and "kept rooms for single men;" but he would have found the Directory of little use to him in pointing out where he might meet a legal friend. The cadies, who, at that time, went to be completely *au fait* with every hole and bore in the town, were the only directories to whom a client from the country, such as Colonel Mannering or Dandie Dinmont, could in such a case apply.

The peculiar haunt of Mr. Crosbie was Douglas's tavern in the Anchor Close, then a respectable and flourishing house, now deserted and shut up. Here many revelries, similar to those described in the novel, took place; and here the game of High Jinks, was played by a party of convivial lawyers every Saturday night. The situation of the house resembles that of Clerihugh, described in "Guy Mannering," being the second door down a steep *close*, upon the north side of the High Street. Here a club, called the Crochallan Corps, of which Robert Burns was a member when in Edinburgh, assembled periodically, and held bacchanalian orgies, famous for their fierceness and duration.

There was also a tavern in Writer's Court, kept by a real person, named Clerihugh, the peculiarities of which do not resemble those ascribed to the tavern of the novel, nearly so much as do those of Douglas's. Clerihugh's was, however, a respectable house. There the magistrates of the city always gave their civic dinners, and, what may perhaps endear it more in our re-

collections, it was once the favourite resort of a Boswell, a Gardenstone, and a Home. We may suppose that such a house as Douglas's gave the idea of the tavern described by our author, while Clerihugh being a more striking name, and better adapted for his purpose, he adopted it in preference to the real one.

The custom of doing all business in taverns gave that generation of lawyers a very dissipated habit, and to it we are to attribute the ruin of Mr. Crosbie. That gentleman being held in universal esteem and admiration, his company was much sought after; and, while his celibacy gave every opportunity that could be desired, his own disposition to social enjoyments tended to confirm the evil. An anecdote is told of him, which displays in a striking manner the extent to which he was wont to go in his debaucheries. He had been engaged to plead a cause, and had partially studied the pros and cons of the case, after which he set off and plunged headlong into those convivialities with which he usually closed the evening. His debauch was a fierce one, and he did not get home till within an hour of the time when the court was to open. It was then too late for sleep, and all other efforts to cool the effervescence of his spirits, by applying wet cloths to his temples, &c. were vain; so that when the case was called, reason had scarcely re-assumed her deserted throne. Nevertheless, he opened up with his usual brilliancy, and soon got warm into the argument; but not far did he get leave to proceed with his speech, when the agent came up behind, with horror and alarm in his face, pulled him by the gown, and whispered into his ear, "What the deevil! Mr. Crosbie! ye'll ruin a'! ye're on the wrang side; the very Lords are winking at it; and the client is gi'en a' up for lost." The crapulous barrister gave a single glance at the *exordia* of his papers, and instantly comprehended his mistake. However, not at all abashed, he rose again, and "Such, my Lords," says he, "are probably the weak and intemperate arguments of the defender, concerning which, as I have endeavoured to state them, you can only entertain one opinion, namely, that they are utterly false, groundless, and absurd." He then turned to upon the right side of the question, pulled to pieces all that he had said before, and represented the case in an entirely different light; and so much and so earnestly did he exert himself in order to repair his error, that he actually gained the cause.

In the course of a long successful practice, the original of Pleydell acquired some wealth ; and, at the time when the New Town of Edinburgh began to be built, with an enthusiasm prevalent at the period, he conceived the best way of laying out his money to be in the erection of houses in that noble and prosperous extension of the city. He therefore spent all he had, and ran himself into considerable debt, in raising a structure which was to surpass all the edifices yet erected, for making the design of which he employed that celebrated architect, Mr. James Craig, the nephew of Mr. Thompson, who planned the New Town on its projection in 1767. The house which Mr. Crosbie erected was to the north of the splendid mansion built by Sir Lawrence Dundas, which subsequent times have seen converted into an excise-office ; and as the beauty of Mr. C.'s house was in a great measure subservient to the decoration of Sir Lawrence's, that gentleman, with his accustomed liberality, made his tasteful neighbour a present of five hundred pounds. Yet this *bonus* proved, after all, but an insufficient compensation for the expense which Mr. Crosbie had incurred in his sumptuous speculation ; and the unfortunate barrister, who, by his taste, had attracted the wonder and envy of all ranks, was thought to have made himself a considerable loser in the end. While it was yet unfinished, he removed from Allan's Close, and, establishing himself in one of its corners, realized Knickerbocker's fable of the snail in the lobster's shell. He lived in it for some time, in a style of extravagance appropriate to the splendour of his mansion ; till, becoming embarrassed by his numerous debts, and beginning to feel the effects of other imprudencies, he was at last obliged to resort to Allan's Close, and take up with his old abode and his diminished fortunes. About this period his constitution appeared much injured by his habits of life, and he was of course unable to attend to business with his former alacrity. An incipient passion for dogs, horses, and cocks, was another strong symptom of decay. To crown all, he made a low marriage with a woman who had formerly been his menial, and, some said, his mistress ; and as this tended very much to take away the esteem of the world, his practice began to forsake, and his friends to neglect him.

It was particularly unfortunate, that, about this time, he lost the habit of frequenting one particular tavern, as he had been

accustomed to do in his earlier and better years. The irregularity consequent upon visiting four or five in a night, in which he drank liquors of different sorts and qualities, was sufficient to produce the worst effects. Had he always steadily adhered to Clerihugh's or Douglas's, he might have been equally fortunate with many of his companions, who had frequented particular taverns, through several generations of possessors, seldom missing a night's attendance, during the course of fifty years, from ill health or any other cause.

It is a melancholy task to relate the end of Mr. Crosbie. From one depth he floundered down to another, every step in his conduct tending towards a climax of ruin. Infatuation and despair led him on,—disrespect and degradation followed him. When he had reached what might be called the goal of his fate, he found himself deserted by all whom he had ever loved or cherished, and almost destitute of a single attendant to administer to him the necessaries of life. Bound by weakness and disease to an uneasy pallet, in the garret of his former mansion, he lingered out the last weeks of life in pain, want, and sickness. So completely was he forsaken by every friend, that not one was by at the last scene to close his eyes or carry him to the grave. Though almost incredible, it is absolutely true, that he was buried by a few unconcerned strangers, gathered from the street; and this happened in the very spot where he had been known all his life, in the immediate neighbourhood of hundreds who had known, loved, and admired him for many years. He died on the 25th of February 1785.

DRIVER.—Mr. Crosbie's clerk was a person named Robert H——, whose character and propensities agreed singularly well with those of Mr. Pleydell's dependant, Driver. He was himself a practitioner before the courts, of the meaner description, and is remembered by many who were acquainted with the public characters of Edinburgh, towards the end of last century. He was frequently to be seen in the forenoon, scouring the closes of the High Street, or parading the Parliament Square; sometimes seizing his legal friends by the button, and dragging them about in the capacity of listeners, with an air and manner of as great importance as if he had been up to the very pen in his ear in business.

He was a pimpled, ill-shaven, smart-speaking, clever-looking fellow, usually dressed in grey under-garments, an old hat nearly brushed to death, and a black coat, of a fashion at least in the seventh year of its age, scrupulously buttoned up to his chin. It was in his latter and more unfortunate years that he had become thus slovenly. A legal gentleman, who gives us information concerning him, recollects when he was nearly the greatest fop in Edinburgh—being powdered in the highest style of fashion, wearing two gold watches, and having the collar of his coat adorned with a beautiful loop of the same metal. After losing the protection of Mr. Crosbie, he had fallen out of all regular means of livelihood; and unfortunately acquiring an uncontrollable propensity for social enjoyments, like the ill-fated Robert Fergusson, with whom he had been intimately acquainted, he became quite unsettled,—sometimes did not change his apparel for weeks,—sat night and day in particular taverns,—and, in short, realised what Pleydell asserted of Driver, that “sheer ale supported him under every thing; was meat, drink, and cloth—bed, board, and washing.” In his earlier years he had been very regular in his irregularities, and was a “complete fixture” at John Baxter’s tavern, in Craig’s Close, High Street, where he was the Falstaff of a convivial society, termed the “Eastcheap Club.” But his dignity of conduct becoming gradually dissipated and relaxed, and there being also, perhaps, many a landlady who might have said with Dame Quickly, “I warrant you he’s an infinite thing upon my score,” he had become unfortunately migrative and unsteady in his tap-room affections. One night he would get drunk at the sign of the Sautwife, in the Abbeyhill, and next morning be found tipping off a corrective dram at a porter-house in Rose Street. Sometimes, after having made a midnight tumble into “the Finish” in the Covenant Close, he would, by next afternoon, have found his way (the Lord and the policeman only knew how!) to a pie-office in the Castlehill. It was absolutely true that he could write his papers as well drunk as sober, asleep as awake; and the anecdote which the facetious Pleydell narrated to Colonel Mannerling, in confirmation of this miraculous faculty, is also, we are able to inform the reader, strictly consistent in truth with an incident of real occurrence.

H—— was a man rich in all sorts of humour and fine sayings.

His conversation was dangerously delightful. Had he not unhappily fallen into debauched habits, he possessed abilities that might have entitled him to the most enviable situations about the Court ; but, from the nature of his peculiar habits, his wit was the only faculty he ever displayed in its full extent—pity it was the only one that could not be exerted for his own benefit ! To have seen him set down “for a night of it” in Lucky F——’s, with a few cronies as *drouthie* as himself, and his *Shadow* (a person who shall hereafter be brought to light), was in itself ~~a most~~ exquisite treat. By the time that the injunction of “another half-mutchkin, mistress,” had been six times repeated, his lips, his eyes, and his nose, spoke, looked, and burned wit—pure wit ! “He could not ope his mouth, but out there flew a trope.” The very sound of his voice was in itself a waggery ; the twinkle of his eye might have toppled a whole theatre over into convulsions. He could not even spit, but he was suspected of a witticism, and received the congratulation of a roar accordingly. Nay, at the height of such a tide as this, he would sometimes get the credit of Butler himself for an accidental scratch of his head.

This man, wretched as he eventually was, possessed a perfect knowledge of the law of Scotland, besides a great degree of professional cleverness ; and, what with his experience under Mr. Crosbie, and his having been so long a hanger-on of the Court, was considered one of the best agents that could be employed in almost any class of cases. It is thought by many of his survivors, that, if his talents had been backed by steadiness of application, he might have attained to very considerable eminence. At least, it has been observed, that many of his contemporaries, who had not half of his abilities, by means of better conduct and greater perseverance, have risen to enviable distinction. Mr. Crosbie always put great reliance in him, and sometimes intrusted him with important business ; and H—— has even been seen to destroy a paper of Mr. Crosbie’s writing, and draw up a better himself, without incurring the displeasure which such an act of disrespect seemed to deserve. The highest compliment, however, that could be paid to Mr. H.’s abilities, was the saying of an old man, named Nicol,* a native of that

* The Peter Peebles of “Redgauntlet.”

litigious kingdom, Fife, who, for a long course of years, pestered the Court, in forma pauperis, with a process about a dung-hill, and who at length died in Cupar jail—where he had been disposed, for some small debt, by a friend, just, as was asserted, to keep him out of harm's way. Old John used to treat H—— in Johnnie Dowie's, and get, as he said, the law out o' him for the matter of a dram. He declared that "he would not give H——'s drunken glour at a paper for the serious opinions of the haill bench!"

Sunday was wont to be a very precious day to H——; far too good to be lost in idle dram-drinking at home. On Saturday nights he generally made a point of insuring stock to the amount of half-a-crown in his landlady's hands, and proposed a tour of jollity for next morning to a few of his companions. These were, for the most part, poor devils like himself, who, with few lucid intervals of sobriety or affluence—equally destitute of industry, prudence, and care for the opinion of the world—contrive to fight, drink, and roar their way through a desperate existence, in spite of the devil, their washerwoman, and the small-debt-court—perhaps even receiving Christian burial at last like the rest of their species. With one or two such companions as these, H—— would issue of a Sunday morning through the Watergate, on an expedition to Newhaven, Dud-dingstone, Portobello, or some such guzzling retreat,—the termination of their walk being generally determined by the consideration of where they might have the best drink, the longest credit, or where they had already least debt. Then was it most delightful to observe by what a special act of Providence they would alight upon "the last rizzer'd haddock in the house," or "the only hundred oysters that was to be got in the town," and how gloriously they would bouse away their money, their credit, and their senses, till, finally, after uttering, for the thousand and first time, all their standard Parliament-House jokes—after quarrelling with the landlord, and flattering the more susceptible landlady up to the stricking-place of "a last gill,"—they would reel away home, in full enjoyment of that glory which, according to Robert Burns, is superior to the glory of even kings!

Nevertheless, H—— was not utterly given up to Sunday debauches, nor was he destitute of a sense of religion. He made

a point of always going to church on rainy Sundays—that is to say, when his neckcloth happened to be in its honey-moon, and the button-moulds of his vestments did not chance to be beyond their first phase. He was not, therefore, very consistent in his devotional sentiments and observances; for the weather shared with his tailor the credit of determining him in all such matters. He was like Berwick smacks of old, which only sailed, “wind and weather permitting.” When, however, the day was favourably bad, he would proceed to the High Church of St. Giles (~~at the~~, excepting on days of *General assembly*, there are usually enow of empty seats for an army), and, on observing that the Lords of Session had not chosen to hold any *sederunt* that day, he would pop into their pew. In this conspicuous seat, which he perhaps considered a sort of common property of the College of Justice, he would look wonderfully at his ease, with one threadbare arm lolling carelessly over the velvet-cushioned gallery, while in the other hand he held his mother’s old black pocket-bible—a relic which he had contrived to preserve for an incredible number of years, through a thousand miraculous escapades from lodgings where he was insolvent, in memory of a venerable relation, whom he had never forgot, though oblivious of every other earthly regard besides.

MR. H—’s SHADOW, whom we have already mentioned, however unsubstantial he may seem from his *sobriquet*, was a real person, and more properly entitled Mr. NIMMO. He had long been a dependant of H—’s, whence he derived this strange designation. Little more than the shadow of a recollection of him remains as *materiel* for description. He bore somewhat of the same relation to his principal which Silence bears to Shallow, in Henry IV.,—that is, he was an exaggerated specimen of the same species, and exhibited the peculiarities of H—’s habits and character in a more advanced stage.

Besides serving Mr. H— in the character of clerk or amanuensis, he used to dangle at his elbow on all occasions, swear religiously to all his charges, and show the way in laughing at all his jokes. He was so clever in the use of his pen in transcription, that his hand could travel over a sheet at the rate of eleven knots an hour, and this whether drunk or sober, asleep or awake. Death itself could scarcely have chilled his energies, and it was one of his favourite jokes, in vaunting of the latter

miraculous faculty, to declare that he intended to delay writing his will till after his decease, when he would guide himself in the disposal of his legacies by the behaviour of his relations. We do not question his abilities for such a task; but one might have had a pretty good guess, from Nimmo's appearance, that he would scarcely ever find occasion, either before or after death, to exercise them.

H— continued a debauched course of life till the year 1808, when his constitution became so shattered, that he was in a great measure unfitted for business or for intercourse with society. Towards the end of his life, his habits had become still more irregular than before, and he seemed to hasten faster and faster as he went on to destruction, like the meteor, whose motion across the sky seems to increase in rapidity the moment before extinction. After the incontestible character of the greatest wit and the utmost cleverness had been awarded to him,—after he had spent so much money and constitution in endeavouring to render his companions happy,—that some of them, more grateful or more drunken than the rest, actually confessed him to be “a devilish good-natured foolish sort of fellow,”—after he had, like certain Scottish poets, almost drunk himself into the character of a genius,—it came to pass that—he died. A mere pot-house reveller like him is no more missed in the world of life than a sparrow or a bishop. There was no one to sorrow for his loss—no one to regret his absence—save those whose friendship is worse than indifference. It never was very distinctly known how or where he died. It was alone recorded of him, as of the antediluvian patriarchs, that he died. As his life had become of no importance, so his death produced little remark and less sorrow.

Perhaps more has been said here concerning the original Driver, than the comparative insignificance of the character, as it stands in the novel, can well bear out. But when it is considered, that we are illustrating one of the finest pieces of the author's writings, detailing the traits of a man whose life would independently be very interesting, and, perhaps, if we might be allowed so far to flatter ourselves, filling up the shadowing outline of a portrait which the original artist has left unfinished and neglected, we do not altogether regret a space among these anecdotes so interestingly occupied. Edinburgh once abounded

and perhaps still abounds in characters like Pleydell, H——, and Pat Nimmo. The retainers of the law in our own day, differ considerably from their predecessors who roared away existence so gloriously in Clerihugh's and Lucky Wood's. But still, it is more in manner than in feature that they are changed. "The men have been metamorphosed according to the age. The steady, stanch bacchanalism of those times, which would prompt men to sit night and day, holding convivial orgies in the profundities of the High Street, and losing all bare recollections of business and daylight in the glorious jollities of high Jenks, have suffered a dreadful defalcation in the progress which civilization and refinement have made in the present attenuated age. The day of the Lucky Woods' and the Lucky Finlaysons are gone, and the Cowgate can no more produce such writers. The present "public house," in that street, is a mean boxed, sanded, uncomfortable place, compared with the couthie, bacchanalian den, from whence issued Driver "his mouth still greasy with mutton pies, and the last draught yet unsubsidied on the upper lip." There now exist few of those eddy corners, retired from the main stream of dissipation, round whose small circles, a calm, sober, seasoned, sterling drinker like Driver, could ride at convenient anchor, enjoying the *otium cum dignitate*, secure from the rougher blasts of the hurricane. There still, in fact, remains one or two taverns of ancient and established reputation, deeply hidden in the impervious and the impenetrable wynds of the old town, and only known and frequented by such of those veteran, true-blue, *last century* characters, which still survive, unburied, in this degenerated capital, to dignify its streets with the ivory-headed cane, the buckled 'breeks,' and the stately strut of A. D. 1780.

To some of our readers, it may still be palatable to learn 'that genuine tippenny,' the liquor on which our simple ancestors used to fuddle for a groat, is still secretly sold to a few choice veteran spirits of the above cut, who hold their nocturnal orgies in the back slums of Halkerston's wynd. But alas! how perishable are all human institutions! these antiquated temples of fun and frolic that have so long eluded the devastating scythe of time, like ruins in the desert, to tell the tale of ages long gone by, are fast dying out; or what is nearly the same, assuming new forms, in compliance with modern innovation. What inhabitant

of 'auld Reekie' has not heard of the venerable house in Libberton's wynd so long kept by that kindest of landlords, good old Johnnie Dowie; where Fergusson, H——, Crosbie, Burns and Lord Gardenstone, spent so many nights of social delight. *O tempora!* its present anti-gothic possessors have lighted it with gas, and gilt its sign-board! The room termed *the coffin*, in which Burns wrote "Willie brewed a peck o'maut" and scribbled verses on the walls, they have covered over with green cloth, and given it a new table!

DANDIE DINMONT.—Perhaps the Author of Waverley has nowhere so completely given the effect of reality to his portraiture as in the case of honest Dandie Dinmont, the renowned yeoman of Charlieshope. This personage seems to be quite familiar to his mind, present to his eye,—domesticated in the chambers of his fancy. The minutest motions of the farmer's body, and the most trivial workings of his mind, are alike bright in his eye; and so faithful a representation has been produced, that one might almost think the author had taken his sketch by some species of mental *camera obscura*, which brought the figure beneath his pencil in all its native colours and proportions.

It is impossible to point out any individual of real life as the original of this happy production. It appears to be entirely generic—that is to say, the whole class of Liddesdale farmers is here represented, and little more than a single thread is taken from any single person to form the web of the character. Three various persons have been popularly mentioned as furnishing the author with his most distinguished traits, each of whom have their followers and believers among the country people. It will perhaps be possible to prove that Dandie Dinmont is a sort of compound of all three, the ingredients being leavened and wrought up with the general characteristic qualities of the "Lads of Liddesdale."

Mr. Archibald Park, late of Lewinshope, near Selkirk, brother of the celebrated Mungo Park, was the person always most strongly insisted on as being the original of Dandie. He was a man of prodigious strength, in stature upwards of six feet, and every member of his body was in perfect accordance with his great height. He completely realized the most extravagant ideas that the poets of his country formerly entertained of the stalwart Bor-

derers; and his achievements "by flood and field," in the violent exercises and sports of his profession, came fully up to those of the most distinguished heroes of Border song. He had all the careless humour and boisterous hospitality of the Liddesdale farmer. On the appearance of the novel, his neighbours at once put him down as the Dandie Dinmont of real life, and he was generally addressed by the name of his supposed archetype by his familiar associates, so long as he remained in that part of the country, which, however, was not long. His circumstances requiring him to relinquish his farm, he obtained, by the interest of some friends, the situation of collector of customs at Tobermory, to which place he removed in 1815. Soon after he had settled there, he was attacked by a paralytic affection, from which he never thoroughly recovered, and he died in 1821, aged about fifty years.

Mr. John Thorburn, of Juniper Bank, the person whom we consider to have stood in next degree of relationship to Dinmont, was a humorous, good-natured farmer, very fond of hunting and fishing, and a most agreeable companion over a bottle. He was truly an unsophisticated worthy man. Many amusing anecdotes are told of him in the south, and numerous scenes have been witnessed in his hospitable mansion; akin to that described in the novel as taking place upon the return of Dandie from "Stagshawbank fair." The interior economy of Juniper Bank is said to have more nearly resembled Charlieshope than did that of Lewinshope, the residence of Mr. Park. Indeed, the latter bore no similarity whatever to Charlieshope, excepting in the hospitality of the master and the Christian name of the mistress of the house. Mr. Park, like his fictitious counterpart, was one of the most generous and hearty landlords alive; and his wife, who was a woman of highly respectable connexions, bore, like Mrs. Dinmont, the familiar abbreviated name of Ailie.

Thorburn, like Dandie, was one before *the fifteen*. The celebrated Mr. Jeffrey being retained in his cause, Thorburn, went into Court to hear his pleading. He was delighted with the talents and oratory of his advocate; and, on coming out, observed to his friends, "Od he's an awfu' body yon; he said things that I never could hae thought o' mysel'."

Mr. James Davidson of Hindlee, another honest south-country farmer, was pointed out as the prototype of Dandie Dinmont.

This gentleman used to breed numerous families of terriers, to which he gave the names of Pepper and Mustard, in all their varieties of *Auld* and Young, Big and Little; and it was this community of designation in the dogs of the two personages, rather than any particular similarity in the manners or characters of themselves, that gave credit to the conjecture of Mr. Davidson's friends.

It will appear, from these notices, that no individual has sat for the portrait of Dinmont, but that it has been painted from indiscriminate recollections of various Border store-farmers.

DOMINIE SAMPSON,—There are few of our *originals* in whom we can exhibit such precise points of coincident resemblance between the real and fictitious character, as in him whom we now assign as the prototype of Dominie Sampson. The person of real existence also possesses the singular recommendation of presenting more dignified and admirable characteristics, in their plain unvarnished detail, than the ridiculous caricature produced in "Guy Mannering," though it be drawn by an author whose elegant imagination has often exalted, but seldom debased, the materials to which he has condescended to be indebted.

Mr. James Sanson was the son of James Sanson, tacksman of Birkhillside Mill, situated in the parish of Legerwood, in Berwickshire. After getting the rudiments of his education at a country-school, he went to the University of Edinburgh, and, at a subsequent period, completed his probationary studies at that of Glasgow. At these colleges he made great proficiency in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, and became deeply immersed in the depths of philosophy and theology, of which, as with Dominie Sampson, the more abstruse and neglected branches were his favourite subjects of application. He was a close, incessant student; and, in the families where he afterwards resided as tutor, all his leisure moments were devoted to the pursuits of literature. Even his hours of relaxation and walking were not exempted, in the exceeding earnestness of his solicitude. After going through his probationary trials before the presbytery, he became an acceptable—even an admired preacher,—and was frequently employed in assisting the clergymen of the neighbourhood.

From the narrow circumstances of his father, he was obliged

early in life to become a tutor. Into whose family he first entered is unknown. However, in this humble situation, owing probably to the parsimonious economy to which he had been accustomed in his father's house, he in a short time saved the sum of twenty-five pounds—a little fortune in those days to a youth of Mr. Sanson's habits.

With this money he determined upon a pedestrian excursion into England, for which he was excellently qualified from his uncommon strength and undaunted resolution. After journeying over a great part of the sister kingdom, he came to Harwich, where a sight of the passage-boats to Holland, and the cheapness of the fare, induced him to take a trip to the Continent. How he was supported during his peregrinations was never certainly discovered; but he actually travelled over the greater part of the Netherlands, besides a considerable portion of Germany, and spent only about the third part of his twenty-five pounds. He always kept a profound silence upon the subject himself; but it is conjectured, with great probability, that in the Low Countries he had recourse to convents, where the monks were ever ready to do acts of kindness to men of such learning as Sanson would appear to them to be. Perhaps he procured the means of subsistence by the expedients which the celebrated Goldsmith is said to have practised in his Continental wanderings, and made the disputation of the morning supply the dinner of the day.

After his return from the Continent, about 1784, he entered the family of the Rev. Laurence Johnstone, of Earlston, where he continued some time, partly employed in the education of his children, and giving occasional assistance in his public ministerial duty. From this situation he removed to the house of Mr. Thomas Scott, uncle of the celebrated Sir Walter, whose family then resided at Ellieston, in the county of Roxburgh. While superintending this gentleman's children, he was appointed to a higher duty—the charge of Carlenridge Chapel, in the parish of Hawick, which he performed regularly every Sunday, at the same time that he attended the education of the family through the week. We may safely conjecture that it was at this particular period of his life he first was honoured with the title of Dominie Sanson.

He was next employed by the Earl of Hopetoun, as chaplain

to that nobleman's tenants at Leadhills, where, with an admirable, but unfortunate tenaciousness of duty, he patiently continued to exercise his honourable calling, to the irreparable destruction of his own health. The atmosphere being tainted with the natural effluvia of the noxious mineral which was the staple production of the place, though incapable of influencing the health of those who had been accustomed to it from their infancy, had soon a fatal effect upon the life of poor Sanson. The first calamitous consequence that befel him was the loss of his teeth; next he became totally blind; and, last of all, to complete the sacrifice, the insalubrious air extinguished the principle of life. Thus did this worthy man, though conscious of the fate that awaited him, choose rather to encounter the last enemy of our nature, than relinquish what he considered a sacred duty. Strange that one, whose conduct through life was every way so worthy of the esteem and gratitude of mankind—whose death would not have disgraced the devotion of a primitive martyr—should, by means of a few less dignified peculiarities, have eventually conferred the character of perfection on a work of *humour*, and, in a caricatured exhibition, supplied attractions, nearly unparalleled, to innumerable theatres!

Mr. James Sanson was of the greatest stature—near six feet high, and otherwise proportionably enormous. His person was coarse, his limbs large, and his manners awkward; so that, while people admired the simplicity and innocence of his character, they could not help smiling at the clumsiness of his motions and the rudeness of his address. His soul was pure and untainted—the seat of many manly and amiable virtues. He was ever faithful in his duty, both as a preacher and a tutor, warmly attached to the interests of the family in which he resided, and gentle in the instruction of his pupils. As a preacher, though his manner in his public exhibitions, no less than in private society, was not in his favour, he was well received by every class of hearers. His discourses were the well-digested productions of a laborious mind; and his sentiments seldom failed to be expressed with the utmost beauty and elegance of diction.

MEG MERRILIES.—The original of this character has been already pointed out, and described in various publications. A

desire of presenting, in this work, as much original matter as possible, will induce us to be very brief in our notice of Jean Gordon.

It is impossible to specify the exact date of her nativity, though it probably was about the year 1670. She was born at Kirk-Yetholm, in Roxburghshire, the metropolis of the Scottish gypsies, and was married to a gypsy chief, named Patrick Faa, by whom she had ten or twelve children.

In the year 1714, one of Jean's sons, named Alexander Faa, was murdered by another gypsy, named Robert Johnston, who escaped the pursuit of justice for nearly ten years, but was then taken and indicted by his Majesty's Advocate for the crime. He was sentenced to be executed, but escaped from prison. It was easier, however, to escape the grasp of justice than to elude the wide-spread talons of gypsy vengeance. Jean Gordon traced the murderer like a blood-hound, followed him to Holland, and from thence to Ireland, where she had him seized, and brought him back to Jedburgh. Here she obtained the full reward of her toils, by having the satisfaction of seeing him hanged on the Hallowhill. Some time afterwards, Jean being at Sourhope, a sheep-farm on Bowmont-water, the goodman said to her, "Weel, Jean, ye hae got Rob Johnston hanged at last, and out o' the way?" "Ay, gudeman," replied Jean, lifting up her apron by the two corners, "and a' that fu' o' goud hasna done't."—Jean Gordon's "apron fu' o' gowd" may remind some of our readers of Meg Merrilies' poke of jewels; and indeed the whole transaction forcibly recalls the stern picture of that intrepid heroine.

The circumstance in "Guy Mannering," of Brown being indebted to Meg Merrilies for lodgings and protection, when he lost his way near Derncleugh, finds a remarkably precise counterpart in an anecdote related of Jean Gordon:—A farmer with whom she had formerly been on good terms, though their acquaintance had been interrupted for several years, lost his way, and was benighted among the mountains of Cheviot. A light glimmering through the hole of a desolate barn, that had survived the farmhouse to which it once belonged, guided him to a place of shelter. He knocked at the door, and it was immediately opened by Jean Gordon. To meet with such a character in so solitary a place, and probably at no great distance from her clan, was a terrible surprise to the honest man, whose rent,

to lose which would have been ruin to him, was about his person. Jean set up a shout of joyful recognition, forced the farmer to dismount, and, in the zeal of her kindness, hauled him into the barn. Great preparations were making for supper, which the gudeman of Lochside, to increase his anxiety, observed was calculated for at least a dozen of guests. Jean soon left him no doubt upon the subject, but inquired what money he had about him, and made earnest request to be made his pursekeeper for the night, as the "bairns" would soon be home. The poor farmer made a virtue of necessity, told his story, and surrendered his gold to Jean's custody. She made him put a few shillings in his pocket, observing, it would excite suspicion were he found travelling altogether pennyless. This arrangement being made, the farmer lay down on a sort of shake-down, upon some straw, but, as will easily be believed, slept not. About midnight the gang returned with various articles of plunder, and talked over their exploits in language that made the farmer tremble. They were not long in discovering their guest, and demanded of Jean whom she had there? "E'en the winsome gudeman o' Lochside, poor body," replied Jean; "he's been at Newcastle seeking for siller to pay his rent, honest man, but de'il-be-licket he's been able to gather in, and sae he's gaun e'en hame wi' a toom purse and a sair heart." "That may be, Jean," replied one of the banditti, "but we maun ripe his pouches a bit, and see if it be true or no." Jean set up her throat in exclamation against this breach of hospitality, but without producing any change in their determination. The farmer soon heard their stifled whispers and light steps by his bed-side, and understood they were rummaging his clothes. When they found the money which the providence of Jean Gordon had made him retain, they held a consultation if they should take it or no; but the smallness of the booty, and the vehemence of Jean's remonstrances, determined them in the negative. They caroused and went to rest. So soon as day dawned, Jean roused her guest, produced his horse, which she had accommodated behind the hallan, and guided him for some miles till he was on the high-road to Lochside. She then restored his whole property, nor could his earnest intreaties prevail on her to accept so much as a single guinea.

It is related that all Jean's sons were condemned to die at

Jedburgh on the same day. It is said the jury were equally divided; but a friend to justice, who had slept during the discussion, waked suddenly, and gave his word for condemnation, in the emphatic words, "*Hang them a'.*" Jean was present, and only said, "The Lord help the innocent in a day like this!"

Her own death was accompanied with circumstances of brutal outrage, of which Jean was in many respects wholly undeserving. Jean had, among other demerits or merits, that of being a stanch Jacobite. She chanced to be at Carlisle upon a fair or market-day, soon after the year 1746, where she gave vent to her political partiality, to the great offence of the rabble of that city. Being zealous of their loyalty, when there was no danger, in proportion to the tameness with which they surrendered to the Highlanders in 1745, they inflicted upon poor Jean Gordon no slighter penalty than that of ducking her to death in the Eden. It was an operation of some time; for Jean Gordon was a stout woman, and, struggling hard with her murderers, often got her head above water, and, while she had voice left, continued to exclaim, at such intervals, "Charlie yet! Charlie yet!"

Her propensities were exactly the same as those of the fictitious character of Meg Merrilies. She possessed the same virtue of fidelity,—spoke the same language,—and in appearance there was little difference; yet Madge Gordon, her grand-daughter, was said to have had the same resemblance. She was descended from the Faas by the mother's side, and was married to a Young. She had a large aquiline nose—penetrating eyes, even in her old age—bushy hair, that hung around her shoulders from beneath a gypsy bonnet of straw—a short cloak, of a peculiar fashion, and a long staff, nearly as tall as herself. When she spoke vehemently (for she had many complaints), she used to strike her staff upon the floor, and throw herself into an attitude which it was impossible to regard with indifference.

From these traits of the manners of Jean and Madge Gordon, it may be perceived that it would be difficult to determine which of the two Meg Merrilies was intended for; it may therefore, without injustice, be divided between both. So that if Jean was the prototype of her *character*, it is very probable that Madge must have sat to the author of "*Guy Mannering*," as the representative of her *person*.

To the author whose duty leads him so low in the scale of nature, that the manners and the miseries of a vicious and insubordinate race, prominent in hideous circumstances of unvarnished reality, are all he is permitted to record, it must ever be gratifying to find traits of such fine enthusiasm, such devoted fidelity, as the conduct of Jean Gordon exhibits in the foregoing incidents. *They* stand out with a delightful and luminous effect from the gloomy canvass of guilt, atoning for its errors and brightening its darkness. To trace further, as others have done, the disgusting peculiarities of a people so abandoned to all sense of moral propriety, would only serve to destroy the effect already created by the redeeming characters of Jean Gordon and her nobler sister, and more extensively to disgrace the general respectability of human nature.

THE ANTIQUARY.

A conjecture exists, that a great part of the Antiquary is founded on facts. How far this may be the case, we confess ourselves unable to determine. The original of the Antiquary himself, is reported to have been a minister in the neighbourhood of Arbroath. A young gentleman who was intimate with his niece, the Mary M'Intyre of the novel, showed a sermon in manuscript of the gentleman, some years ago, and mentioned his name, which has been forgotten. The coast of the part of Scotland resembles that very nearly, which is described as being the neighbourhood of Fairport—is much indented with caves, and equally dangerous in the event of high tides, for such as (like Sir Arthur Wardour and his daughter) attempt to pass along the shores. The fraud of Dousterswivel is said to have been a real occurrence in the case of some silver mines attempted to be set on foot near Innerleithen by the Earl of T—. The next character stands better identified.

ANDREW GEMMELS.—This gaberlunzie furnished the author of the Scottish national tales, with the idea of one of his happiest creatures. Edie Ochiltree, is, indeed, a much more elevated and amiable person than the eccentric wanderer here produced as his counterpart; but the latter (whom we cannot profess, how-

ever, to delineate at present with much nicety or distinctness) certainly possessed some of Edie's most remarkable and agreeable qualities, and, if not the sole original, at least probably suggested some of the most characteristic features of that very prepossessing and poetical badgeman.

Andrew Gemmels was well known over all the Border districts as a wandering beggar or gaberlunzie, for the greater part of half a century. He had been a soldier in his youth; and his entertaining stories of his campaigns, and the adventures he had encountered in foreign countries, united with his shrewdness, drollery, and other agreeable qualities, rendered him a general favourite, and secured him a cordial welcome and free quarters at every shepherd's cot or farm-shading that lay in the range of his extensive wanderings. "Among his other places of resort in Teviotdale,* Andrew regularly visited at my grandfather's. It was one of his 'Saturday night houses,' as he called them, where he always staid over the Sunday, and sometimes longer. He usually put up his horse on his arrival, without the formality of asking quarters, and had a straw bed made up for him in the byre, claiming it rather as his acknowledged due and privilege than as a boon of charity. He preferred sleeping in an out-house, and, if possible, in one where cattle or horses were kept. My grandfather who was an old fashioned farmer in a remote situation, was exceedingly fond of his company, and, though a very devout man and strict Cameronian, and occasionally somewhat scandalized at Andrew's rough and irreverent style of language, was nevertheless so much attracted by his conversation, that he seldom failed to spend the evenings of his sojourn in listening to his entertaining narrations and 'auld world stories,' with the old shepherds, hinds, and children seated around them beside the blazing turf ingle in the 'farmer's ha'.' These conversations took sometimes a polemical turn, and in that case not unfrequently ended in a violent dispute; my ancestor's hot and impatient temper blazing forth in collision with the dry and sarcastic humour of his ragged guest. Andrew was never known to yield his point on these occasions; but he usually had the address, when matters grew too serious, to give the conversation a more pleasant turn, by some droll remark or unexpected stroke of

* From the Edinburgh Magazine, 1817.

humour, which convulsed the rustic group, and the graver good man himself, with unfailing and irresistible merriment.

“Though free, however, and uncereemonious, Andrew was never burthensome or indiscreet in his visits; returning only once or twice a year, and generally after pretty regular intervals. He evidently appeared to prosper in his calling; for, though hung round with rags of every shape and hue, he commonly possessed a good horse, and used to attend the country fairs and race-courses, where he would bet and dispute with the country lairds and gentry, with the most independent and resolute pertinacity. He allowed that begging had been a good trade in his time, but used to complain sadly, in his latter days, that times were daily growing worse. My father remembers seeing Gemmels travelling about on a blood mare, with a foal after her, and a gold watch in his pocket. On one occasion, at Rutherford, in Teviotdale, he had dropped a clue of yarn, and Mr. Mather, his host, finding him rummaging for it, assisted in the search, and, having got hold of it, persisted, notwithstanding Andrew’s opposition, in unrolling the yarn till he came to the kernel, which, much to his surprise and amusement, he found to consist of about twenty guineas of gold.

“Many curious anecdotes of Andrew’s sarcastic wit and eccentric manners are current in the Borders; and both his character and personal appearance must have been familiar to many individuals still alive. The following is given, as commonly related with much good humour by the late Mr. Dodds of the War Office, the person to whom it chiefly refers. Andrew happened to be present at a fair or market, somewhere in Teviotdale (St. Boswell’s), where Dodds, at that time a non-commissioned officer in His Majesty’s service, happened also to be with a military party recruiting. It was some time during the American war, when they were beating up eagerly for fresh men, to teach passive obedience to the obdurate and ill-mannered Columbians, and it was then the practice for recruiting serjeants, after parading for a due space, with all the warlike pageantry of drums, trumpets, ‘glancing blades and gay cockades,’ to declaim in heroic strains of the delights of a soldier’s life—of glory, patriotism, plunder—the prospect of promotion for the bold and young, and his Majesty’s munificent pension for the old and the wounded. Dodds, who was a man of much

natural talent, and whose abilities afterwards raised him to a honourable rank and independent fortune, had made one of his most brilliant speeches on this occasion; a crowd of ardent and active rustics were standing round, gaping with admiration at the imposing mien, and kindling at the heroic eloquence of the manly soldier, whom many of them had known a few years before as a rude tailor boy; the serjeant himself already leading, in idea, a score of new recruits, had just concluded, in a strain of more than usual elevation, his oration in praise of the military profession, when Gemmels, who, in tattered guise, was standing close behind, reared aloft his meal-pokes on the end of his kent or pike-staff, and exclaimed with a tone and aspect of profound derision, ‘behold the end o’t!’ The contrast was irresistible—the *beau ideal* of Serjeant Dodds, and the ragged reality of Andrew Gemmels, were sufficiently striking, that the former, with his red-coat followers, beat a retreat in some confusion, amidst the loud and universal laughter of the surrounding multitude.

“Another time, Andrew went to visit one of his patrons, a poor Scotch laird, who had recently erected an expensive and fantastic mansion, of which he was very vain, and which but ill corresponded with his rank or his resources. The beggar was standing leaning over his pike-staff, and looking very attentively at the edifice, when the laird came forth and accosted him: ‘Well, Andrew, you’re admiring our handy work here?’ ‘At-weel am I, sir,’ ‘And what think ye o’ them, Andrew?’ ‘I just think ye hae thrawn away twa bonnie estates, and built a gowk’s nest.’”

Gemmels died in the year 1793, at Roxburgh Newtown, near Kelso. A lady who was residing there at that time, and who witnessed his latter days, furnished the following particulars, which are here transferred in her own simple and expressive words:—

“He came to Newtown at that time in a very weakly condition; being, according to his own account, 105 years of age. The conduct of some of the country folks towards poor Andrew in his declining state, was not what it should have been; probably most of his old patrons had died out, and their more genteel descendants disliked to be fashed and burthened with a -dying beggar; so every one handed him over to his next neigh-

hour; and he was hurried from Selkirk to Newtown, a distance of sixteen miles, in three days. He was brought in a cart and laid down at Mr. R——'s byre door, but we never knew by whom. He was taken in, and laid as usual on his truss of straw. When we spoke of making up a bed for him, he got into a rage, and swore (as well as he was able to speak) 'that many clever fellows had died in the field with their hair frozen to the ground—and would he submit to die in any of our beds?' He did not refuse a little whiskey, however, now and then; for it was but cold, in the spring, lying in an out-house among straw. A friend who was along with me, urged him to tell what cash he had about him, 'As you know,' said she, 'it has been reported that you have money.' Andrew replied, with a look of derision, 'Bow, wow, wow, woman! women folk are aye fashing theirsels aboot what they hae nae business wi'.' He at length told us he had changed a note at Selkirk, and paid six shillings for a pair of shoes which he had on him: but not a silver coin was found in all his duddy doublets, and many kind of odd like pouch he had: in one of them was sixpence worth of halfpence, and two combs for his silver locks, which were beautiful. His set of teeth, which he had got in his 101st year, were very white. What was remarkable, notwithstanding all the rags he had flapping about him, he was particularly clean in his old halesome looking person. He at last allowed the servants to strip off his rags and lay him on a bed, which was made up for him in a cart, in the byre. After he was laid comfortably, he often prayed and to good purpose; but if the servants did not feed him right (for he could not lift a spoon to his mouth for several days before his death), he would give them a passing bann. He lived nine days with us, and continued quite sensible until the hour of his decease. Mr. R—— got him decently buried. Old Jemmy Jack, with his muckle nose, got his shoes for digging his grave in Roxburgh kirk-yard. Andrew was well known through all this country and great part of Northumberland. I suppose he was originally from the west country, but cannot speak with certainty as to that; it was, however, commonly reported that he had a nephew or some near relation in the west, who possessed a farm which Andrew had stocked for him from the profits of his begging."

OLDBUCK. The antiquary, Oldbuck, is more of an unique personage, *sui generis*, who might have belonged to any country, and whose feelings the bulk of readers do not clearly comprehend. The chief interest, however, as in Guy Manner- ing, lies in the humbler characters, drawn from the lower ranks of life. In an age which borders so closely on the present, it was difficult to find those rude and picturesque features which formerly rendered the manners of every class almost poetical. The remains of these, of wild enterprize, of strong and untamed passions, and of a varied mode of existence, are found almost only in two classes, the beggar and the fisher, which the author, with that tact which could not desert him on such a subject, makes his prominent personages. The following picture of one who places the glory of his life in collecting unique copies, first editions, illegible manuscripts, and black letter, cannot fail to be recognized, by the truly initiated, for its characteristic truth :—

“Davy Wilson, commonly called Snuffy Davy, from his inveterate addiction to black rappee, was the very prince of scouts for searching blind alleys, cellars, and stalls, for rare volumes. He had the scent of a slot-hound, sir, and the snap of a bull-dog. He would detect you an old black-letter ballad among the leaves of a law-paper, and find an *editio princeps* under the mask of a school Corderius. Snuffy Davy bought the ‘Game of Chess, 1474,’ the first book ever printed in England, from a stall in Holland, for about two groschen, or twopence of our money. He sold it to Osborne for twenty pounds, and as many books as came to twenty pounds more. Osborne re-sold this inimitable windfall to Dr. Askew for sixty guineas. ‘At Dr. Askew’s sale,’ continued the old gentleman, kindling as he spoke, ‘this inestimable treasure blazed forth in its full value, and was purchased, by royalty itself, for one hundred and seventy pounds! ‘Could a copy now occur, Lord only knows,’ he ejaculated, with a deep sigh and lifted-up hands, ‘Lord only knows what would be its ransom;’ and yet it was originally secured, by skill and research, for the equivalent of twopence sterling. Happy, thrice happy, Snuffy Davy! and blessed were the times when thy industry could be so rewarded!”

IVANHOE.

The story is entirely English; and consequently no longer possesses the charm of that sweet Doric dialect, of which even strangers have been made of late to feel the force and beauty. The time is laid as far back as the reign of Richard I.—and we suspect that the Saxons and Normans of that age are rather less known than the Highlanders and Cameronians of the present. This was the great difficulty the author had to contend with, and the great disadvantage of the subject with which he had to deal. Nobody now alive can have a very clear or complete conception of the actual way of life and *manière d'être* of our ancestors in the year 1194. Some of the more prominent outlines of their chivalry, their priesthood, and their villenage, may be known to antiquaries, or even to general readers; but all the filling up and details, which alone could give body and life to the picture, have been long since effaced by some. We have scarcely any notion, in short, of the private life and conversation of any class of persons in that remote period; and, in fact, know less how the men and women occupied or amused themselves—what they talked about—how they looked—or what they habitually thought or felt, at that time in England, than we know of what they did or thought at Rome in the time of Augustus, or at Athens in the time of Pericles. The memorials and relics of those earlier ages and remoter nations, are greatly more abundant and more familiar to us, than of our ancestors at the distance of seven centuries. Besides ample histories and copious orations, we have plays, poems, and familiar letters of the former period; while of the latter we have only some vague chronicles, some superstitious legends, and a few fragments of foreign romance. We scarcely know indeed what language was then either spoken or written.

The author has done wonders with his subject; and though we do sometimes miss those fresh and living pictures of the characters which we know, and the nature with which we are familiar—and that high and deep interest which the home scenes of our own times and our own people could alone generate or

sustain, it is impossible to deny that he has made marvellous good use of the scanty materials at his disposal—and eked them out both by the greatest skill and dexterity in their arrangement, and by all the resources that original genius could render subservient to such a design. For this purpose he has laid his scene in a period when the rivalry of the victorious Norman and the conquered Saxon had not been finally composed; and when the courtly petulance, and chivalrous and military pride of the one race might yet be set in splendid opposition to the manly steadiness and honest but homely simplicity of the other: and has at the same time given an air both of dignity and of reality to his story, by bringing in the personal prowess of Cœur de Lion himself, and other persons of historical fame, to assist in its development.—Though reduced in a great measure to the vulgar staple of armed knights and jolly friars or woodsmen, imprisoned damsels, lawless barons, collared serfs, and household fools—he has made such admirable use of his great talents for description, and invested those traditional and theatrical persons with so much of the feelings and humours that are of all ages and all countries, that we frequently cease to regard them—as it is generally right to regard them—as parts of a fantastical pageant; and are often brought to consider the knights who joust in panoply in the lists, and the foresters who shoot deer with arrows, and plunder travellers in the woods, as real individuals, with hearts of flesh and blood beating in their bosoms like our own—actual existences, in short, into whose views we may reasonably enter, and with whose emotions we are bound to sympathize. To all this he has added, out of the prodigality of his high and inventive genius, the grace and the interest of some lofty and sweet and superhuman characters—for which, though evidently fictitious, and unnatural in any stage of society, the remoteness of the scene on which they are introduced may serve as an apology—if they could need any other than what they bring along with them in their own sublimity and beauty.

In comparing this work, then, with the preceding productions of the same master-hand, it is impossible not to feel that we are passing in a good degree from the reign of nature and reality, to that of fancy and romance; and exchanging for scenes of wonder and curiosity, those more homefelt sympathies and

deeper touches of delight that can only be excited by the people among whom we live, and the objects that are constantly around us. A far greater proportion of the work is accordingly made up of splendid descriptions of arms and dresses—moated and massive castles—tournaments of mailed champions—solemn feasts—formal courtesies, and other matters of external and visible presentment, that are only entitled to such distinction as connected with the older times, and novel by virtue of their antiquity—while the interest of the story is maintained far more by surprising adventures and extraordinary situations, the startling effect of exaggerated sentiments, and the strong contrast of exaggerated characters, than by the sober charms of truth and reality,—the exquisite representation of scenes with which we are familiar, or the skilful development of affections which we have often experienced.

These bright lights and deep shadows—this succession of brilliant pictures, addressed as often to the eye as to the imagination, and oftener to the imagination than to the heart—this preference of striking generalities to homely details, all belong more properly to the province of poetry than of prose; and *Ivanhoe* accordingly seems to us much more akin to the most splendid of modern poems, than the most interesting of modern novels; and savours much more of the author of *Marmion* or the *Lady of the Lake*, than that of *Waverley* or *Old Mortality*.

The story opens, after some historical notices of great vigour and accuracy, with a picture or two of Cedric's domestics tending his herd of swine in a forest adjoining his domain in the central districts of Yorkshire: the Fool, whose whole part is copied with considerable boldness and success from the specimens of that character in Shakspeare, and especially from the kind-hearted one who attended on the wanderings of the unhappy Lear, is described with powerful effect. The Tournament, or Passage of Arms of Ashby,* in the description of which the author has made use of all his resources, present us at once with a more learned and a more lively picture of that stately and chivalrous divertisement, than is to be found in any other writer. The meeting of the Black Knight with the Her-

* *Ivanhoe*, p. 75.

mit* is also given in the very best manner of the author. No passage in epic or dramatic poetry is more full of life, interest, and energy, than the magnificent descriptive dialogue between the wounded knight of Ivanhoe, and the fair Rebecca,† when she is induced to climb up to the lofty and iron-bound window of his prison, and to report what she could thence descry of the tumultuous scene before her. The trial of Rebecca is set forth learnedly and with poetical effect. The close of the dialogue between her and the Templar,‡ in which he urges her to fly with him, and offers, for her sake, to renounce all his darling and long-cherished schemes of ambition, and to devote his life to her happiness and honour, would, with a very little alteration, make a more striking scene in tragedy, than any that has been offered for the stage for more than a century. The whole strain of it is dramatical and poetical, and the interest of the most exalted description.

Ivanhoe is a splendid poem, and contains matter enough for six good tragedies.

It is to be taken for granted, that the charming extracts from "Old Plays," that are occasionally given as mottoes to this and some of his other novels, are original compositions of the author whose prose they garnish; and they show that he is, not less a master of the most beautiful style of dramatic versification, than of all the higher and more inward secrets of that forgotten art.

The match of archery, at Ashby, in which the yeoman Locksley overcomes all the antagonists whom Prince John brings up against him, finds a parallel, and indeed it may be said a foundation, in the ballad of "Adam Bell, Clym of the Cleugh, and William of Cloudeslea." The story of the ballad bears, that these "three perilous outlaws," having wrought great devastation among the "foresters of the foe" and liege burghers of Carlisle, while in the act of rescuing one of their companions from prison, "fure up to London town," to crave of their sovereign a charter of peace. This, by the intercession of the Queen, he grants them; but no sooner is the royal word passed for the pardon, than messengers arrive from the "north countrye" with tidings of the deadly havock. The King happens to be quietly

* Ivanhoe, p. 178.

† Ivanhoe, p. 326.

‡ Ivannoc, p. 4.

engaged in eating his dinner at the time, and is completely thunderstruck at the intelligence, so that

“ ‘Take up the table,’ then said he,
‘For I can eat no mo.’ ”

He straightway assures the three offenders, that, if they do not prevail over every one of his own bowmen, their lives shall be forfeited.

The spirit of archery is still kept up at many places among the Scots. It is kept up at Kilwinning. This society is very ancient, there being evidence of its existence as far back as 1488. This amusement is practised annually at a certain time of the year, generally in the month of June. It is of two kinds: the one is at a perpendicular mark called a pepingoe. The pepingoe is a bud known in heraldry. It is on this occasion cut out in wood, fixed on the end of a pole, and placed 120 feet high on the steeple of the monastery. The archer who shoots down the mark, is honoured with the title of the Captain of the Pepingal.

ROB ROY.

The following interesting narrative is extracted from Colonel Stewart's admirable work on the Highlands:—

“The father of the present Mr. Stewart of Ardvorlich knew Rob Roy intimately, and attended his funeral in 1736—the last at which a piper officiated in the Highlands of Perthshire. The late Mr. Stewart of Bohallie, Mr. M'Nab of Inchewan, and several gentlemen of my acquaintance, also knew Rob Roy and his family. Alexander Stewart, one of his followers, afterwards enlisted in the Black Watch. He was wounded at Fontenoy, and discharged with a pension in 1748. Some time after this period he was engaged by my grandmother, then a widow, as a *grieve*, to direct and take charge of the farm-servants. In this situation he proved a faithful trust-worthy servant, and was by my father continued in his situation till his death. He told many anecdotes of Rob Roy and his party, among whom he was distinguished by the name of the Bailie, a title which he ever after retained. It was before him that people were sworn when it was necessary to bind them to secrecy.

“Robert Macgregor Campbell was a younger son of Donald Macgregor of Glengyle, in Perthshire, by a daughter of Campbell of Glenlyon, sister of the individual who commanded at the massacre of Glencoe. He was born some time between 1657 and 1660, and married Helen Campbell, of the family of Glenfalloch. As cattle was at that period the principal marketable produce of the hills, the younger sons of gentlemen had few other means of procuring an independent subsistence than by engaging in this sort of traffic. At an early period Rob Roy was one of the most respectable and successful drovers in his district. Before the year 1707 he had purchased of the family of Montrose the lands of Craigrostone, on the banks of Lochlomond, and had relieved some heavy debts on his nephew's estate of Glengyle. While in this prosperous state, he continued respected for his honourable dealings both in the Lowlands and Highlands. Previous to the Union no cattle had been permitted to pass the English Border. As a boon or encouragement, however, to conciliate the people to that measure, a free intercourse was allowed. The Marquis of Montrose, created a Duke the same year, and one of the most zealous partizans of the Union, was the first to take advantage of this privilege, and immediately entered into partnership with Rob Roy, who was to purchase the cattle and drive them to England for sale—the Duke and he advancing an equal sum, 10,000 merks each (a large sum in those days, when the price of the best ox or cow was seldom twenty shillings); all the transactions beyond this amount to be on credit. The purchases having been completed, Macgregor then went to England; but so many people had entered into a similar speculation, that the market was completely overstocked, and the cattle sold for much less than prime cost. Macgregor returned home, and went to the Duke to settle the account of their partnership, and to pay the money advanced, with the deduction of the loss. The Duke, it is said, would consent to no deduction, but insisted on principal and interest. “In that case, my Lord,” said Macgregor, “if these be your principles, I shall not make it my principle to pay the interest, nor my interest the principal; so if your Grace do not stand your share of the loss, you shall have no money from me.” On this they separated. No settlement of accounts followed—the one insisting on retaining the money, unless the other would consent to bear his share of the

loss. Nothing decisive was done till the rebellion of 1715, when Rob Roy 'was out,'—his nephew Glengyle commanding a numerous body of the Macgregors, but under the control of his uncle's superior judgment and experience. On this occasion the Duke of Montrose's share of the cattle speculation was expended. The next year, his Grace took legal means to recover his money, and got possession of the lands of Craigrostone on account of his debt. This rendered Macgregor desperate. Determined that his Grace should not enjoy his lands with impunity, he collected a band of about twenty followers, declared open war against him, and gave up his old course of regular droving—declaring that the estate of Montrose should in future supply him with cattle, and he would make the Duke rue the day in which he quarrelled with him. He kept his word—and for nearly twenty years, that is, till the day of his death, levied regular contributions on the Duke and his tenants, not by nightly depredations and robberies, but in broad day, and in a systematic manner—at an appointed time making a complete sweep of all the cattle of a district, always passing over those not belonging to the Duke's estate, as well as the estates of his friends and adherents; and having previously given notice where he was to be by a certain day with his cattle, he was met there by people from all parts of the country, to whom he sold them publicly. These meetings, or trystes, as they were called, were held in different parts of the country; sometimes the cattle were driven south, but oftener to the north-west, where the influence of his friend the Duke of Argyll protected him.

“In this manner did this extraordinary man live, in open violation and defiance of the laws, and died peaceably in his bed, when nearly eighty years of age. His funeral was attended by all the country round, high and low—the Duke of Montrose and his immediate friends only excepted.

“How such things could happen, at so late a period, must appear incredible,—and this, too, within thirty miles of the garrisons of Stirling and Dumbarton, and the populous city of Glasgow, and, indeed, with a small garrison stationed at Inversnaid, in the heart of the country, and on the estate which belonged to Macgregor, for the express purpose of checking his depredations. The truth is, the thing could not have happened had it not been the peculiarity of the man's character; for, with all his

lawless spoliations and unremitted acts of vengeance and robbery against the Montrose family, he had not an enemy in the country beyond the sphere of their influence. He never hurt or meddled with the property of a poor man, and, as I have stated, was always careful that his great enemy should be the principal, if not the only sufferer. Had it been otherwise, it was quite impossible that, notwithstanding all his enterprise, address, intrepidity and vigilance, he could have long escaped in a populous country, with a warlike people, well qualified to execute any daring exploit, such as the seizure of this man, had they been his enemies, and willing to undertake it. Instead of which, he lived socially among them—that is, as social as an outlaw, always under a certain degree of alarm, could do,—giving the education of gentlemen to his sons,—frequenting the most populous towns,—and, whether in Edinburgh, Perth, or Glasgow, equally safe,—at the same time that he displayed great and masterly address in avoiding or calling for public notice.

“ The instances of his address struck terror into the minds of the troops, whom he often defeated and out-generalled. One of these instances occurred in Breadalbane, in the case of an officer and forty chosen men sent after him. The party crossed through Glenfalloch to Tyndrum, and Macgregor, who had correct information of all their movements, was with a party in the immediate neighbourhood. He put himself in the disguise of a beggar, with a bag of meal on his back (in those days alms were always bestowed in produce),—went to the inn at Tyndrum; where the party was quartered, walked into the kitchen with great indifference,—and sat down among the soldiers. They soon found the beggar a lively sarcastic fellow, when they began to attempt some practical jokes upon him.

“ He pretended to be very angry, and threatened to inform Rob Roy, who would quickly show them they were not to give with impunity such usage to a poor and harmless person. He was immediately asked if he knew Rob Roy, and if he could tell where he was? On his answering that he knew him well, and where he was, the sergeant informed the officer, who immediately sent for him.

“ After some conversation, the beggar consented to accompany them to Creanlarich, a few miles distant, where he said Rob Roy and his men were, and that he believed their arms were lodged

in one house, while they were sitting in another. He added that Roy was very friendly, and sometimes joked with him, and put him at the head of the table; and ‘when it is dark,’ said he, ‘I will go forward,—you will follow in half-an-hour,—and, when near the house, rush on, place your men at the back of the house, ready to seize on the arms of the Highlanders, while you shall go round with the sergeant and two men, walk in, and call out the whole are your prisoners; and don’t be surprised though you should see me at the head of the company.’ As they marched on, they had to pass a rapid stream at Dabrie, a spot celebrated on account of the defeat of Robert Bruce by Macdougall of Lorn, in the year 1306. Here the soldiers asked their merry friend the beggar to carry them through on his back. This he did, sometimes taking two at a time, till he took the whole over, demanding a penny from each for his trouble. When it was dark, they pushed on, (the beggar having gone before), the officer following the directions of his guide, and darting into the house with the sergeant and three soldiers. They had hardly time to look to the end of the table, where they saw the beggar standing, when the door was shut behind them, and they were instantly pinioned, two men standing on each side holding pistols to their ears, and declaring that they were dead men if they uttered a word. The beggar then went out, and called in two more men, who were instantly secured, and in the same manner with the whole party. Having been disarmed, they were placed under a strong guard till morning, when he gave them a plentiful breakfast, and released them on parole (the Bailie attending with his dirk, over which the officer gave his parole), to return immediately to their garrison, without attempting any thing more at this time. This promise Rob Roy made secure, by keeping their arms and ammunition, as lawful prize of war.

“Some time after, the same officer was again sent after this noted character, probably to retrieve his former mishap. In this expedition he was more fortunate, for he took three of the freebooters prisoners in the higher parts of Breadalbane, near the scene of the former exploit,—but the conclusion was nearly similar. He lost no time in proceeding in the direction of Perth, for the purpose of putting his prisoners in jail; but Rob Roy was equally alert in pursuit. His men marched in a paralled line with the soldiers, who kept along the bottom of the valley, on the south side of

Loch Tay, while the others kept close up the side of the hill, anxiously looking for an opportunity to dash down and rescue their comrades, if they saw any remissness or want of attention on the part of the soldiers. Nothing of this kind offered, and the party had passed Tay bridge, near which they halted and slept. Macgregor now saw that something must soon be done or never, as they would speedily gain the low country, and be out of his reach. In the course of the night, he procured a number of goat-skins and cords, with which he dressed himself and his party in the wildest manner possible, and pushing forward, before day-light took post near the road-side, in a thick wood below Grandtully Castle. When the soldiers came in a line with the party in ambush, the Highlanders, with one leap, darted down upon them, uttering such yells and shouts as, along with their frightful appearance, so confounded the soldiers, that they were overpowered and disarmed without a man being hurt on either side. Rob Roy kept the arms and ammunition, released the soldiers, and marched away in triumph with his men.

“The terror of his name was much increased by exploits like these, which, perhaps, lost nothing by the telling, as the soldiers would not probably be inclined to diminish the danger and fatigues of a duty in which they were so often defeated. But it is unnecessary to repeat the stories preserved and related of this man and his actions, which were always daring and well contrived, often successful, but never directed against the poor, nor prompted by revenge, except against the Duke of Montrose, and without any instance of murder or bloodshed committed by any of his party, except in their own defence. In his war against Montrose, he was supported and abetted by the Duke of Argyll, from whom he always received shelter when hard pressed, or, to use a hunting term, when he was in danger of being earthed by the troops. These two powerful families were still rivals, although Montrose had left the Tories, and joined Argyll and the Whig interest. It is said that Montrose reproached Argyll in the House of Peers with protecting the robber Rob Roy, when the latter, with his usual eloquence and address, parried off the accusation (which he could not deny), by jocularly answering, that if he protected a robber, the other supported him.”

TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

THE BLACK DWARF.

OUR readers will readily remember the curious explanation which takes place between Bauldy, the old-world shepherd, in the Introduction to this tale, and Mr. Peter Pattieson, respecting the difference between lang sheep and short sheep.* A conversation once actually took place between Sir Walter Scott, James Hogg, and Mr. Laidlaw, the factor of the former, in which the same disquisition and nearly the same words occurred. Messrs. H. and L. began the dispute about the various merits of the different sheep; and many references being made to the respective lengths of the animals, Sir Walter became quite tired of their unintelligible technicals, and very simply asked them how sheep came to be distinguished by longitude, having, he observed, never perceived any remarkable difference between one sheep and another in that particular. It was then that an explanation took place, very like that of Bauldy in the Introduction; and we think there can be no doubt that the fictitious incident would never have taken place but for the real circumstance we have related.

The dispute with Christy Wilson, butcher in Gandercleugh, which it was the object of Bauldy's master to settle, and in consequence of which being amicably adjusted, the convivialities that brought out from the shepherd the materials of the tale were entered into, has, we understand, its origin in a process once before the Court of Session, respecting what is termed a luck-penny on a bargain.

ELSHENDER THE RECLUSE.—The singular person of whose real history and condition the following few particulars are detailed, has already excited the curiosity and contributed to the entertainment of the public in no ordinary degree, under the fictitious character of the Black Dwarf. That David Ritchie was

* Tales of my Landlord, 1st series, p. 3.

the real prototype of that marvellous misanthrope, is avowed by the author in his New Introduction.

David Ritchie was a pauper, who lived the greater part of a long life, and finally died so late as the year 1811, in a solitary cottage situated in the romantic glen of Manor in Peebles-shire. This vale, now rendered classic ground by the abode of the Black Dwarf, was otherwise formerly remarkable as having been the retirement of the illustrious and venerable Professor Ferguson.

His person coincided singularly well with the description of the fictitious recluse. He had been deformed and horrible since his birth in no ordinary degree, which was probably the cause of the analogous peculiarities of his temper. His countenance, of the darkest of dark complexions, was half covered with a long grisly black beard, and bore, as the centre of its system of terrors, two eyes of piercing black, which were sometimes, in his excited moments, lighted up with wild and supernatural lustre. His head was of a singular shape, conical and oblong, and might now form no unworthy subject for the studies of the Phrenological Society. To speak in their language, he must have had few of the moral or intellectual faculties developed in any perfection; for his brow retreated immediately above the eyebrows, and threw nearly the whole of his head, which was large, behind the ear, where, it is said, the meaner organs of the brain are situated—giving immense scope to cruelty, obstinacy, self-esteem, &c. His nose was long and aquiline,—his mouth wide and contemptuously curled upward,—and his chin protruded from the visage in a long grisly peak. His body, short and muscular, was thicker than that of most ordinary men, and, with his arms, which were long, and of great power, might have formed the parts of a giant, had not nature capriciously curtailed his form of other limbs conformable to these proportions. His arms had the same defect with those of the celebrated Betterton, and he could not lift them higher than his breast; yet such was their strength, that he has been known to tear up a tree by the roots, which had baffled the united efforts of two labourers, who had striven digging to eradicate it. His legs were short, fin-like, and bent outwards, with feet totally inapplicable to the common purposes of walking. These he constantly endeavoured to conceal from sight, by wrapping them

up in immense masses of rags. This ungainly part of his figure is remarkable as the only one which differs materially from the description of "Cannie Elshie," whose "body, thick and square, was mounted upon two large feet."

He was the son of very poor parents, who, at an early period of his life, endeavoured to place him with a tradesman in the metropolis, to learn the humble art of brush-making; which purpose he however soon deserted in disgust, on account of the insupportable notice which his uncouth form attracted in the streets. His spirit, perhaps, also panted for the seclusion of his native hills, where he might have ease to indulge in that solitude so appropriate to the outcast ugliness of his person, and free from the insulting gaze of vulgar curiosity. Here, in the valley of his birth, he formed the romantic project of building a small hut for himself, in which, like the Recluse of the tale, he might live for ever retired from the race for whose converse he was unfitted, and give unrestrained scope to the moods of his misanthropy. He constructed this hermitage in precisely the same manner with the Black Dwarf of Mucklestane Moor. Huge rocks, which he had rolled down from the neighbouring hill, formed the foundation and walls, to which an alternate layer of turf, as is commonly used in cottages, gave almost the consistency and fully the comfort of mortar. He is said to have evinced amazing bodily strength in moving and placing these stones, such as the strongest men, with all the advantages of stature and muscular proportion, could hardly have equalled. This corporeal energy, which lay chiefly in his arms, will remind the reader of the exertions of the Black Dwarf, as witnessed by Hobbie Elliot and young Earnscliff, on the morning after his first appearance, when employed in arranging the foundations of his hermitage out of the Grey Geese of Mucklestane Moor.*

When the young hermit had finished his hut, and succeeded in furnishing it with a few coarse household utensils, framed chiefly by his own hands, he began to form a garden. In the cultivation and adornment of this spot, he displayed a degree of natural taste and ingenuity that might have fitted him for a higher fate than the seclusion of his hermitage. In a short time he had stocked it with such a profusion of fruit-trees, herbs, vegetables,

* Tales of my Landlord, 1st series, p. 24.

and flowers, that it seemed a little forest of beauty—a shred of Eden, fit to redeem the wilderness around from its character of desolation,—a gem on the swarth brow of the desert. Not only did it exhibit the finest specimens of flowers indigenous to this country, but he had also contrived to procure a number of exotics, whose Linneæan names he would roll forth to the friends whom he indulged with an admission within its precincts, with a pomposity of voice that never failed to enhance their admiration. It soon came to be much resorted to by visitors, being accounted, with the genius of the place, one of the most remarkable curiosities of the county. Dr. Ferguson used sometimes to visit the eccentric solitary, as an amusement in that retired spot; and Sir Walter Scott, who was a frequent guest at the house of that venerable gentleman, is said to have often held long communings with him, as likewise had several other individuals of literary celebrity.

Among the traits of his character, there is none reminds us so strongly of the Misanthrope of the Tale as his propensity to execration. The same style of discourse, almost the same terms of imprecation, are common to both. The Author has put expressions into the mouth of this character which, as specimens of the grand and sublime, are altogether unequalled in the whole circle of English poetry—not even excepting the magnificent thunders of Byron's muse. Now, his prototype is well remembered by those who have conversed with him, to have frequently used language which, sometimes sinking to delicacy and even elegance, and at others rising to a very tempest of execration and diabolical expression, might have been deemed almost miraculous from *his* mouth, could it not have been attributed partly to the impassioned inspiration that naturally flowed from his consciousness of deformity, from keen resentment of insult, and from the despairing loveless sterility of his heart.

The history of his death-bed furnishes us with an anecdote of a beautiful and atoning character.

He had always through life expressed the utmost abhorrence of being buried among what he haughtily termed the “common brush” in the parish church-yard, and pointed out a particular spot, in the neighbourhood of his cottage, where he had been frequently known to lie dreaming or reading for long summer days, as a more agreeable place of interment. It is remarked

by a former biographer, that he has displayed no small portion of taste in the selection of this spot. It is the summit of a small rising ground, called the Woodhill, situated nearly in the centre of the parish of Manor, covered with green fern, and embowered on the top by a circle of rowan-trees planted by the Dwarf's own hand, for the double purpose of serving as a mausoleum or monument to his memory, and keeping away, by the charm of consecration supposed to be vested in their nature, the influence of witchcraft and other unhallowed powers from the grave.

The little mansion at present existing is not that built by the Dwarf's own hands, but one of later date, erected by the charity of a neighbouring gentleman in the year 1802. A small tablet of freestone, bearing this date below the letters D. R., was still to be seen in the western gable. The eastern division of the cottage, separated from the other by a partition of stone and lime, and entering by a different door, was inhabited, in 1820, by his sister. It is remarkable that even with that near relation he was never on terms of any affection; an almost complete estrangement having subsisted between these two lonely beings for many years. Agnes had been a servant in the earlier part of her life; but having of late years become subject to a degree of mental aberration, she had retired from every sort of employment to her brother's habitation, where she subsisted on the charity of the poor's funds. She much resembled her brother in features, but was not deformed. Her face was dark with age and wretchedness, and her aspect, otherwise somewhat appalling, was rendered almost unearthly by two large black eyes, the lustre of which was not the less horrible by the imbecility of their gaze. We think she may have suggested the original idea of Elspeth Cheyne, the supcrannuated dependant of Glenallan, in the *Antiquary*.

Agnes Ritchie died in December, 1821, ten years after the decease of her brother, and was buried in the same grave, in Manor churchyard, on which occasion the deformed bones of Bowed Davie were found, to the utter disproof of a vulgar report, that they had suffered resurrection at the hands of certain anatomists in the College of Glasgow.

It was a curious trait in the character of David Ritchie, that he was very superstitious. Not only had he planted his house, his garden, and even his intended grave, all round with the mountain-ash, but it is also well authenticated that he never went

abroad without a branch of this singular antidote, tied round with a *red thread*, in his pocket, to prevent the effects of the *evil eye*. When the *sancta sanctorum* of his domicile were so sacrilegiously ransacked after his death, there was found an elf-stone, or small round pebble, bored in the centre, hung by a cord of hair passed through the hole to the head of his bed!

His grave lies in the immediate vicinity. A slip of his favourite rowan-tree marks the spot. It was planted several years after his death by some kindly hand, and, in the absence of a less perishable monument, seemed a wonderful act of delicacy and attention. It spoke a pathos to the feelings, that the finest inscription could not have excited,—it was so consonant with the former desires of “the poor inhabitant below!”

OLD MORTALITY.

{The whimsical title of Old Mortality is merely derived from the nickname of the personage out of whose mouth the narrative is feigned to proceed. The tale itself gives a living picture of Scotland during the darkest period of her story—the age of conventicles, the conflict of wild fanaticism with unjust persecution; when religion was stript of its peaceful character—war of its honour—the human heart of all its natural feelings. It is impossible to conceive a ground less favourable in which to plant the flowers of imagination. It reflects, therefore, peculiar credit on the author’s talents, that he should, from such materials, have produced a work in no ways inferior to the best of those which have already issued from his pen.—There is, indeed, in the situations and characters of Waverley and Guy Mannering, something bold and original, which we scarcely find here; but there is an uncommon variety of characters, all well-supported—Balfour of Burley, the sturdy covenanter, in whom religious zeal is blended with all the furies of ambition and revenge, tempered with a large mixture of craft and worldly wisdom: Claverhouse, a true historical picture, uniting the fierceness and desperation of the soldier with the dignity of the officer, the ease and grace of the courtier; shedding torrents of blood without passion, almost without motive, but always with the same cold relentless inhumanity. As we descend lower,

the features are found equally marked and striking : in Bothwell, the dissolute unlicensed dragoon, rioting on the spoils of a country given up to military violence ; mixed with some interesting touches of the high rank which he has fallen from, but still recollects : the wild and raving fanaticism of Mause ; the hearty, homely common sense of her son Cuddie ; and the pert, officious activity of Jenny Dennison, are complete copies of nature. So many characters, well and lively represented, and introduced in scenes horrible indeed, but striking and critical, cause the volume to contain a very great store of entertainment. It will also have the effect of introducing many readers to a better acquaintance with an interesting period of Scottish history.

HISTORY OF THE PERIOD.*—"We have observed the early antipathy mutually entertained by the Scottish presbyterians and the House of Stuart. It seems to have glowed in the breast even of the good-natured Charles II. He might have remembered, that, in 1651, the presbyterians had fought, bled, and ruined themselves in his cause. But he rather recollected their early faults than their late repentance ; and even their services were combined with the recollection of the absurd and humiliating circumstances of personal degradation, to which their pride had subjected him, while they professed to espouse his cause. As a man of pleasure, he hated their stern inflexible rigour, which stigmatized follies even more deeply than crimes ; and he whispered to his confidants, that, ' therefore, it was not wonderful that, in the first year of his restoration, he formally re-established prelacy in Scotland.' But it is surprising that, with his father's example before his eyes, he should not have been satisfied to leave at freedom the consciences of those who could not reconcile themselves to the new system. The religious opinions of sectaries have a tendency, like the water of some springs, to become soft and mild when freely exposed to open day. Who can recognize, in the decent and industrious quakers and anabaptists, the wild and ferocious tenets which distinguished their sects while yet they were honoured with the distinction of the scourge and the pillory ? Had the system of coercion against the presbyterians been continued until our day, Blair and

* This spirited article is copied from *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

Robertson would have preached in the wilderness, and only discovered their powers of eloquence and composition, by rolling along a deeper torrent of gloomy fanaticism.

“The western counties distinguished themselves by their opposition to the prelatic system. Three hundred and fifty ministers ejected from their churches and livings, wandered through the mountains, sowing the seeds of covenanted doctrine, while multitudes of fanatical followers pursued them, to reap the forbidden crop. These conventicles, as they were called, were denounced by the law, and their frequenters dispersed by military force. The genius of the persecuted became stubborn, obstinate, and ferocious; and, although indulgences were tardily granted to some presbyterian ministers, few of the true Covenanters, or Whigs, as they were called, would condescend to compound with a prelatic government, or to listen even to their own favourite doctrine under the auspices of the King. From Richard Cameron, their apostle, this rigid sect acquired the name of Cameronians. They preached and prayed against the indulgence, and against the presbyterians who availed themselves of it, because their accepting of this royal boon was a tacit acknowledgment of the King’s supremacy in ecclesiastical matters.

“Upon these bigoted and persecuted fanatics, and by no means upon the presbyterians at large, are to be charged the wild anarchical principles of anti-monarchy and assassination which polluted the period when they flourished.

“The conventicles were now attended by armed crowds, and a formidable insurrection took place in the west, and rolled on towards the capital. It was terminated by a defeat at the Pentland Hills, where General Dalziel routed the insurgents with great loss, 18th November, 1666.

“The whigs, now become desperate, adopted the most desperate principles; and retaliating, as far as they could, the intolerating persecution which they endured, they openly disclaimed allegiance to any monarch who should not profess presbytery and subscribe the Covenant. These principles were not likely to conciliate the favour of government, and, as we wade onward in the history of the times, the scenes become yet darker. At length, one would imagine the parties had agreed to divide the kingdom of vice between them,—the hunters assuming to themselves open profligacy and legalized oppression, and the hunted

the opposite attributes of hypocrisy, fanaticism, disloyalty, and midnight assassination. The troopers and cavaliers became enthusiasts in the pursuit of the Covenanters. If Messrs. Kid, King, Cameron, Peden, &c. boasted of prophetic powers, and were often warned of the approach of the soldiers by supernatural impulse, Captain John Crichton, on the other side, dreamed dreams and saw visions (chiefly, indeed, after having drunk hard), in which the lurking-holes of the rebels were discovered to his imagination.*

“Our ears are scarcely more shocked with the profane execration of the persecutors† than with the strange and insolent familiarity used towards the Deity by the persecuted fanatics. Their indecent modes of prayer, their extravagant expectations of miraculous assistance, and their supposed inspirations, might easily furnish out a tale, at which the good would sigh, and the gay would laugh.‡

“The militia and standing army soon became unequal to the task of enforcing conformity and suppressing conventicles. In their aid, and to force compliance with a test proposed by government, the Highland clans were raised, and poured down into Ayrshire; and armed hosts of undisciplined mountaineers, speaking a different language, and professing, many of them, another religion, were let loose to ravage and plunder this unfortunate country; and it is truly astonishing to find how few acts of cruelty they perpetrated, and how seldom they added murder to pillage. Additional levies of horse were also raised, under the name of independent troops, and great part of them placed under the command of James Grahame of Claverhouse, a man well known to fame by his subsequent title of Viscount

* See the life of this booted apostle of prelacy, written by Swift, who had collected all his anecdotes of persecution, and appears to have enjoyed them accordingly.

† “They raved,” says Peden’s historian, “like fleshly devils, when the mist shrouded from their pursuit the wandering Whigs. One gentleman closed a declaration of vengeance against the conventicles with this strange imprecation, ‘or may the devil make my ribs a gridiron to my soul.’”—MS. Account of the Presbytery of Penpont. Our armies swore terribly in Flanders, but nothing like to this.

‡ † Peden complained bitterly that, after a heavy struggle with the devil, he had got above him, spur-galled him hard, and obtained a wind to carry him from Ireland to Scotland—when, behold! another person had set sail, and reaped the advantage of his prayer-wind, before he could embark.

of Dundee, but better remembered in the western shires under the designation of the bloody Clavers.

“In truth, he appears to have combined the virtues and vices of a savage chief. Fierce, unbending, and rigorous, no emotion of compassion prevented his commanding and witnessing every detail of military execution against the non-conformists. Undoubtedly brave, and steadily faithful to his prince, he sacrificed himself in the cause of James when he was deserted by all the world. The whigs whom he persecuted, daunted by his ferocity and courage, conceived him to be impassive to their bullets, and that he had sold himself, for temporal greatness, to the seducer of mankind. It is still believed, that a cup of wine, presented to him by his butler, changed into clotted blood; and that, when he plunged his feet into cold water, their touch caused it to boil. The steed which bore him was supposed to be the gift of Satan; and precipices are shown where a fox could hardly keep his feet, down which the infernal charger conveyed him safely in pursuit of the wanderers. It is remembered with terror that Claverhouse was successful in every engagement with the Whigs, except that at Drumclog, or Loudonhill. The history of Burley will bring us immediately to the causes and circumstances of that event.

OLD MORTALITY.—This “innocent and interesting enthusiast,” as he has been called by the author, was a real person, named Robert Paterson, who for many years during the latter half of the last century, traversed the districts of the southern parts of Scotland, which had been the scenes of “the persecution,” in the very strange and romantic employment, described in the Introduction to the tale. Every peculiarity of his figure, of his character, and of his occupation, is so accurately delineated in that work, that there is scarcely any thing left for us to add. Even the manner of his death is perfectly exact—he was found stretched upon the road near Lockerby, in Dumfries-shire, almost dead, and just expiring. This event happened in the year 1789, as we are informed by an Ayrshire gentleman, who remembers his father having frequently given quarters to “*Auld Mortality*.” This intelligence may be interesting, as the Author of *Waverley* does not seem to have been aware of the date of his decease. The grave-stones, which it had been his pride to preserve, are

now fast running to decay; for his enthusiasm, however beautiful and meritorious in its character, has found no successor in the land.

BALFOUR OF BURLEY.—The name of this remarkable person, who bore so conspicuous a part in the unhappy scenes of bigotry and tyranny which Scotland displayed towards the close of the reign of Charles II., must be familiar to every class of readers, since the appearance of “the Tales of my Landlord.” By the author of that work, and the discussions to which it has given rise, Burley has been drawn from the comparative obscurity in which he had hitherto remained, known only to the divine and the historian, and held up to the world as a person eminently entitled to respect or reprobation, according to the opposite views which are still taken of the cause in which he was engaged.

John Balfour, of Kinloch, * was the son of John Balfour, portioner of Kinloch, by his wife, Grigger Hay, daughter of Hay, of Paris, of Perthshire. He was probably born about the year 1640; † and we find him served heir to his grandfather, Robert Balfour, on the 26th of February, 1663. ‡

John, the father of Burley, seems to have died before the year 1655, as his son was then boarded with John Hay, who grants a receipt to Robert and Alexander Tamson, for four-score pounds Scots, as payment of the said board, dated at Auchtermuchtie. Hay was Burley’s uncle; and it is certain that he afterwards resided with another of his uncles.

Balfour seems to have joined pretty early with the party which showed resistance in episcopacy; for he is asserted in the ap-

* The appellation of Burley was used in consequence of his close connexion with the Balfours of Burley. About 1560, Sir Michael Balfour, of Burley (more properly Burleigh), a gentleman of an ancient and highly respectable family, made a grant of the lands of Kinloch to his “near kinsman,” the grandfather of Burley.—*Edin. Mag. & Lit. Miscell.* 1817.

† According to the Scots Worthies, he was born about the year 1640, in which work his life is recorded. He joined early with the party which showed resistance to Episcopacy, and was ranked among their leaders or principal men, long before the assassination in which he took so deep a share. It is impossible, however, that he could have fought in the cause of the covenant before the restoration (as he is always represented to have done in the tale we illustrate), for he had only come to the years of maturity, about the time when Episcopacy was established in Scotland (1662) after that event.

‡ *Retours of Fife.* ...

pendix to the life of Archbishop Sharp, to have deserted the church, and followed after field conventicles long previous to the Bishop's murder; "glorying," according to the writer, "to be one of the most furious zealots, and stoutest champions of the fanatic party in Fife; for which he was denounced and inter-communed." In the year 1677, he was attacked by a party sent out to apprehend him, in his own house; the details of which affray are thus given by the Rev. Mr. James Kirton, in his History of the Church of Scotland. "Another accident at this time helped to inflame the displeasure of our governors, and that was this: Captain Carstaires was at that very time busie in the east end of Fife; the Lady Colvill he chased out of her own house, and by constraining her to lie upon the mountains, broke the poor ladie's health; William Sherthumb he laid in prison, but the doors were open, and he set free. But the people of that country who were conventiclors, knew not what to doe; so some dozen of them met at Kinloch, the house of John Balfour, a bold man, who was himself present, and with him Alexander Hamilton, of Kincaill, a most irreconcilable enemy to the Bishops; also Robert Hamilton, youngest son to Sir Robert Hamilton, of Preston, a man who had very lately changed his character, and of a loose youth became a high-strained zealot; but a man he was who made a great deal more noise than ever he did business; and some countrymen more. Of these, Carstaires gets intelligence, and so comes upon them very boldly with his party of eight or nine horses, among whom Philip Garret, a desperate English tinker, was chief. Garret alights, and perceiving a man standing in the door of the house, fires upon him, but misses him; upon which one out of the chamber fires upon Garret, being at that time in the court of the house; the shot pierced Garret's shoulder, and made him fall. Carstaires fired in at another door, and pierced the leg of the man of the house; and upon this all within horsed, and chased Carstaires and his party, though no more blood was shed, only Kincaill's horse was shot, and Garrett received some more blows with a sword, but his life was spared. This action, upon Carstaires' information, was reckoned resistance and rebellion. All present, because they appeared not when called, were denounced rebels, and some who were not present, were denounced with the rest, as it

was very frequently done ; but this was charged upon the whole party."

It may be remarked, that Kirton mistakes one Garret, for the infamous English tinker Scarlet, who, after riding as one of Mr. John Welch's body-guard, was suspected to have been concerned in the barbarous murder of two soldiers, at Newmills, * and that the tory account of this fracas states Balfour to have removed his wife and children out of the house, expecting the attack, for which he was well prepared, both with fire-arms and men.

The next traces we find of him are in desperate consultations with his accomplices respecting the castigation of one Baillie Carmichael, who was brought over, by Sharp, from Edinburgh, and made Sheriff-depute of Fyffe, under Rhodes, for the purpose of enforcing the grievous penalties enacted against the presbyterians. The barbarous murder of the Archbishop, which occurred soon afterwards, has been so fully and frequently described and expatiated upon, that it is unnecessary to rehearse again the particulars of that transaction. Burley is well known to have been one of the chief agents in the assassination.

After the murder, Burley and his friend rambled about for a few days, avoiding observation, and then joined the insurgents at Drumclog.† There he behaved with great bravery, and is made the hero of a ballad descriptive of that skirmish, to be found in the Border Minstrelsy. On disarming one of the Duke of Hamilton's servants, who had been in the action, he desired the man, as it is said, to tell his master that he would retain, till meeting, the pistols which he had taken from him. Afterwards, when the duke asked his man what he was like, he told him he was a little man, squint-eyed, and of a very fierce aspect; the duke said he knew who it was, and withal prayed that he might never see his face, for if he should, he was sure he would not live long.‡ At the affair of Bothwell Bridge, Burley displayed his wonted courage, and received a wound which occasioned him to exclaim, "The devil cut off his hands that gave it." The reader will find in Russel many circumstances respecting Burley's

* See Russel's account of Sharp's murder.

† Russel.

‡ Scots Worthies.

motions after the rout at Bothwell Bridge, which concluded in a flight to Holland, where he was not very cordially treated by his fellow refugees, being debarred from the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. He appears to have resided chiefly with his uncle, John Hay, who became an eminent bookseller in Holland. When the Prince of Orange undertook his descent, Burleigh received a commission as a cavalry officer, but died on the passage. His property had been confiscated, and given to Lord Lindores. After the revolution, the act of attainder was reversed. David Balfour, the son, was then served heir to his father, and commenced a prosecution against Lord Lindores for his intrusions with the estate.

SERGEANT BOTHWELL.—Francis Stuart, the grandson and representative of the last Earl of Bothwell, who was himself a grandson to James V. of Scotland, was so much reduced in circumstances, as to ride a private in the Life Guards, which were commanded by General Grahame, of Claverhouse, during the period of the persecution. We learn this from Swift's *Memoirs of Crichton*, who was his comrade. Sir Walter Scott, in a note to this part of the work, shows some respectable reasons for supposing him to have been the great-grandson of the Earl of Bothwell; but we are rather inclined to side with the other authority, as it is corroborated by the testimony of a curious old book, entitled, "*Scott of Scotstarvet's Staggering State of Scots Statesmen*," in which Bothwell is mentioned as the *grandson* of that unfortunate and imprudent nobleman. It seems strange that Sergeant Bothwell should have been so extremely reduced, considering that his mother was a daughter of the Earl of Seaton, whose family, before their attainder in 1715, was one of the most powerful and opulent in Scotland.

The character attributed to Bothwell, in the tale, is purely imaginary.

LADY MARGARET BELLENDEN.—It is not impossible, that Lady Margaret Bellenden was the old Dowager Duchess of Hamilton, who lived till the year 1716, in the castle of Avondale, which is situated in a wild part of Lanarkshire, within a few miles of Loudon Hill, and at the entrance of the muirs which the troops of Claverhouse are described to have passed in their progress to

many other countries, which have never attained the same climax of character. In short, we believe that the tendency of the Scottish national character is rather to reflection and foresight, than to veneration, or any of those powerful emotions on which devotion is founded; and that while there is, no doubt, much external decency of conduct, and much sincere regard for religious privileges among our people, they have yet a decided inclination to consider every religious topic rather as a subject of speculation and debate, than as a holy revelation, which should awaken their gratitude and love.

There is, indeed, no person who appears to us to have formed a more just estimate of this peculiarity of the national character of the Scots, than the author of "Rob Roy;" and we beg leave to refer such of our readers as may wish to see how he thinks upon this subject, to the admirable account given in that novel,* of the different countenances and feelings of the spectators who were assembled to hear the sermon, which is there stated to have been delivered by a popular preacher of the period referred to, in the cathedral of Glasgow. Every one conversant with the habits of the Scottish population, must have remarked, indeed, that public worship is much less viewed by them as an union of individuals to express their gratitude to their Maker, or to learn the dictates of his will, than as an opportunity for the exercise of their critical talents on those theological points, upon which even the lowest of the peasantry consider themselves to be competent judges; and as all days of peculiar sanctity are banished from our calendar, the disputative character of their public assemblies is not compensated by any sacred moments which might have mingled their influence with their more ordinary occupations.

It is not necessary to say how different all this is even in those European countries which have been longest under the influence of superstition; and while we profess, therefore, to hold high the moral character of the Scottish people, we apprehend that that author has done a good service to religion, who, by the force of his ridicule, has in some measure made us sensible of propensities which we had formerly regarded with too much veneration. At all events, that man, we think, must have con-

* Rob Roy, p. 216.

sidered the character of Scottish peasantry with very little discrimination, who can doubt of the correctness of the leading portrait in the great picture which the same accomplished artist has now submitted to the judgment of the public.

The portrait to which we allude is that of "Douce David Deans,"—a man who is supposed to have had some share, while yet a boy, in the great struggle for religious independence in which his countrymen had engaged during the latter years of the preceding century;—who had outlived, however, all that period of dissension and persecution;—and who now, from the repose of a green old age, still cherishes, in more quiet times, a deep-rooted veneration for the feelings of his youth, and an unyielding horror of those backslidings and failings,—those right-hand excesses, and left-hand defections, which now deformed the beauty of the national tabernacle. Yet, amidst all the doggedness of his religious zeal, and all the self-importance with which he viewed his superior gifts and graces, there is so much true devotion in the character of this man,—such firm adherence to what, in his conscience and understanding, he believes to be the truth,—such a fearless devotion to the will of God, and so much genuine affection, under a show of austerity, for the friends that had been given him, that no man, we think, can look upon his character, as it is here drawn, without feeling something of that veneration with which we regard the patriarchs of a holier age. We think, in short, that no man could have painted such a character, without having both formed to himself a most correct idea of the religious feelings of the more respectable of the Scottish peasantry, and without entertaining a true reverence for the excellencies which he described; and, as we consider the character of David Deans to have been intended by the author as in some degree a relief to the darker shades in which he had delineated the great body of the Covenanted leaders in his former work, we appeal for the truth of the present portrait, to those numerous living originals of it, who may still be seen in every village and neighbourhood within the limits of that country.

It would seem to us, that there is not one of our author's former productions which is more perfectly in this spirit than the one now before us. The whole family of the Deans, who constitute the leading group in the picture, are Scottish, and cha-

racteristic in the very highest degree. Jeanie, the quiet, firm, undaunted, affectionate Jeanie, where should we seek for her prototype, but among the well-educated and well-principled peasantry of "dear Caledonia?" It is with a truer pride than ever patriot felt from contemplating the most splendid trophies of a victorious country, we are able to say, that in our own experience we have frequently witnessed the most essential ingredients of this character, not indeed in circumstances in which they could be so strikingly manifested, but in such vigour of existence that we have not a doubt, that similar circumstances alone were wanting for their being as gloriously manifested. "Effie, that pair blinded, misguided thing," the child of many prayers, and the cause of so many sorrows, is unfortunately a character of more frequent occurrence. But though the same obstinacy and irritability of temper, the same self-conceited disregard of restraint, and the same readiness, as she herself confessed, to risk "baith soul and body for them she loved," may be found among the young and inexperienced, and affectionate of every land, what country but Scotland could furnish the *tout ensemble* of her portrait.*

The characters of the different members of the family of David Deans are not, however, the only ones contained in this volume, which we at once recognize to be peculiarly national. The picture given of the fashionable style of manners and accomplishments among the Scottish lawyers of the present day, is executed with a fidelity which no one who has witnessed the originals will for one moment dispute. The different members of those inferior groups who maintained the memorable conversations which took place in the West Bow, when retiring from the expected execution, and also when the sentence had been promulgated which condemned Effie Deans to an ignominious death, the characters we mean of Plumdamas, of Mr. and Mrs. Saddletree, Mrs. Howden, and Miss Damahoy, are also given with the most scrupulous adherence to truth and effect. While the interesting memorials of our "Auld friends the town guard, with John Dhu, their valiant corporal,"—the holiday squabbles with the venerable ancients, to which we still look back with so vivid a recollection,—and of the fearful tumult of a more serious mob,

* Heart of Mid-Lothian, p. 106—109.

as given in the powerfully wrought scene of the gathering and progress of the rioters by whom the prison was broken,—all these are so perfectly descriptive of scenes and characters with which we are either familiar, or of which we have frequently heard, that no native of the city can either fail to acknowledge the resemblance, or to receive, from tracing it, the most lively satisfaction.

It is astonishing, indeed, what a variety of personages the author has introduced into these tales, and yet how perfectly one seems to remember, not merely the place and action, but the very look and tone of every one of them. They are all, therefore, distinct and individual in a high degree; but they are all at the same time natural, for they uniformly act under the influence of such a combination of passions as Nature herself would have associated in such individuals. Thus, David Deans is not merely a devoted enthusiast, but a tender father and a prudent man of the world, Jeanie—our favourite Jeanie—is, indeed, affectionate, and firm, and undaunted, but she is also quiet, and industrious. Effie, with all her youthful disregard of decorum, is at the same time generous, and enthusiastically attached to those whom she prefers. Butler is sensible, and well principled, and inflexibly honourable, but he is also simple and pedantic. Mrs. Saddletree is bustling and worldly, with a dash also of motherly affection. And Captain Knockdunder himself, with all his despotism and officious servility to his superiors, is yet brave as a lion, and constitutionally gallant to the softer sex.

The characters of this novel are introduced in the course of a tale which is intended to awaken the passions of the heart; and truly we do not know when a tale of more heartfelt interest was presented to us. Those who are even in the slightest degree acquainted with the former productions of the author, are well aware that he possesses the power of awakening the feelings in a degree equal at least to that in which he is distinguished as a painter of scenery or a delineator of character. But his pathos is always managed in a manner peculiar to himself. There is no apparent preparation for the effect to be produced. The author throws himself at once into the situation which he paints, and expressions are uttered which awaken all our sympathies, while the writer appears almost unconscious of the power he is exciting, and while the story seems not to suffer the slightest inter-

ruption from the burst of passion which had been unexpectedly drawn forth. As an instance of this part of our author's talents, and as one of the most interesting passages also which occur in the work, we venture to remind our readers of the interview between Jeanie Deans and her sister on the evening preceding the day of her trial.*

The reader may find other instances of the same simple and unpretending pathos in the interview between Jeanie Deans and the Duke of Argyle, and also between the same heroine and her father, when they meet unexpectedly on the beach at Roseneath. Few situations, indeed, can be conceived more trying to an author's powers than that to which the foregoing extract relates. A beautiful and virtuously educated girl, not yet eighteen years of age, is confined under a charge of having murdered her child, and the interview to be described is between this girl and her sister, who is all that is good and heroic, and yet mild, in woman. An author of inferior talent would, probably, have wrought up this scene with all the profusion of labour and care which language admits; and, if he had succeeded in throwing out some strokes of passion amidst pages of eloquent insipidity, he would, probably, have congratulated himself on having done all that human genius could do on so difficult an occasion. It is not thus, however, with our author: he advanced to the most hazardous parts of his subject apparently with the same fearless step as to its most manageable, and, placing himself at once in the situation of the speakers, he pours forth those accents of natural and unaffected anguish which alone were suited to the real pathos of the scene he is describing.

The leading defect of this story,—for it is in the story itself, as usual, and not in the execution of individual parts, that any want of perfection is discovered, has been arraigned as follows:—namely—that the narrative is conducted by the help of by far too many surprising and unexpected incidents, and that this constitutes the peculiar defect of the tale, viewed as an attempt to move the affections by a simple and natural recital of events. We were (says one), in the first place, a good deal scandalized to find “Geordie Robertson,” whom we had just regarded as a fortunate felon, to be the father of the child which poor Effie had

* The Heart of Mid-Lothian, p. 232—240.

borne; but this circumstance, unexpected as it was, was quite overborne by many others which occur in the story. Who, for instance, could have imagined that Jeanie Deans, in her pilgrimage of duty, was to be stopped at Gunnersbury-hill by the accomplices of Meg Murdockson and her daughter, whom we had regarded as stationary inmates of some of the low houses of Edinburgh? Still more surprising, however, is the discovery of Robertson lying wounded in bed, in the house of the Rev. Mr. Staunton, rector of Willingham. The meeting of Jeanie Deans with her father at Roseneath, after her return from London, is also an incident of the same forced character. The sudden appearance of Effie Deans and her husband at the same place, after they were supposed finally to have eloped from Scotland, has plainly not a little of the same character of quackery. And the whole history of the son whose birth had been the occasion of so much sorrow,—the accomplice of the outlaw Donacha Dhu, and, finally, a wandering savage among the wilds of America—is one of those fictions in which it seems to us that a writer of powerful genius ought not to deal. We know well that unexpected incidents must occur in every novel; but we likewise know that these ought always to be so managed as never to convert the natural emotion connected with the situation into one of wonder merely. And our author himself, indeed, has furnished some very remarkable instances, in the same work, of the legitimate use of this artifice. For instance, the resolution suddenly taken by Jeanie Deans, to repair on foot to London, in order to beg the life of her sister, is, no doubt, a surprising incident, and the various means by which her ultimate success is effected are also such as we could not possibly have anticipated; yet, when they do occur, it all appears to be natural enough, and her journey, romantic as it seemed at first to be, is yet perfectly consistent with all our ideas of the character, and with the providential guidance under which we feel that so much virtuous resolution must be placed. But the other incidents we have noticed, though not so wonderful, in reality, as the success of her journey, are yet felt, we apprehend, by every reader, to be altogether extravagant and forced. But, on the other hand, were we called upon to express our opinion of the performance we have been considering, we should not hesitate to say that it contains scenes as remarkable for fine pathos, and simple in-

terest as any which might be selected from amidst the multitude of publications with which the world is now so familiar—that as a delineation of manners and events which have just passed from our view, it will for ever form an invaluable addition to the literature of this country; and that, in the execution of its parts, it discovers all the vigour and unstudied readiness of its hitherto unrivalled author. There is little question also that it will be read with all the enthusiasm which his former works had awakened; but whether it will be regarded as one of his first rate performances is a question which does not come within our province to decide.

MOBS AND EXECUTIONS.—Many are the exemplary instances of the daring and intrepidity of a Scottish mob from the days of Porteous down to the present time. Previous to any detail of these flights of popular fury, we shall allude to a few inaccuracies of the account given of the Porteous's mob in "the Heart of Mid-Lothian," assigning at the same time precise dates to all the incidents connected therewith.

It was on the morning of the 11th of April, 1736, that Wilson and Robertson were conducted to the Tolbooth Church, for the purpose of hearing their last sermon, their execution being appointed for the Wednesday following. The custom of taking criminals, under sentence of death, to a place of public worship, and suffering them to mix again with their fellow-men from whom they were so shortly to be cut off for ever, was a beautiful trait of the devotional and merciful feelings of the people of Scotland, which has since this incident been unhappily disused. In the tale, the escape of Robertson is said to have happened after the sermon; but this statement, evidently made by the novelist for the sake of effect, is incorrect. The criminals had scarcely seated themselves in the pew, when Wilson committed the daring deed. Robertson tripped up the fourth soldier himself, and jumped out of the pew with incredible celerity and agility. In hurrying out of the door of the church, he tumbled over the collection money, by which he was probably hurt, for in running across the Parliament-square he was observed to stagger much, and in going down the stairs which led to the Cowgate he actually fell. In this dangerous predicament he was protected by the minister, who was coming up the stairs on his way

to church at the moment. This kind-hearted gentleman is said to have set him again on his feet, and to have favoured his retreat, as much as possible, from the pursuit of the guard. Robertson passed to the Cowgate, ran up the Horse Wynd, and out at Patterrow Port, the crowd all the way closing behind him, so that his pursuers could not by any means overtake him. In the Wynd he made up to a saddled horse, and would have mounted him, but was prevented by the owner. Passing the Cross Causeway, he got into the King's Park, and made the way for Duddingston under the basaltic rocks, which hang over the path to that village. On jumping a dike near Clearburn, he fainted away, but was revived by refreshments which he there received. Upon the escape of Robertson, Wilson was immediately taken back to prison, and put in close custody. He was executed under the dreadful circumstances so well known, on the 14th of April. The story of "a young fellow with a sailor's cap slouched over his face," having cut him down from the gibbet, on the rising of the mob, is perfectly unfounded. The executioner was at the top of the ladder performing that part of his office, at the time that Porteous fired. Although the distinguished author has selected Robertson for the hero of the tale, and invested him with many attributes worthy of that high character, historical necessity obliges us to record that he was merely a stabler. He kept an inn in Burton-street, and was a man of rather dissipated habits. He is supposed to have gone abroad subsequent to his escape, for he was never heard of after this event.

The most flagrant deviation from the truth, committed by the author of the novel, is that in the opening of the tale, where the crowds are represented as awaiting the execution of Captain Porteous, in the Grass-market, the day appointed for his execution, namely, the 7th of September. This day fell, in 1736, on a Tuesday; and it was on the evening of that day that the Porteous mob took place, before the appointed Wednesday, on which day all criminals in Edinburgh are executed. Porteous's reprieve was previously known, consequently no preparations were made for his execution. But the conspirators, apparently, being resolved that the object of their vindictive feeling should not live longer than the day originally set apart for his execution by the just execution of the law, chose the night before the Wednesday.

The fictitious incidents of the abortive preparations for the execution, and the expressions of the disappointed multitude on the occasion, are handled in the author's usual masterly style and description; and doubtless he has heightened the effect of thought, critically viewed. We nevertheless conceive that the probability of the narrative is lessened, by allowing too short a space between the provocation of the mob and its vengeance. It would seem barely possible that a conspiracy of such a deep and well-planned nature as the Porteous mob, could have been laid and brought to issue in the course of a single afternoon. Many of its delegates were supposed to have come from such a distance in the country, that even the intelligence of the reprieve of Porteous could hardly have reached them in the time.

The incidents connected with this riot, from the time of the mob entering the city at the west port to that of Butler's desertion of the scene at midnight, are all amazingly correct. It is an absolute truth that they seized and detained a person of Butler's profession, for the purpose related in the novel. This, however, happened when they had arrived half-way to the gallows, at the head of the West Bow. Porteous was twice drawn up and let down again before the deed was accomplished: first for the purpose of tying his hands, and next, to put something over his face. The public functionaries found his body hanging in the morning; and it was interred on the same day in the neighbouring church-yard of Grey-Friars. It was on the south side of the Grass-market that Porteous was hanged.

It is observed by Arnot, after relating the incidents of the "Porteous mob," in his history of Edinburgh, that though it was then forty years after the occurrence, no person had ever been found out upon whom an accession to the murder could be charged. It has been reported, however, by a very old man, who was an apprentice in the Flesh-market of Edinburgh nearly sixty years since, that in his younger days it was well known among the butchers, though only whispered secretly amongst themselves, that the leaders of this singular riot were two brothers of the name of Cumming, who were for a number of years after the event fleshers in the Cow-market, and that they died unmolested at advanced ages. They were tall, powerful, and exceedingly handsome men; and for the occasion had dressed themselves in women's clothes; and they are reported to have

been the first to jump through the flames that burnt down the prison door, in eagerness to seize their unfortunate victim.

The following scraps and private information have been communicated by one who was instrumental and active in the riot. We take them on the authority of the "Beauties of Scotland."

"On the day preceding that of Porteous's death, a whisper went through the country, upon what information or authority is not known, that an attempt would be made on the succeeding evening, to put Captain Porteous to death. To avenge the blood of a relative who had been killed at the execution of Wilson, he conceived himself bound in duty to share the risk of the attempt. Wherefore, upon the following day, he proceeded to Edinburgh, and towards the evening stopped at Petersburg, which he found crowded with country people; all of whom, however, kept aloof from each other, so that there was no conversation about the purpose of their assembling. At a later hour, he found the inferior sort of inn in the Grass-market full of people, and saw many persons, apparently strangers, lurking in the different houses. About eleven at night the streets became crowded with men, who having in some measure organized their body, by beating a drum and marching in order, immediately proceeded to secure the gates and make for the prison."

"As the multitude proceeded with Porteous down the West Bow, some of their number knocked at the door of a shop and demanded ropes. A woman, apparently a maid-servant, thrust a coil of ropes out of a window, without opening the door, and a person wearing a white apron, which seemed to be assumed for disguise, gave in return a piece of gold as the price."

The mob of Edinburgh has ever been celebrated as the truest in Europe. The one which accomplished the death of Porteous was a most surprising instance of popular vengeance, almost surpassing the bounds of belief; though it must sink considerably in our admiration, when we reflect upon the power and ferocity which at all periods have characterised the actions of this monstrous and danger-fraught collective. The time has been when, in the words of the old song, "All Edinburgh," would "rise by thousands three," and present such a strength to the legal authorities that all opposition to their capricious will would be in vain. In the younger days of many now living,

even the boys of the High School and of Herriot's Hospital, could erect themselves into a formidable body, equally resistless and indomitable. It is a fact, ludicrous enough too, that when the lads of these different schools were engaged in any of those squabbles, formerly so frequent and fatal between them, they always showed a singular degree of political sagacity when assailed by the town-guard,* in immediately joining their strength, and combining against the common foe, when for the most part they succeeded in driving them from the scene of action. When

* The city guard, of which so much mention is made in the tale of "the Heart of Mid-Lothian," was originally instituted in 1648. Previous to that period the city of Edinburgh had been watched in the night time by the inhabitants in person, a certain number of whom were obliged to undertake the office in turns. To relieve the inconveniency of this service, a body of sixty men was first appointed, with a captain, two lieutenants, two sergeants, and three corporals; but no regular funds being provided for the support of the establishment, it was speedily dissolved. About thirty years after this affair, the necessity of a regular police was again felt; and forty men were again raised. These in 1682 were augmented, at the instance of the Duke of York, to 108 men; and to defray the expense of the company, a tax was imposed upon the citizens. At the revolution, the town-council represented to the estates of Parliament, that the burden was a grievance to the city; and the request to have it removed was acceded to. They very shortly, however, had reason to regret this second dismissal of the police; for the very next year they addressed Parliament to allow them to raise a body of no fewer than 120 men. Since that time the number of the town guard had been very fluctuating, and before its late final dissolution, amounted only to about seventy-five men. For a number of years previous to this event, they had been found inadequate to the protection of the city. Riots seemed to be in some measure encouraged by the ridicule in which the venerable corps was held; and from their infirmities and other circumstances, as well as from their scantiness, the more distant parts of the rapidly increasing capital, were left defenceless and exposed to the attacks of nocturnal depredations. Their language, their manners, and their tempers, so uncongenial with those of the citizens whom they protected, were also found to be almost inapplicable to the purposes for which they served, and of course operated as causes of their being disbanded. Besides, a few years before their dismissal, a regular police, similar to that of London as it then stood, had been established in Edinburgh, which soon completely set aside all necessity for their services. The town guard was consequently called together for the last time, we believe, in February, 1817; and after receiving some small gratuity from the magistrates, and having a pension settled upon them still more trifling than their pay, proportioned to the rank they held in the corps, they were finally disbanded. The police of Edinburgh is now upon a much better footing, and is highly spoken of for its vigilance and activity—how different from the unruly and spirit-stirring times when the magisterial authority could be set at defiance with impunity, when mobs could assemble under such a system of coöperation, as even to beard royalty itself; when (in 1812) a scene of violence could be exhibited that would not have disgraced the middle ages, and when, still more to

such was the power of boys and striplings in this ill-protected city, and such the disorderliness of holiday assemblies, there is little left for wonder at the ravages committed by a mob formed of adults, actuated by violent feelings of jealousy, bigotry, and revenge. Of this uncontrollable omnipotence of the populace, the annals of Edinburgh present many fearful records. At the various periods of the reformation and the revolution, the chapel of Rosslin was destroyed by a mob, whose purpose neither cooled nor evaporated in traversing a distance of eight miles. James VI. was besieged and threatened in his courts, and in the midst of his parliaments, by a rabble of mechanics, who, but for the stout walls of the Tolbooth, might perhaps have taken his life. The fine chapel of Holyrood House was pillaged of not only its furniture and other valuables, but also of the still more sacred bones which lay within its precincts, by a mob which rose at the revolution, and did such deeds of violence and rapine as fanaticism and ignorance alone could have excited. At the unfortunate issue of the Dover expedition, at the execution of Captain Green, at the Union, and at many other events of less importance, the populace of Edinburgh distinguished themselves by insurrection and acts of outrage, such as have alone found parallels, perhaps, in the various transactions of the French revolution. Even so late as 1812, there happened a foray of a most appalling nature; the sports of an occasion of rejoicing were converted into scenes of frightful riot, unexampled as they were unlooked for. The fatal melancholy catastrophe of this event had, however, the good effect of quenching the spirit of licentiousness and blackguardism in the Edinburgh youth, and finally undermined that *system* of unity and promptitude in action, and in council, by which its mobs had so often triumphed in their terrible resolutions.

An Edinburgh mob, although it may supply excellent subjects for tales, in all its characteristic fierceness and insubordination, is now a matter of mere antiquity. It is confessedly a subject of pleasing reflection, to find that things are now better managed ;

be lamented, the protection of property was so uncertain, that alluding to the motto of the city arms, it was but too strictly true that,

“ Unless the Lord the city watched,
The watchman watched in vain.”

and such is the perversity of the human imagination, that we cannot help looking back upon the days of Bowed Joseph, as a period of infinitely higher chivalry, and of better, though fiercer feeling than the present. In the same manner we regret the destruction of the ancient Tolbooth, * the scene of so many astonishing incidents, though it deserved to be removed as a nuisance to the street. Even the good old rats must be lamented, in their extinction, as more romantic beings than modern policemen.

HELEN WALKER.—It is not, we believe, generally known, that the characters in “the Heart of Mid-Lothian” are founded on fact, and that the originals resided for the greater part of their lives in the immediate neighbourhood of Dumfries.—The History of the prototype of the imaginary Jeanie Deans, will be found in the Introduction and its Postscript, placed at the head of the Novel

* The demolition and final removal of the Tolbooth, was appropriately contemporaneous with the abolition of the city guard. This building, which makes such a conspicuous figure in “the Heart of Mid-Lothian,” was originally erected in 1561, for the accommodation of the Scottish parliament and courts of justice, and for the confinement of debtors and malefactors, a strangely incongruous association of purposes, which would appear to have been at all periods characteristic of the magistrates of the metropolis; a police-office and a church being joined under one roof, at no great distance from that great fabric. The Tolbooth had been used solely as a jail since 1640. It was not deficient in other interesting recollections, besides being the scene of the Porteous mob. Here Queen Mary delivered, what are termed by John Knox, her *painted orations*; and here her son was pent up in terror and dismay, by the infuriated mob of Edinburgh, which they afterwards suffered and atoned for so severely. On its dreary summits had also been successively displayed the heads of a Morton, a Gowrie, a Huntly, a Montrose, and an Argyle, besides those of many of inferior note. A part of this edifice had been devoted to the use of the city guard, ever since the removal of their former rendezvous in the High Street. Many will still recollect a veteran or two leaning over a half-door, on the north side of the jail. Could their eyes have penetrated still further into the gloomy interior, a few more distinct features might have been perceived, smoking round a fire, or reading an old newspaper; while the unintelligible language which they spoke, might assist the idea of their resemblance to a conclave of demons, in some of the under-nooks of Pandemonium. In fine weather, a few of the venerable corps might be seen creeping about the south front of the prison, with Lochaber axes over their shoulders, or like the lazzaroni of Naples, lolling lazily on a form with the white-haired Cerberus of the Tolbooth door, and basking in the sun, “in all the lubber luxury of mental and corporeal abandonment.” A trace of their existence is dispersed over a waste of visioned recollection, and future generations will think of the city guard, as they think of the *Forty-five*, of the *Friends of the people*, or of the *last year's snow*!

DADDIE RATCLIFFE.—The personage under this name, who cuts such a conspicuous figure in “the Heart of Mid-Lothian,” was a real character of the same name, as may be found by examination of the criminal records of Scotland. He happened to be in durance, along with an accomplice, for horse-stealing, at the time when Wilson and Robertson lay under sentence of death in the Tolbooth. The room which he occupied with his companion, lay exactly above the apartment of those criminals, with whom he and Stewart had contrived a method of escape, a few days before the time appointed for their execution. Ratcliffe and Stewart procured saws and other instruments from without, by means of pack-thread dropped from the window, rendering every impediment clear for the grand attempt.

On Tuesday morning, the 9th of April, they hauled up Robertson and Wilson through a large hole which they had cut in the floor, and prepared themselves for escape. An accomplice had knocked down the sentinel on guard below, and a rope was hung from their window to the ground. Stewart came down the three stories, and immediately escaped; but Wilson, who, contrary to the desire of the rest, next attempted to pass, was not so fortunate. Being a thick round man, he stuck in the grate, and before he could be disentangled, the guard was alarmed. Robertson and Ratcliffe were thus prevented from making their escape, by the obstinacy of Wilson, who had insisted on a first chance, contrary to their will.

This is the true statement of an incident related somewhat differently in the novel. Ratcliffe afterwards made his escape, at the general liberation which took place at the Porteous mob; in celebration of which occasion, a poet, of the name of Alexander Nicol, has written a song entitled, “Ratcliffe’s farewell to the Tolbooth,” to be found in the volume published by that unfortunate bard. Ratcliffe’s promotion to a place in the keeping of the prison, happened at a subsequent period of incarceration, namely 1745, when the prisoners of the Tolbooth were liberated by the Highland army. The veteran criminal, being pretty sure of eventual liberty, pretended to have political principles of such a patriotic nature, that he could not, consistent with his *conscience*, take advantage of the opportunity of escape thus afforded; and on examination, damned the “Jacobite crew”

with such good effect, that he got into some favour with the magistrates, and was employed by them in an office under their government, in much the same manner assigned to the incident in the tale. Ratcliffe afterwards held a command in the town guard; and it is surmised, that his name had a syllable in the affair of stigmatising that venerable civic army, with the opprobrious name of "rats."

ST. LEONARD'S CRAGS.—Where David Deans' cottage is represented to have been are irregular ridges with a slight vegetation, situated in the south-west boundary of the King's Park. Adjacent to them, and bearing their name, there exists a sort of village, now almost enclosed by the approaching limits of the city. The neighbouring extremity of the Pleasance, with this little place, seemed to have formed at one period the summer residences or villas of the inhabitants of Edinburgh; some of the houses even yet bearing traces of little garden-plots before the door, and other peculiarities of what is still the prevailing taste in the creation of boxes. None of these may, however, have existed in the age of David Deans. Mr. James Gray, a gentleman not unknown to fame, inhabits one which may safely be supposed to stand upon the very site of "Douce David's,"—if it be possible at all to point out the "local habitation" of an idea. In former times St. Leonard's crags and the adjoining valley used to be much resorted to by duellists. This part of their history is, however, to be found at full length in "the Heart of Mid-Lothian." There is a case of duel on record in which a barber challenged a chimney sweeper, and fought him with swords, near this spot, about the end of the sixteenth century. The affair proved bloodless. But the king afterwards ordered the unfortunate barber to be executed, for having presumed to take the revenge of a gentleman.

MUSCHAT'S CAIRN, so conspicuously introduced into this tale, was a heap of stones placed upon the spot where a barbarous murder was committed, in the year 1720. The murderer was descended of a respectable family in the county of Angus, and had been educated to the profession of a surgeon. When in Edinburgh, in the course of his education, it appears that he made an imprudent match with a woman in humble life, named Margaret Hall. He shortly repented of what he had done, and

endeavoured by every means to shake himself free of his wife. The attempts which he made to divorce, to forsake, and to poison her, proved all unsuccessful; till at length he resolved, in the distraction caused by his frequent disappointments, to rid himself of his incumbrance by the surest method, that of cutting her throat. The day before the perpetration of the deed, he pretended a return of affection to the unfortunate woman; and in the evening took her to walk with him, in the direction of Duddingston. The unhappy creature was averse to the expedition, and entreated her husband to remain in Edinburgh; but he persisted in spite of her tears in his desire of taking her with him to that village. When they had got nearly to the extremity of the path which is called the Duke's Walk, (having been the favourite promenade of the Duke of York, afterwards King James II.) Muschat threw her upon the ground, and immediately proceeded to his purpose. During her resistance he wounded her hand and chin, which she held down, thus intercepting the knife; and he declared in his confession afterwards taken, that but for her long hair, with which he pinned her to the earth, he could not have succeeded in his purpose, her struggles being so great. Immediately after the murder, he went and informed some of his accomplices, and took no pains to escape apprehension. He was tried and found guilty upon his own confession, and after being executed in the Grassmarket, was hung in chains upon the Gallowlee.* A cairn of stones was erected upon the spot where the murder

* The Gallowlee was not the usual place of execution; but the most flagrant criminals were generally hung there in chains. Many of the martyrs were exhibited on its summit, which Patrick Walker records with due horror. It ceased to be employed for any purpose of this kind, about the middle of the last century, since which period no criminals have been hung in chains in Scotland. Its site was a rising ground immediately below the Botanic Garden, in Leith Walk. When the new town was in the progress of building, the sand used for the composition of the mortar was procured from this spot; on which account the miracle of a hill turning into a valley has taken place, and it is at the present day that low beautiful esplanade of which Eagle and Henderson's nursery is formed. The Gallowlee turned out a source of great emolument to the possessor, six-pence being allowed for every cartful of sand that was taken away. But the proprietor was never truly benefitted by the circumstance. Being addicted to drinking, he was in the habit of spending every sixpence as he received it. A tavern was commenced near the spot, which was formerly unaccommodated with such a convenience, for the sole purpose of selling

took place in token of the people's abhorrence and reprobation of the deed. It was removed several years since, when the Duke's walk was widened and levelled by Lord Adam Gordon.

ST. ANTHONY'S CHAPEL, among the ruins of which Robertson found means to elude the pursuit of Sharpitlaw, is an interesting relic of antiquity, situated on a level space about half way up the north-west side of the mountain called Arthur's Seat. It lies in a westerly direction from Muschat's Cairn, at about the distance of a furlong; and the Hunter's bog, also mentioned in this tale, occupies a valley which surrounds all that side of the hill. The chapel was originally a place of worship, annexed to a hermitage at the distance of a few yards : and both were subservient to a monastery of the same name, which anciently flourished on the site of St. Andrew's Street, in Leith. In the times of Maitland and Arnot, the ruin was almost entire; but now there only remains a broken wall and a few fragments of what has once been building, but which are now scarcely to be distinguished from the surrounding grey rocks—so entirely has *art* in this case relapsed into its primitive *nature*, and lost all the characteristics of human handywork. The slightest possible traces of a hermitage are also to be observed, plastered against the side of a hollow rock ; and further down the hill, there springs from the foot of a precipice, the celebrated St. Anthony's well. Queen Mary is said to have visited all these scenes ; and somehow or other, her name is always associated with them, by those who are accustomed to visit, on a Sunday afternoon, their hallowed precincts. They are also rendered sacred in song, by their introduction into one of the most beautiful, most plaintive and most poetical of all Scotland's ancient melodies :

“ I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree ;
But first it bowed and syne it brak,
Sae my true love's forsaken me.

whiskey to Matthew Richmond, and he was its only customer. A fortune was soon acquired of the profits of the drink alone, and when the source of the affluence ceased, poor Matthew was left poorer than he had originally been, after having flung away the proffered chance of immense wealth. Never did gamester more completely sink the last acre of his estate, than did auld Matthew Richmond drink down the last grain of the sand-hill of the Gallowlee.

Oh! Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyled by me;
 St. Anton's well shall be my drink,
 Sin' my true love's forsaken me.' &c.

The situation is remarkably well adapted for a hermitage, though in the immediate neighbourhood of a populous capital. The scene around is as wild as a Highland desert, and gives an air of seclusion and peacefulness as complete. If the distant din of the city could at all reach the hermit's ear, it would appear as insignificant as the murmur of the waves around the base of the isolated rock, and would be as unheeded.

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

THE scene of this tale is laid in the reign of Charles I., and the chief characters are as follow :

John Hamilton, second son of Sir Walter Hambleton of Cadzow, ancestor of the Dukes of Hamilton, married the heiress of Innerwick, in East Lothian, in the reign of King Robert Bruce, and was the progenitor of "a race of powerful barons," who flourished for about three hundred years, and "intermarried with the Douglasses, Homes," &c. They possessed a great many lands on the coast of East Lothian, betwixt Dunbar and the borders of Berwick-shire, and also about Dirleton and North Berwick. They had their residence at the Castle of Innerwick, now in ruins. Wolff's Crag is supposed to be the Castle of Dunglas; and this supposition is strengthened by the *retour** of a person of the name of Wolff, in the year 1647, of some parts of the Barony of Innerwick, being on record, and the castle having been blown up by gunpowder in 1640, a circumstance slightly noticed in the Tale, but too obvious to be mistaken. Of this family the Earls of Haddington are descended. The last of them was a Colonel Alexander Hamilton, who was in life in 1670, and had been *abroad* for some time—thus agreeing with the story in one particular which had a material influence on

* A *retour* is a law term, signifying the report of the verdict of a jury, which, by the law of Scotland, is the mode of proving the propinquity of an heir, so as to entitle him to be invested in his predecessor's estate.

the fortunes of the family. In him the direct male line became extinct, and, according to the prophecy, his name was "lost for evermore." The circumstances of this family, and the period of their decline, agree so exactly with the tale, that, unless the local scene of it be altogether a fiction, it appears, at first view, scarcely possible to doubt that the Lords of Ravenswood and the Hamiltons of Innerwick were the same.

The subject of the story has received considerable elucidation from an Introduction annexed to the last edition of the *Waverley Novels*,* wherein it is stated, that Lucy Ashton was one of the daughters of the first Lord Stair. This nobleman was certainly the only lawyer at that period who enjoyed the power and influence said to have been possessed by Sir William Ashton; and the circumstances, as related in Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharpe's edition of Law's "Memorials," particularly the expression made use of by the bride, of "Take up your bonnie bridegroom," may, if well authenticated, be considered as decisive of the question. It is difficult, however, to trace any connexion between Lord Stair and the family of Innerwick, or that he ever was in possession of their property. In this view of the case, the parallel between Ravenswood and Hamilton of Innerwick does not hold so well. As the identity of Sir W. Ashton with Lord Stair is established, there was another family in more immediate contact with him, in whose history there are several events which seem to indicate that the Author had it in his eye in the representation he has given of the Ravenswoods; unless, as is very probable, he has blended the history of both together in the manner that best suited his purpose. The family here alluded to is that of Gordon, Viscount Kenmure, in Galloway, between which and the Lords of Ravenswood there are several points of resemblance.—For instance, the barony of Gordon, in Berwickshire, where the Gordons had their first settlement in Scotland, and which continued for a long time in this branch of the name, is in the immediate vicinity of Lammermoor, and probably suggested the idea of laying the scene in that neighbourhood.—The names of the Castle (or Barony) and of the Barons themselves, were the same. Their history "was interwoven with that of the kingdom itself," a well known fact.—The Viscount of Kenmure was en-

* Tales of my Landlord, 3d series.

gaged in the civil wars in the reign of Charles I., and was forfeited by Cromwell for his steady adherence to that monarch. In him also the direct line of the family suffered an interruption, the title having at his death devolved on Gordon of Penninghame, who appears to have been much involved in debt, and harassed with judicial proceedings against his estate. This latter again espoused the sinking side in the Revolution of 1688, and commanded a regiment at the battle of Killcrankie. These coincidences are to be overlooked. And it may be added, in further illustration, that Lord Stair, on being advanced to an earldom about this period, took one of his titles from the barony of Glenluce, which once belonged to a branch of the house of Kenmure.

The Author admits his having disguised dates and events, in order to take off the application to the real personages of the story, which they must otherwise have pointed out. Of this sort are several anachronisms which appear in the work,—such as a Marquis of A. (evidently Athol, from the letter to Ravenswood dated at B. or Blair), when the Tory Ministry of Queen Anne got into power, which was only in 1710, when Mr. Harley succeeded Lord Godolphin as Treasurer; whereas the nobleman here alluded to was a Duke so far back as 1703. The time at which the events really took place must also have been long prior to this period, for Lord Stair died in 1695; and the change in administration by which Sir William Ashton lost his influence, probably refers to Lord Stair's removal from his office in 1682.

It may here be remarked, that the family of Stair was by no means so obscure and insignificant as that of Sir William Ashton is represented to have been. They possessed the barony of Dalrymple* in the reign of King Alexander III.: they acquired the barony of Stair by marriage in 1450. They made a considerable figure during the reign of Queen Mary; and took an active part in the Reformation along with the confederate lords who had associated in defence of the Protestant religion. It must be admitted, however, that they made a greater figure at this time, and during a subsequent period, than they ever did before.

CALEB BALDERSTON.—The prototype of Caleb Balderstone

* Douglas's Peerage.—Earl of Stair.

was perhaps Laird Bour, a servant of the Logans of Restalrig, in 1600. It is evident that the character is just a Scottish edition of Garrick's Lying Valet. We have discovered, however, a solitary trait of Caleb, in a Scotch innkeeper of real existence, who lived long in the south country, * and died only a few years ago. We subjoin a very brief notice of this person, whose name was Andrew Davidson, and who was once possessed of a considerable estate,—that of Green-house in the county of Roxburgh. But being a man of great wit and humour, his society was courted by young men of idle and dissipated habits, who led him into such expenses as shortly proved prejudicial to his fortunes. He was then obliged to sell off his estate and betake himself to a humbler line of life. Keeping a small grocery and spirit shop always presents itself to men in such circumstances, as a means of subsistence requiring least instruction and most easily set afloat. He accordingly commenced that line of business in Jedburgh; but, being considered as an intruder into the burgh, and opposing certain ancient residents, who were supposed to be more lawfully, justly, and canonically entitled to trade in the town than any new upstart, he did not meet with that success which he expected. In consequence of this illiberal treatment, he conceived the most rancorous hatred for the inhabitants of Jedburgh, and ever after spoke of them in the most violent terms of hatred and contempt. His common language was,—“that not an individual in the town would be judged at the last day,—Jedburgh would be at once damned *by the slump!*”

He again resolved to commence the profession of agriculture, and took the farm of Habton, in the neighbouring parish of Crailing. This speculation, however, succeeded no better than the shop. By associating himself with the opulent farmers and gentlemen of the vicinity, by whom his company, as a man of wit and jollity, was always much sought after, his ancient habits of extravagance returned; and, though in poorer circumstances, being obliged to spend in equal style with these ruinous friends, the surviving wrecks of his fortune were soon dissipated, and he was obliged to become a bankrupt.

When a man, who has freely lavished his fortune and his humour in the entertainment of friends above his own rank,

* It is exceedingly remarkable that the greater part of the Author of *Waverley's* prototypes were natives of this district.

becomes incapable of further sacrifice, it is most natural for such friends to forsake and neglect him.

Mr. Davidson was, however, more fortunate in his companions. After his misfortune, they induced him to open a house of entertainment at Ancrum Bridge; laid in for him a stock of wines, spirits, &c.; made parties at his house; and set him fairly a-going. This was a line in which he was calculated both to shine and to realize profit.

The peculiarity of character, for which we have placed his name against that of Caleb Balderstone, here occurs. Whenever there alighted any stranger of a more splendid appearance than ordinary, he was suddenly seized with a fit of magniloquency, and, in the identical manner of Caleb Balderstone, would call Hostler No. 10 down from Hay-loft No. 15, to conduct the gentleman's "beast" to one of the best stalls in the Stable No. 20! He would then, with a superabundance of ceremony, show the stranger into a chamber, which he would declare with the greatest assurance to be No. 40; and on his guest asking perhaps for a glass of rum, would order a waiter, whom he baptized (*nolens volens*) No. 15 for the occasion, to draw it from the cask in the bar marked 95. Then was the twelfth hen-roost to be ransacked, and a glorious fowl, the best that could be selected from a stock of about one thousand or so, to be consigned to the hands of the Head Cook herself (God knows his house boasted only one, who was Scullion and Boots besides). All this rhodomontade was enacted in a style of such serious effrontery, and was accompanied by such a volubility of talk, and flights of humour, and bustling activity, that any one not previously acquainted with his devices, would have given him and his house credit for ten times the size and respectability they could actually boast of.

Mr. Davidson afterwards removed to the inn at Middleton, where he died, in good circumstances, about thirty years ago. He was a man of very brilliant talents, distinguished much by that faculty entitled by the country people ready wit. He had a strong memory, a lively and fertile imagination, and possessed powers of discourse truly astonishing. The prevailing tone of his mind was disposed to ridicule. He had a singularly felicitous knack of giving any thing improper in his own conduct or ap-

pearance a bias in his favour, and could at all times, as we have seen, set off his own circumstances in such a light as made them splendid and respectable, though in reality they were vulgar and undignified.

Craigengelt is a runagate captain in the army, most villainously inclined, but without purse, principle, or courage. The picture of old Ailie is exquisite, and beyond the reach of any other living writer. The hags that convene in the churchyard, have all the terror and sublimity, and more than the nature of Macbeth's witches; * and the courtship at the Mermaiden's well, as well as some of the immediately preceding scenes, are full of dignity and beauty.—The catastrophe of the Bride, though it may be founded on fact, is too horrible for fiction.—But that of Ravenswood is magnificent—and, taken along with the prediction which it was doomed to fulfil, and the mourning and death of Balderstone, is one of the finest combinations of superstition and sadness which the gloomy genius of fiction has ever put together.

A LEGEND OF MONTROSE.

A representation of the manners of the Highland clans in the 16th century, appears to admirable advantage in the Legend of Montrose; and certainly, so far as it goes, it is not in this respect short of Waverley or Rob Roy. The fidelity of the description is equal to the vigour with which it is executed. It will be hard, we have no doubt, to persuade our readers on this side the Tweed, that the Novelist has not given too fierce and bloody a character to the Celts, in that age of turmoil and convulsion. Were we called upon to move this persuasion, we would quote neither history nor tradition; we would give them ocular proof; we would point to the old Highland castles, many of which are entire and uninhabited, and which afford in their structure

* This unrivalled creation of the illustrious author of Waverley is (with the exception of Kenilworth) the only story wherein the fortunes of the principal characters end unhappily. His mind, evidently, so overflowed with 'the milk of human kindness,' that, even in an imaginary production, he disliked to represent human nature in any other light than that of vice punished and virtue rewarded.

within and without the clearest evidence of the barbarian periods in which they were built. Every castle has its dungeon, or gibbet, or its block—its trap stair, and its subterraneous passage. When massacres and midnight murders were designed, and often directed by the chiefs in person (many of whom were men of knowledge and learning), no wonder that revenge and fury towards a foe should characterise a clansman, whose law was his chieftain's mandate, and who had no idea of proper conduct, but what upheld the power and dignity of his tribe.

If the hero of a fictitious narrative be the most prominent and active personage in it, it cannot be said that Montrose is the hero of his own legend. A certain redoubted Major Dalgetty, who had fought under the most distinguished commanders on the Continent, particularly "the immortal Gustavus, the lion of the north," appears the most conspicuous of all the bustling personæ of the novel. He is brave and faithful, but is too opinionative not to be ridiculous, and has too much of the hireling of his nature to procure much heart-felt respect either from his employers or from the reader.

The revengeful blood-thirsty McCreagh is conceived with accuracy, and described with striking power; yet though he possesses the darker traits of human nature, he does not resemble any one of the repulsive personages of the former novels from the same hand. Allan M'Aulay, on whom a considerable part of the interest of the legend is made to turn, is well supported throughout; but the character had never an original in the Highlands of Scotland: a seer was always an object of superstitious respect, never of terror. The knowledge of future events, which he deemed himself gifted with; his perpetual prying into the womb of time, gave him a pensiveness of demeanour and habits of retirement that kept him aloof from the scenes of violence and blood that passed around him. Allan foresees and fulfils. At one time he is a peaceful reflecting sage, at another a savage and a plunderer.

THE GREAT MONTROSE,—whose fortunes form the groundwork of the Tale, was the only son of John, fourth Earl of Montrose, by Lady Margaret Ruthven, daughter of William, first Earl of Gowrie. He was born in the year 1612, succeeded his father in 1626, and was married soon after, while yet very young—a

circumstance which is said to have somewhat marred his education. He travelled into foreign parts, where he spent some years in study, and in learning the customary accomplishments of that period, in which he excelled most men; and he returned home in 1634.

Meeting with a cold and forbidding reception at Court, his Lordship joined the supplicants, in 1637, and became one of the most zealous supporters of the Covenant in 1638. Next year he had the command of the forces sent to the north against the town of Aberdeen, which he obliged to take the Covenant; and the Marquis of Huntly, who, on his approach, disbanded the men he had raised, was sent prisoner to Edinburgh. Lord Aboyne appearing in arms in the north the same year, Montrose was dispatched against him, and totally routed his forces at the Bridge of Dee. When the pacification of Berwick was concluded, Montrose was one of the noblemen who paid their respects to Charles I. at that place, in July, 1639.

Next year an army being raised to march into England, Montrose had two regiments given him, one of horse and one of foot. He led the van of that army through the Tweed, on foot, and, totally routing the vanguard of the King's cavalry, contributed to the victory at Newburn. But, in 1643, moved with resentment against the Covenanters, Montrose espoused the falling cause of loyalty, and raised the Highland clans, whom he united to a small body of Irish, commanded by Alexander Macdonald, still renowned in the north under the title of Colkitto. With a few troops collected in Westmoreland, he first raised the royal standard at Dumfries, in April, 1644, but was soon obliged to retire into England; and he was excommunicated by the commission of the General Assembly. To atone, however, for so severe a denunciation, the King, about this time, raised him to the dignity of Marquis; and he soon after had the pleasure of routing the Parliament army at Morpeth. He was next successful in throwing provisions into Newcastle. After the defeat of Prince Rupert at Marston Moor, in July, 1664, he left his men with that general, and went to Scotland. At this period of his adventures the Author of *Waverley* takes him up in his Legend of Montrose.

Disguised as a groom, with only two attendants, Montrose arrived in Strathern, where he continued till rumour announced the approach of 1500 Irish, who, after ravaging the northern extre-

mity of Argyleshire, had landed in Skye, and traversed the extensive districts of Lochaber and Badenoch. On descending into Atholl, in August, 1644, they were surprised with the unexpected appearance of their general, Montrose, in the garb of a Highlander, with a single attendant; but his name was sufficient to increase his army to 3000, for commanding whom he had the King's warrant. He attacked an army of Covenanters, amounting to upwards of 6000 foot and horse, at Tippermuir, 1st September, totally routed them, and took their artillery and baggage, without losing a man. Perth immediately surrendered to the victor; but, Argyle approaching, he abandoned that place as untenable, took all the cannon, ammunition, and spoil of the town with him, and went north. He defeated the Covenanters a second time at the Bridge of Dee on the 12th of September; and, continuing the pursuit to the gates of Aberdeen, entered the town with the vanquished.

Argyle came from Stirling to Perth on the 10th of September; he passed the Tay in boats which Montrose had left undestroyed, and pursued that general to the north. Meanwhile, Montrose had left Aberdeen, and sought the assistance of the Gordons; but finding the Spey well guarded, he retreated over the mountains to Badenoch, burying his artillery in a morass. He descended into Atholl and Angus, pursued by Argyle, but by a sudden march repassed the Grampians, and returned to rouse the Gordons to arms. At Fyvie, he was almost surprised by Argyll, 27th October, 1644, but maintained a situation, advantageously chosen, against the reiterated attacks of a superior army, till night, when he made good his retreat into Badenoch. He immediately proceeded into Argyleshire, which he ravaged, and sentence of forfeiture was passed against him in Parliament.

So extraordinary were the evolutions of Montrose, that on many occasions the appearance of his army was the first notice the enemy had of his approach; and of his retreats, the first intelligence was that he was beyond their reach. Argyle, exasperated with the devastation of his estates, marched against Montrose; but he, not waiting to be attacked, marched thirty miles, by an unfrequented route, across the mountains of Lochaber, during a heavy fall of snow, and came at night in front of the enemy, when they believed him in a different part of the country. The chiefs of the Campbells, who were indeed a set

of very brave men, and worthy of a better chief and a better cause, began the battle next day with great courage. But the first ranks discharging their muskets only once, Montrose's men fell in upon them furiously, sword in hand, with a loud shout, and advanced with such great impetuosity, that they routed the whole army, and put them to flight, and pursued them for about nine miles, making dreadful slaughter the whole way. There were 1500 of the enemy slain, among whom were several gentlemen of distinction of the name of Campbell. Montrose, though an enemy, pitied their fate, and used his authority to save and give quarter to as many as he could. In this battle Montrose had several wounded, but he had none killed but three privates, and Sir Thomas Ogilvie, son of the Earl of Airley, whilst Argyle lost the Lairds of Auchinbreck, Glensaddell, and Lochnell, with his son and brother,—and Barbreck, Inneraw, Lamont, Silvercraigs, and many other prisoners. It is to be considered, that few of this army could have escaped, if Montrose had not marched the day before the fight thirty-three miles (Scots miles), on little food, and crossed sundry waters, wet and weary, and standing in wet and cold the whole night before the fight.

Montrose, flushed with victory, now proceeded to Moray, where he was joined by the Gordons and Grants. He next marched to the southward, taking Dundee by storm; but being attacked by a superior force under Baillie and Hurry, began to retreat. Baillie and Hurry divided their forces, to prevent his return to the north; but, by a masterly movement, he passed between their divisions, and regained the mountains. He defeated Hurry at Meldrum, near Nairn, on the 14th May, 1645, by a manœuvre similar to that of Epaminondas at Leuctra and Mantinea. In that battle, the left wing of the Royalists was commanded by Montrose's able auxiliary, Alister Macdonell, or Maccoul (as he is called in Gaelic), still celebrated in Highland tradition and song for his chivalry and courage. An elevation of ground separated the wings. Montrose received a report that Macdonell's wing had given way, and was retreating. He instantly ran along the ranks, and called out to his men that Macdonell was driving the enemy before him, and, unless they did the same, the other wing would carry away all the glory of the day. His men instantly rushed forward, and charged the enemy off the field, while he

hastened with his reserve to the relief of his friend, and recovered the fortune of the day. At this battle, in which 2000 Covenanters fell, Campbell of Lawers, though upwards of seventy years of age, fought on the Presbyterian side, with a two-handed broadsword, till himself, and four of his six sons, who were with him, fell on the ground on which they stood. Such was the enemy which the genius and courage of Montrose overcame. Pursuing his victory, Montrose encountered and defeated Baillie at Alford, on the 2d of July; but on this occasion his success was embittered by the loss of Lord Gordon, who fell in the action. His victories attracted reinforcements from all parts of the country: he marched to the southward at the head of 6000 men, and fought a bloody and decisive battle near Kilsyth, on the 15th August, when nearly 5000 Covenanters fell under the Highland claymore.

This last and greatest of his splendid successes opened the whole of Scotland to Montrose. He occupied Glasgow and the capital, and marched forward to the Border, not merely to complete the subjection of the southern provinces, but with the flattering hope of pouring his victorious army into England, and bringing to the support of Charles the swords of his paternal tribes.

Montrose was now, however, destined to endure a reverse of his hitherto brilliant fortune. After traversing the Border counties, and receiving little assistance or countenance from the chiefs of these districts, he encamped on Philiphaugh, a level plain near Selkirk, extending about a mile and a half along the banks of the rivers Tweed and Ettrick. Here he posted his infantry, amounting to about 1500 men, while he himself and his cavalry, to the amount of about 1000, took up their quarters in the town of Selkirk.

Recalled by the danger * of the cause of the Covenant, General David Leslie came down from England at the head of those iron squadrons whose force had been proved in the fatal battle of Long Marston Moor. His army consisted of from 5000 to 6000 men, chiefly cavalry. Leslie's first plan seems to have been to occupy the midland counties, so as to intercept the return of Montrose's Highlanders, and to force him to an unequal

* Border Minstrelsy, vol. iii.

combat. Accordingly, he marched along the eastern coast from Berwick to Tranent; but there he suddenly altered his direction, and, crossing through Mid-Lothian, turned again to the southward, and, following the course of Gala Water, arrived at Melrose the evening before the engagement. How it is possible that Montrose should have received no notice whatever of the march of so considerable an army seems almost inconceivable, and proves that the country was very disaffected to his cause or person. Still more extraordinary does it appear, that, even with the advantage of a thick mist, Lesly should have, the next morning, advanced towards Montrose's encampment without being descried by a single scout. Such, however, was the case, and it was attended with all the consequences of a complete surprisal. The first intimation that Montrose received of the march of Lesly was the noise of the conflict, or rather that which attended the unresisted slaughter of his infantry, who never formed a line of battle: the right wing alone, supported by the thickets of Harehead-wood, and by their entrenchments, stood firm for some time. But Lesly had detached 2000 men, who, crossing the Ettrick still higher up than his main body, assaulted the rear of Montrose's right wing. At this moment the Marquis arrived, and beheld his army dispersed, for the first time, in irretrievable rout. He had thrown himself upon a horse the instant he heard the firing, and, followed by such of his disordered cavalry as had gathered upon the alarm, he galloped from Selkirk, crossed the Ettrick, and made a bold and desperate attempt to retrieve the fortune of the day. But all was in vain; and after cutting his way, almost singly, through a body of Lesly's troopers, the gallant Montrose graced by his example the retreat of the fugitives. That retreat he continued up Yarrow, and over Minchmoor; nor did he stop till he arrived at Traquair, 16 miles from the field of battle. He lodged the first night at the town of Peebles. Upon Philiphaugh he lost, in one defeat, the fruit of six splendid victories; nor was he again able effectually to make head in Scotland against the covenanted cause. The number slain in the field did not exceed 300 or 400; for the fugitives found refuge in the mountains, which had often been the retreat of vanquished armies, and were impervious to the pursuer's cavalry. Lesly abused his victory, and disgraced his arms, by slaughtering in cold blood many of the prisoners whom he

had taken; and the court-yard of Newark Castle is said to have been the spot upon which they were shot by his command. Many others are said by Wishart to have been precipitated from a high bridge over the Tweed,—a circumstance considered doubtful by Laing, as there was then no bridge over the Tweed between Peebles and Berwick, though the massacre might have taken place at either of the old bridges over the Ettrick and Yarrow, which lay in the very line of flight and pursuit.*

After this reverse of fortune, Montrose retired into the north. In 1646, he formed an association with the Earls of Sutherland and Seaforth, and other Highland chieftains, and they laid siege to Inverness; but General Middleton forced Montrose to retreat, with considerable loss. Charles I. now sending orders to Montrose to disband his forces and leave the kingdom, he capitulated with Middleton, July, 1646, and an indemnity was granted to his followers, and he was permitted to retire to the Continent. The capitulation was ratified by Parliament, and Montrose was permitted to remain unmolested in Scotland for a month to settle his affairs.

He now proceeded to France, where he resided two years. He had the offer of the appointments of general of the Scots in France, lieutenant-general of the French army, captain of the gens d'armes, with an annual pension of 12,000 crowns, and a promise of being promoted to the rank of *maréchal*, and to the captaincy of the King's guards, all which preferments he declined, as he wished only to be of service to his own King. He retired privately from Paris, in May, 1648, went to Germany, and from thence to Brussels, where he was, at the period of the King's execution, in 1649. He then repaired to the Hague, where Charles II. resided, and offered to establish him on the throne of Scotland by force. The King gave him a commission accordingly, and invested him with the order of the garter. Montrose, with arms supplied by the court of Sweden, and money by Denmark, embarked at Hamburgh, with 600 Germans, and landed in Orkney in spring 1650, where he got some recruits, and crossed over to Caithness with an army of about 1400 men; and he was joined by several Royalists as he traversed the wilds

* A covenanted minister, present at the execution of these gentlemen, observed,—“This wark gae bonnily on!” an amiable exclamation, equivalent to the modern *ça ira*, so often used on similar occasions.

of Sutherland. But, advancing in Rosshire, he was surprised, and totally defeated, at Invercharron, by Colonel Strachan, an officer of the Scottish Parliament, who afterwards became a decided Cromwellian. Montrose's horse was shot under him; but he was generously remounted by his friend, Lord Frendraught. After a fruitless resistance, he at length fled from the field, threw away his ribbon and George, changed clothes with a countryman, and thus escaped to the house of M'Leod of Assint,* by whom he was betrayed to General Lesly.

Whatsoever indignities the bitterness of party rage or religious hatred could suggest, were accumulated on a fallen, illustrious enemy, formerly terrible, and still detested. He was slowly and ostentatiously conducted through the north by the ungenerous Lesly, in the same mean habit in which he was taken. His devastations were not forgotten,—his splendid victories never forgiven,—and he was exposed, by excommunication, to the abhorrence and insults of a fanatical people. His sentence was already pronounced in Parliament, on his former attainder, under every aggravation which brutal minds can delight to inflict. He was received by the Magistrates of Edinburgh at the Watergate, 18th May, 1650, placed on an elevated seat in a cart, to which he was pinioned with cords, and, preceded by his officers, coupled together, was conducted, bareheaded, by the public executioner, to the common gaol. But his magnanimity was superior to every insult. When produced to receive his sentence in Parliament, he was upbraided by the Chancellor with his violation of the Covenant, the introduction of Irish insurgents, his invasion of Scotland during a treaty with the King; and the temperate dignity which he had hitherto sustained, seemed, at first, to yield to indignant contempt. He vindicated his dereliction of the Covenant, by their rebellion,—his appearance in arms, by the commission of his Sovereign,—and declared, that as he had formerly deposited, so he again resumed his arms, by his Majesty's command, to accelerate the treaty commenced with the States. A barbarous sentence, which he received with an undaunted countenance, was then pronounced by a Parliament who acknowledged Charles to be their King, and whom, on that account only, Montrose acknowledged to be a Parliament.

* M'Leod got 400 bolls of meal from the Covenanters for his treachery

—that he should be hanged for three hours, on a gibbet 30 feet high,—that his hand should be affixed to the common gaol—his limbs to the gates of the principal towns—and his body interred at the place of execution, unless his excommunication were taken off, and then it might be buried in consecrated ground. With dignified magnanimity, he replied, that he was prouder to have his head affixed to the prison walls than his picture placed in the King's bedchamber; “and far from being troubled that my limbs are to be sent to your principal towns, I wish I had flesh enough to be dispersed through Christendom, to attest my dying attachment to my King.” It was the calm employment of his mind that night to reduce this extravagant sentiment to verse. He appeared next day on the scaffold, in rich habit, with the same serene and undaunted countenance, and addressed the people, to vindicate his dying unabsolved by the church, rather than to justify an invasion of the kingdom during a treaty with the Estates. The insults of his enemies were not yet exhausted. The history of his exploits, which had been written in Latin by Bishop Wishart, and published all over Europe, was attached to his neck by the executioner: but he smiled at their inventive malice,—declared that he wore it with more pride than he had done the garter,—and when his devotions were finished, demanding if any more indignities were to be practised, submitted calmly to an unmerited fate.*

His genius was great and romantic, in the opinion of Cardinal de Retz, no mean judge of human nature, approaching the nearest to the ancient heroes of Greece and Rome. But his heroism was wild and extravagant, and was less conspicuous during his life than from the fortitude with which he sustained an ignominious death.

Montrose's sentence, in all circumstances, was executed *ad litteram*. His head was stuck upon the tolbooth of Edinburgh, where it remained, blackening in the sun, when his master Charles II., soon thereafter, arrived in the Scottish metropolis. His limbs were dispersed to Perth, Glasgow, Stirling, and Aberdeen, and his body was buried at the place of execution, from whence it was afterwards removed to the common moor, whence it was lifted at the Restoration. On this event, when

* Laing's History, vol. i.

Charles found opportunity for testifying his respect for Montrose, his scattered remains were collected. There was a scaffold erected at the tolbooth, and some ceremony was used in taking down his head from its ignominious situation. According to Kirkton, some bowed and some knelt while that relict was removed from the spike, which was done by Montrose's kinsman, the Laird of Gorthie, who, according to the covenanting account, died "in consequence," after performing his triumphant but melancholy duty. The Laird of Pitcurre, too, who in his joy had drank a little too much on the occasion, was, by the same account, found dead in his bed next morning; though we find little hesitation in giving the brandy more of the credit due to that event than what the Presbyterian annalist is pleased to call "the pleasure of Heaven." Montrose's remains were deposited in Holyrood-house, where they remained some time in state; and, on the 14th of May, 1651, they were buried, with great pomp and ceremony, in the cathedral church of St. Giles.

Such is a brief but correct historical detail of the events which the Author of Waverley has confounded and misrepresented, for his own purposes, in the "Legend of Montrose." We have given at best but a meagre outline of the events, but as they run in their proper series, our narrative will serve to correct the irregularity into which the Great Novelist has thrown them. It may here be observed, that the last event in the Tale is the attempted murder of Lord Menteith, which our Author has placed after the battle of Inverlochy. Now this circumstance, which was of real occurrence, took place on the 6th of September, 1644, a few days after the battle of Tippermuir; whereas the battle of Inverlochy happened on the 1st of February, 1645, five months after. We have made some collections respecting the assassination, and give the result.

John, Lord Kinpont, the Lord Menteith of "A Legend of Montrose," was the eldest son of William, seventh Earl of Menteith, and first Earl of Airth, who rendered himself remarkable in the reign of Charles I., by saying that he had "the reddest blood in Scotland," alluding to his descent from Euphemia Ross, then supposed the first wife of Robert II.,—in consequence of which expression he was disgraced and imprisoned by his offended Sovereign. Lord Kinpont married, in 1632, Lady Mary

Keith, a daughter of Earl Marishal; consequently he could not be the hero and lover which he is represented to have been in the fiction, and the story of Allan Macaulay's rivalry, which prompted to the wicked deed, must be entirely groundless. Kinpont joined Montrose in August, 1644, with recruits to the amount of 400 men, and was present at the battle of Tippermuir, immediately following. A few days thereafter, James Stewart of Ardvoirlich basely murdered his Lordship, at Colace in Perthshire. A different colour is given to this circumstance by different narrators. A citizen of Perth, who wrote a manuscript giving an account of some remarkable events in his own time, says simply that Stewart committed the murder "because Lord Kinpont had joined Montrose." But, in Guthrie's *Memoirs*, we find, that "Stewart having proposed to his Lordship a plan to assassinate Montrose, of which Lord Kinpont signified his abhorrence, as disgraceful and devilish, the other, without more ado, lest he should discover him, stabbed him to the heart, and immediately fled to the Covenanters, by whom he was pardoned and promoted. The Marquis of Montrose, deeply affected with the loss of so noble a friend, gave orders for conveying his body in an honourable manner to Menteith, where he was interred." In the "*Staggering State of Scots Statesmen*," we find the following passage: "The Lord Kinpont, being with James Graham in the time of the late troubles, was stabbed with a dirk by one Alexander Stewart, and his lady, daughter of the Earl of Marishall, was distracted in her wits four years after." Here a remarkable discrepancy is observable. The assassin is termed Alexander, whereas every other authority gives James as his Christian name.

Wishart says, that such was the friendship and familiarity of Kinpont with his murderer, that they had slept in the same bed the night previous to the horrid deed, which took place, it appears, in the grey of the morning. It is true that he killed also "the sentinel who stood at the entry of the camp, it being so

* Scott of "Scottstarvet's *Staggering State of Scots Statesmen*" is a curious memoir, written shortly after the Restoration, but not printed till early in the year 1754, after the death of the persons whose characters and actions are mentioned with so little respect in the course of its satirical details. It is adverted to, as in a condition of manuscript, at page 152 of the *Bride of Lammermoor*; and the Author appears to have made some use of its informations in the construction of the subsequent Tale.

dark that those who pursued him could not see the length of their pikes. Montrose was very much afflicted with the untimely fate of this nobleman, who had been his own special friend, and most faithful and loyal to the King his master, and who, besides his knowledge in polite literature, philosophy, divinity, and law, was eminent for his probity and fortitude."—*Memoirs*, p. 84.

THE MONASTERY.

Like many other of the author's productions, the romance of the Monastery embraces an important period in history. It outstrips the task of the grave historian, in the lively and spirit-stirring picture of manners and morals which it presents, and shows from what causes, and into what forms, principles and institutions of the highest character were moulded. The mind is thus drawn into the very web and texture of existing society; it is taught the true feelings and existence of the people, and is thus enabled to survey public transactions exempt from the exaggerations of party zeal. These excellences shine conspicuously in the present work; and no where could they be more fitly employed, than in the delineation of the features of that fierce and distracted period out of which the Reformation arose. The author has brought into view the struggles of the catholic and the protestant—the one party exerting every nerve to continue the fetters of superstition, and the other striving to dash them to pieces. The contest, however, was far from equal. The liberal opinions of the age had every where damped the ardour of devotion towards the Romish faith, and combining with reasons of state, gave the reformers a vast advantage over their adversaries. But the zeal of the latter, in maintaining their rights, seemed only proportionate to the decline of their influence. The thunders of excommunications fulminated far and near. Bulls of damnation were scattered profusely, and all the refinement of Italian intrigue put in practice, to check the growth of new opinions. But these spiritual weapons, which might once have shaken the throne of the greatest potentate in Europe, were now treated with contempt. The light which had broken in upon the human mind, enabled it to discern the dark and insidious

policy of the catholics. The national spirit was roused to its highest pitch of desperation, and events followed in thick succession, which exhibited a mingled scene of bigotry and ferocity, hitherto unknown in the annals of Scotland. These evils were aggravated by the weakness of the reigning powers. The reins of government lay neglected in the hands of the feeble and irresolute Arran; the nobles were divided by bitter feuds, and seemed more solicitous to ferment than to allay the discord of the kingdom.

The natural consequence which followed these distractions was the unrelenting fury with which private quarrels were prosecuted. Feudal retainers swarmed on every side, ready to plunge into the greatest atrocities; distrust and alarm pervaded every mind. The mild precepts of the christian religion, delivered in the simple language of scripture, to hearts capable of feeling and practising them, abated the rancour of persecution, and restored in some degree peace and liberty to our unhappy land. But soon after these bright prospects had begun to dawn, the ravages of the restless became apparent, in the demolition of those sumptuous fabrics which had been so long the stronghold of catholic tyranny. Various indeed have been the apologetical replies for the Gothic infatuation of the reformers, for having laid violent hands on these works of art. Into the question of right or wrong, it were needless to enter. We must remain satisfied with the melancholy consolation of beholding their shattered fragments, fast mouldering into decay; from them to body forth lively images of their quondam magnificence. Nor have our poets slumbered over the mournful task: Sir Walter Scott has made the most strenuous efforts to collect the fragments of Border antiquity. The names of places are concealed under fictitious designations; and their peculiarities are beautified above reality by the glorifying lights of his imagination. These, however, as far as the means goes, we must discover and strip off, that Scotland may hereafter know where to drop the classic tear over scenes that erst had been visited by the most favoured of her poetic children.

The character of Captain Clutterbuck may be said to represent a certain species of men to be found in almost every Scottish village of any extent. Sergeant M'Alpine, in the *Legend of Montrose*, is another picture of them, and perhaps a more

complete one than Clutterbuck. They are the scattered wrecks of war, drifted upon the beach of retirement, and left to waste away. They chiefly roost about little towns in remote parts of the country, where society is not expensive, and where half-pay procures the necessaries of life in the best possible style. Here there always exist one or two of these individuals, rendering the place respectable by their presence, and receiving a sort of spontaneous homage from the people, in virtue of their independence, their gentility, and their scars. Like the fading relics of the City Guard, they change the most warlike of their habiliments for others more consonant with the costumes of peace; but yet, though the scarlet be gone from the coat and the sword from the hand, they do not altogether shake off the airs of war. There is still something of the parade to be observed in the small-ruffled shirt, the blue-necked coat, and the shoe-buckles; while the military walking-cane is but a slight defalcation, in either dignity or ferocity, from its predecessor, the sword. The walk, proud, portly and erect, is another relic of military habit that can never be abandoned: and every other little punctuality of life and manners, such as soldiers are accustomed to, is equally pertinacious in clinging to the person of the disbanded officer. Such persons have long-winded stories about Ticonderago and Mount Abraham, which every one of their acquaintance has known by heart these twenty years; and yet such is the respect paid to the good old gentlemen, that amazement as naturally follows the unfolding of the story, and the laugh comes as ready on the catastrophe of the joke, as ever. No one could be uncivil to *the Captain*.

The grave-digger of Kennaquhair, who has the honour of speaking a few words in this work, must have been John Martin, who was professor of the same trade in Melrose. He is now dead. Mr. David Kyle, a very respectable and worthy man, who kept the Cross Keys Inn at Melrose, is also dead. He was in the custom of keeping an Album in his house, for the amusement of his guests; though we cannot say as to the truth of his having had a copy of the "great Dr. Samuel Johnson's *tower* to the Hebrides, in his parlour window, wi' the twa boards torn aff."

The first and most prominent object of attention, in the scenery

of this Romance, is the Monastery itself, which is the renowned ABBEY of MELROSE, situated upwards of thirty-five miles from Edinburgh to the south. It is the most beautiful and correct specimen of Gothic architecture in Scotland; and has been universally admired for the elegance and variety of its sculpture, the beauty of its stone, the multiplicity of its statues, and the symmetry of its parts. It was founded, in 1136, by the pious David I., who dedicated it to the Virgin Mary.

Less than a quarter of a mile to the west of the Abbey, there is a green bank, which reaches to the height of some hundred feet above the level of the Tweed. It is termed the Weird Hill, from a dim tradition of the fairy tribe having haunted the spot, and held high conclave touching the whimsies to be practised on the wights who came under their ire. Immediately below this bank, is the weird or dam-dyke, where it is believed the poor Sacristan was ducked by the White Lady,—a lineal descendant of the ancient inhabitants of the hill.

Following the course of the Tweed upwards, that is, towards the west, about a mile and a half, we arrive at the ruins of the Old Bridge, which once formed the regular communication to the Monastery. It appears to have been constructed of timber, in the form of a draw-bridge, with three pillars; the middle pillar containing a wooden house for the Bridge-keeper. From this bridge there was a plain way to Soutra Hill, along the northern bank of the Tweed, which was named the Girth-gate,* from an hospital, having the privileges of Sanctuary, which was founded at Soutra, by Malcolm IV., for the relief of pilgrims and of poor and infirm persons who journeyed southwards. This way was so good and easy, that, as a learned divine remarked, it might strongly remind the traveller of the paths to the cities of refuge. There were also two Hostels or Inns at that place, which could well afford, from their stores, an elegant dejeuner to Sir Piercie Shafton and his “fair Molinara.”

A few yards from the bridge alluded to, the Elevand or Allan water discharges itself into the Tweed. It is this little mountain brook (rising from Allan-shaws on the boundary of Melrose parish towards the north), that forms the beautiful valley of Glendearg, described in the romance. Advancing from the

* Girth signifies a Sanctuary, or place of refuge.

strath of the river, in the northern direction from Melrose, we discern the stream meandering in crystal beauty through Langlee Wood. The serpentine turns of its course oblige the traveller frequently to pass and repass it, in the line of the foot-track; but this is attended with no inconvenience, from the number of rustic bridges which are thrown over it. Emerging from the wood, the glen opens to the view. On one side of it (to the east), rises a precipitous bank, of a reddish colour, with here and there small patches of green sward. On the opposite side the eminences do not swell so high, but form a perfect contrast to the other. This improvement, however, is recent, as thirty years have scarcely elapsed since they displayed an aspect almost as barren as the opposite ridge. The little brook which runs below is not perceptible from either height, so deeply is its channel embosomed in the narrow dell. As we proceed onwards under a shade of alders, the glen gradually widens, and, about 400 yards from whence it opens, a singular amphitheatre meets the eye. It is somewhat in the shape of a crescent, through which the water passes, leaving a pretty large channel. The opposing precipices are thickly belted with copse-wood and several mountain shrubs, which entwine with the branches of the beech and birch-trees. This place is called the Fairy or Nameless Den, from some curiously-shaped stones, which are said to be found after great falls of rain.* But perhaps a better reason for the appellation arises from the situation itself, which afforded a hidden rendezvous for the elfin race, with which superstition peopled many parts of this district during the grandeur of the Abbacy. No one, however, will deny that the White Lady of Avenel might here have fixed her residence, and delivered her responses to young Glendinning, or that it might have served as a secluded corner for deadly strife. Though the holly bush cannot be discovered, yet the spring of water may easily be conjectured, by the curious observer, in the swampiness of portions of the ground now covered with sward.

The scenery of the remainder of the glen is extremely picturesque, but unmarked by any striking varieties.

At other times, it sends a puny rill into some of the deep

* These are found in several fantastic shapes, such as guns, cradles, boots, &c. and are justly supposed to be the petrifications of some mineral spring hard by.

recesses or ravines which have found their way between the hills. As the top of the glen is neared, the hills show a greater slope, till we arrive at the green mount, on which stands

HILLSLOP TOWER, on the property of Borthwick of Crookston, from which there is no doubt Glendearg has been depicted. The outward walls are still entire, and, from their thickness and oblong form, with the port-holes with which they abound, show it to have been formerly a place of some strength. This seems also probable, from the bleakness and wildness of the surrounding scenery. High mountainous ridges, the castles of nature, tower on every side, whose bosoms sometimes display the naked grey rock encircled with fern and heath, and, at other times, with excellent verdure. But no cultivated field greets the eye, and the solemn stillness which reigns around is only broken by the gentle murmuring of the rivulet. The situation of the old tower is well chosen, as, from the direction in which the hills run, a sort of circle is formed, which not only screens it from the north and east winds, but could easily debar all intercourse with the neighbouring country.

The date of the old tower, if a sculpture on the lintel of the entrance can be credited, is 1585; and its inhabitants seem to have been of some consequence, from its interior appearance. At the foot of the stair, which projects almost to the door, there is a long narrow apartment, with an arched roof lighted by a loop-hole window, which, in the olden times, formed the pen for the proprietor's cattle, when danger was apprehended. It would suit well for the place of concealment suggested by the miller's daughter for Sir Piercie, before the unbarring of the door. The decayed stone staircase leads to a common-sized hall, with a large chimney-piece; but from the height of the walls, and other circumstances, there must have been another room of equal dimensions above it. There are also the remains of some small rooms, which complete the accommodations of the mansion.

At a little distance from the foot of the tower, the straggling ruins of small outhouses are discerned, which were once connected with the principal building. A short way farther, to the north, stand the ruins of Colmsley and Langshaw, the former of which places is alluded to by its name in the Romance.

Leaving Glendearg, it is necessary to follow the progress of the Romance towards the Castle of Avenel, alias Smailholm Tower. The distance between the two places is nearly seven miles. There is no regular road, but a track can be discovered, which runs eastward from Hillslop, through the base of the Gattonside, a small chain which runs from E. to W., in the direction of Melrose. The path is a most unenviable one; for, besides the obstacles of ditch and furze, it is intersected by deep morasses, which often render it quite impassable. In threading it, we pass Threepwood and Blainslie Mosses, the favourite resort of the Moss-troopers who kept the peaceful inhabitants in continual alarm. Their ravages were particularly extensive during the usurpation of Cromwell, who allowed these depredators to scourge Scotland unpunished.

SMAILHOLM TOWER.—We hope to be able to show, from the description of this ancient fortress, that it agrees in the leading features with Avenel Castle; and if the reader will carry back his imagination for two centuries, he will be better able to minute the resemblance. Smailholm Tower, distant about seven miles from Melrose to the east, and eight from Kelso to the west, is the most perfect relic of the feudal keep in the south of Scotland. It stands upon a rock of considerable height, in the centre of an amphitheatre of craggy hills, which rise many hundred feet above the level of the fertile plains of the Merse. Between the hills, there appear ravines of some depth, which, being covered with straggling clumps of mountain shrubs, afford an agreeable relief to the rocks which are continually starting upon the eye. Nature indeed seems to have destined this isolated spot for a bulwark against the Border marauders; but its strength and security was not confined to the encircling eminences. It chiefly lay in a deep and dangerous loch, which completely environed the castle, and extended on every side to the hills. Of this loch only a small portion remains, it having been drained many years ago, for the convenience of the farmer on whose estate it was thought a nuisance. But the fact is evident, not only from the swampiness of the ground, which only a few years since created a dangerous morass, but from the appearance of the remaining pool, which has hitherto defied the efforts of the numerous drain-beds which surround it in every direction. Some

people in the neighbourhood recollect and can mark out the extent of the large sheet of water which gave so romantic an air to this shred of antiquity. .

The early years of Sir W. Scott were passed in the farmhouse of Sandyknowe (about a bow-shot from the tower), with a maternal aunt, whose mind was stored with Border legends, which she related to her youthful charge. With this instructress, and by poring incessantly for many years on the relics of antiquity which are to be found in the neighbourhood, it is probable that he first received the impressions that afterwards came forward to such an illustrious maturity, and stored his imagination with those splendid images of chivalry that have since been embodied in imperishable song.

The external appearance of the tower may be briefly described. The walls are of a quadrangular shape, and about nine feet in thickness. They have none of the decorations of buttress or turret; and if there were any ornamental carving, time has swept it away. A ruined bartizan, which runs across three angles of the building, near the top, is the only outward addition to the naked square *donjon*. The tower has been entered on the west side, as all the other quarters rise perpendicularly from the lake. Accordingly, there we discern the fragments of a causeway, and the ruins of a broad portal, whence a drawbridge seems to have communicated with an eminence about a hundred yards distant. On this quarter also there may be traced the site of several small booths which contained the retainers or men-at-arms of the feudal lord.

The history of the ancient possessors of the tower is involved in obscurity. We only know that there were Barons of Smailholm, but no memorable qualities are recorded of them. The present proprietor, Mr. Scott, of Harden, is not a descendant of that ancient family, as he acquired the estate by purchase. This gentleman cares so little for the antique pile within his domains, that it is not long since he intimated his intention to raze it to the ground, and from its materials to erect a steading to the farm of Sandyknowe. This would have certainly taken place, had not his poetic kinsman, Sir Walter Scott, interfered, and averted the sacrilegious intent; and to prevent the recurrence of the resolution, he composed the admired ballad of the

Eve of St. John, which ranks among the best in the Border Minstrelsy.

Tradition bears, that it was inhabited by an aged lady at the beginning of the last century, and several old people still alive remember of the joists and window-frames being entire. A more interesting legend exists, of which the purport is, that there was once a human skull within this tower, possessed of the miraculous faculty of self-motion to such a degree, that, if taken away to any distance, it was always sure to have found its way back to its post by the next morning.* This may perhaps remind the reader of the strange journeys performed by the "black volume" in the Monastery, whose rambling disposition was such a source of terror and amazement to the monks of St. Mary's.

THE ABBOT,

Although not better than the Monastery, is fuller of historical painting, and, in the higher scenes, has, perhaps, a deeper and more exalted interest. The Popish zealots, whether in the shape of prophetic crones or heroic monks, are very tiresome personages. Catherine Seyton is a wilful deterioration of Diana Vernon, and is far too pert and confident; while her paramour Roland Græme is, for a good part of the work, little better than a blackguard boy, who should have had his head broken twice a day, and been put nightly in the stocks for his impertinence. Some of the scenes at Lochleven are of a different pitch;—though the formal and measured sarcasms which the Queen and Lady Douglas interchange with such solemn verbosity have a very heavy and unnatural effect. These faults, however, are amply redeemed by the beauties with which they are mingled. There are some grand passages of enthusiasm and devoted courage in Catherine Seyton. The escape from Lochleven is

* This story is told in the "Border Antiquities." Since we copied it, information has been communicated, deriving the report from a ridiculous and most unromantic incident. The skull was moved from its place in the castle by a rat, which had found a lodgment in its cavity, and contrived to take it back to a particular apartment on finding it removed to any other.

given with great effect and spirit *—and the whole mustering and march to Langside, as well as the battle itself, are full of life and colouring. The noble bearing, and sad and devoted love of George Douglas—the brawl on the streets of Edinburgh, and the scenes at Holyrood, both serious and comic, as well as many of the minor characters, such as the ex-abbot of St. Mary's metamorphosed into the humble gardener of Lochleven, are all in the genuine manner of the author, and could not have proceeded from any other hand. On the whole, however, the work is unsatisfactory, and too deficient in design and unity. We do not know why it should have been called 'The Abbot,' as that personage has scarcely any thing to do with it. As an historical sketch, it has neither beginning nor end;—nor does the time which it embraces possess any peculiar interest:—and for a history of Roland Græme, which is the only denomination that can give it coherence, the narrative is not only far too slight and insignificant in itself, but is too much broken in upon by higher persons and weightier affairs, to retain any of the interest which it might otherwise have possessed.

KENILWORTH.

This Novel rises almost, if not altogether, to the level of *Ivanhoe*. Displaying, perhaps, as much power in assembling together and distributing in striking groups the copious historical materials of that romantic age, as the other does in eking out their scantiness by the riches of the author's imagination. Elizabeth herself, surrounded as she is with lively and imposing recollections, was a difficult personage to bring prominently forward in a work of fiction; but the task, we think, is not only fearlessly but admirably performed; and the character brought out, not merely with the most unsparing fulness, but with the most brilliant and seducing effect. Leicester is less happy; and we have certainly a great deal too much both of the blackguardism of Michael Lambourne, the atrocious villany of Varney and Foster, and the magical dealings of Alasco and Wayland Smith.

* The Abbot, p. 505 and seq.

Indeed, 'almost all the lower agents in the performance have a sort of demoniacal character; and the deep and disgusting guilt by which most of the main incidents are developed, make a splendid passage of English history read like the Newgate Calendar, and give a certain horror to the story, which is neither agreeable to historical truth, nor attractive in a work of imagination. The great charm and glory of the piece, however, consists in the magnificence and vivacity of the descriptions with which it abounds; and which set before our eyes, with a freshness and force of colouring which can scarcely ever be gained except by actual observation, all the pomp and stateliness, the glitter and solemnity, of that heroic reign. The moving picture of Elizabeth's night entry to Kenilworth, is given with such spirit, richness, and copiousness of detail, that we seem actually transported to the middle of the scene. We feel the press, and hear the music and the din—and descry, amidst the fading lights of a summer eve, the majestic paces and waving banners that surround the march of the heroic Queen; while the mixture of ludicrous incidents, and the ennui that steals on the lengthened parade and fatiguing preparation, give a sense of truth and reality to the sketch, that seems to belong rather to recent recollection than mere ideal conception. The account of Leicester's princely hospitality, and of the royal diversions that ensued,—the feasting and huntings, the flatteries and dissemblings, the pride, the jealousy, the ambition, the revenge,—are all portrayed with the same animating pencil—and leave every thing behind—but some rival works of the same unrivalled artist. The most surprising piece of mere description, however, that we have ever seen, is that of Amy's magnificent apartments at Cumnor Place, and of the dress and beauty of the lovely creature for whom they were adorned.* We had no idea before that upholstery could be made so engaging; and though we are aware that it is the living Beauty that gives its enchantment to the scene, and breathes over the whole an air of voluptuousness, innocence, and pity, it is impossible not to feel, that the vivid and clear presentment of the visible objects by which she is surrounded, and the antique splendour in which she is enshrined, not only strengthen our impressions of the reality, but actually fascinate

* Kenilworth, p. 66 and seq.

and delight us in themselves,—just as the draperies and still life in a grand historical picture divide our admiration with the pathetic effect of the story told by the principal figures. The catastrophe of the unfortunate Amy is too sickening and full of pity to be endured; and we shrink from the recollection of it, as we would from that of a recent calamity of our own. The part of Tressilian is unfortunate on the whole, though it contains touches of interest and beauty. The sketch of young Raleigh is splendid, and in excellent keeping, with every thing beside it. More, we think, might have been made of the desolate age and broken-hearted anguish of Sir Hugh Robsart; but there are one or two little traits of his paternal love and affection that are inimitably sweet and pathetic, and which might have lost their effect, perhaps, if the scene had been extended. We do not care much about the goblin dwarf, nor the host, nor the mercer,—nor any of the other characters. They are all too fantastical and affected. They seem copied rather from the quaintness of old plays, than the reality of past and present nature; and serve better to show what manner of personages were to be met with in the masks and pageants of the age, than what were actually to be found in the living population of the land.

KENILWORTH CASTLE was built by Geffry de Clinton, Treasurer to King Henry I., but it continued not long in this family, for, in the eleventh of Henry II., the Sheriff of Warwick reckoned with the Crown for the profits of the Park, and it was garrisoned by the King, on account of the rebellion of his eldest son.

Geffry de Clinton, son and heir of the founder, appears to have recovered for a time the possession of this castle; but he held it scarce seven years; and after that time it was never out of the possession of the Crown, till granted by Henry III. to Simon Montfort, Earl of Leicester, and Eleanor, his wife, during their lives. This Earl, joining with the Barons, was, with his eldest son, slain at the battle of Evesham; but the castle was six months held against the King by Henry de Hastings, appointed governor by Simon de Montfort, son of the deceased Earl, he being absent in France, whither he went in order to solicit assistance to raise the siege. During this attack, the garrison defended themselves with great resolution, having engines which cast stones of an extraordinary bigness, and likewise

making frequent and successful sallies. A violent pestilential disorder breaking out amongst the garrison, and their provisions being nearly exhausted, they agreed, on certain conditions, to yield up the Castle to the King, unless relieved on a fixed day; a messenger was, by permission, dispatched to acquaint Montfort of this agreement; but, before his return, the disorder increasing, they surrendered.

Bishop Gibson, in his edition of Camden, says, ‘near this Castle they still find balls of stone sixteen inches in diameter, supposed to have been thrown in slings in the time of the Barons’ wars;’ the balls were most probably designed for particular engines: their weight, supposing them only of the same specific gravity as Portland stone, would be upwards of two hundred weight, by far too great a mass to be thrown by the strength of an human arm. After the siege, the King bestowed the Castle on his son Edmund, and his heirs; he likewise granted him free chase and free warren in all his demesne lands and woods belonging thereto, with a weekly market and annual fair.

Here, in the time of Edward I., was held a gallant assembly of an hundred knights and as many ladies, headed by Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, to which many repaired from foreign parts. The knights exercised themselves in tilting and other feats of chivalry; the ladies in dancing. It is recorded, seemingly as an extraordinary circumstance, that these ladies were clad in silken mantles. Their diversions began on the eve of St. Matthew, and lasted till the morrow after Michaelmas-day. They styled themselves the Society of the Round Table, from one at which they were seated, in order to avoid contention for precedence.

In the 15th of Edward II., this Castle escheated to the Crown by the attainder of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, beheaded at Pontefract; when it was successively committed to the custody of Ranulph Charum, Robert de Stoke, John de Hastings, and Odo de Stoke. The unfortunate Edward, being deposited by his Queen, was here kept close prisoner, and afterwards removed in the night to Berkeley Castle, where he was shortly after cruelly murdered.

In the thirteenth of Edward III., Henry, brother and heir to the Earl of Lancaster, beheaded at Pontefract, had all his bro-

ther's estates restored to him ; among which was this Castle. His sons leaving only two daughters, on a partition, the Castle fell to Blanche, the younger, who married John of Gaunt, by whom, towards the latter end of the reign of Richard II., was built that part of the Castle, still called Lancaster's Buildings.

In the disputes between the two houses of York and Lancaster, this fortress was alternately taken by the adherents to the Red Rose and the White; but what has made it most remarkable, in history, was the celebrated Fête Champêtre given there by the Earl of Leicester to Queen Elizabeth, which for expense and magnificence is said to have exceeded any thing of the kind ever known in these kingdoms. The Earl had previously repaired the Castle in a most noble manner, and it contained arms for a garrison of 10,000 men.

This Fête Champêtre, unlike those of modern date, lasted ten days. The Queen, with a numerous train of courtiers, according to Sir William Dugdale, arrived there in the middle of July, 1575, and was surprised at her entrance with the sight of a floating island on the large pool there, bright blazing with torches, on which were clad in silks the Lady of the Lake and two nymphs waiting on her, who made a speech to the Queen, in metre, of the antiquity and owners of that Castle, which was closed with cornets and other music. Within the base court was a noble bridge set up of twenty feet wide, and seventy feet long, over which the Queen passed; on each side whereof, on posts erected, were presents on them to her by the Gods, viz, a cage of wild fowl, by Sylvanus; divers sorts of fruits, by Pomona; of corn, by Ceres; of wine, by Bacchus; of sea-fish, by Neptune; of all habiliments of war, by Mars; and of musical instruments, by Phœbus. Also, during the several days of her stay, various raree-shows and sports were exercised, viz. in the chase, a savage man with satyrs, bear-baitings, fire-works, Italian tumblers, a country bride-ale, with runnings at the quinting and morrice-dancing; and that nothing might be wanting which those parts could afford, the Coventry men came and acted the ancient play, long since used in that city, called Hock's Tuesday, setting forth the destruction of the Danes in King Ethelred's time; which pleased the Queen so much, that she gave them a brace of bucks, and five marks in money, to bear the charges of a feast. On the pool there was a Triton riding

on a mermaid, eighteen feet long, as also Arion on a dolphin, and rare music. The costs and expenses of these entertainments may be guessed at by the quantity of beer then drunk, which amounted to three hundred and twenty hogsheads of the ordinary sort; and, for the greater honour thereof, Sir Thomas Cecil, son and heir to the Lord Burleigh, Lord Treasurer; Sir Henry Cobham, brother to the Lord Cobham; Sir Thomas Stanhope, and Sir Thomas Tresham, were then knighted; and the next ensuing year, the Earl obtained a grant of the Queen for a weekly market at Kenilworth, on the Wednesday, with a fair yearly on Midsummer day.

After the revolutions of the reign of Charles II., this piece of antiquity gradually fell to decay, till it became the awful ruin it now appears.

The principal gateway of the above Castle has been converted into a farm-house, and is indeed the only part of these ruins that is now inhabited. On entering into the inner court, the beholder is struck with the sight of many mouldering towers, which preserve a sort of magnificence, even in their ruins. On the west side of the court is a broken tower, which leads to a path-way on the top of the walls, from whence a most delightful prospect of the country may be seen around.

Yet, in this humble state, it hath had the fortune to outlive the glory of the rest, and hath even drawn to itself the whole of that little note and credit, which time hath continued to this once pompous building. For, while the castle itself is crumbled into shapeless ruins, and is profaned, as we there see, by the vilest uses, this outwork of greatness is left entire, sheltered and closed in from bird and beast; and even affords some decent room, in which the human face is not ashamed to show itself.

There is also something else that fires one on the occasion. It brings to mind the fraud, the rapine, the insolence of the potent minister, who vainly thought to immortalise his ill-gotten glory by this proud monument. Nay, further, it awakens an indignation against the prosperous tyranny of those wretched times, and creates a generous pleasure in reflecting on the happiness we enjoy under a juster and more equal government. Who can see the remains of that greatness, which arose in the past ages on the ruins of public freedom and private property, without congratulating themselves on living at a time, when the

meanest subject is as free and independent as those royal minions; and when his property, whatever it be, is as secure from oppression as that of the first minister?)

THE PIRATE.

This is a bold attempt to make out a long and eventful story, from a very narrow circle of society, and a scene so circumscribed as scarcely to admit of any great scope or variety of action; and its failure, in so far as it may be thought to have failed, should, in fairness, be ascribed chiefly to this scantiness and defect of the materials. The author, accordingly, has been obliged to borrow pretty largely from other regions. The character and story of Mertoun (which is at once commonplace and extravagant),—that of the Pirate himself,—and that of Halcro the poet, have no connexion with the localities of Shetland, or the peculiarities of an insular life. Mr. Yellowlees, though he gives occasion to some strong contrasts, is in the same situation. The great blemish, however, of the work, is the inconsistency in Cleveland's character, or rather the way in which he disappoints us, by turning out so much better than we had expected—and yet substantially so ill. So great, indeed, is this disappointment, and so strong the grounds of it, that we cannot help suspecting that the author himself must have altered his design in the course of the work; and, finding himself at a loss to make either a demon or a hero of the personage whom he had introduced with a view to one or other of these characters, betook himself to the expedient of leaving him in that neutral or mixed state, which, after all, suits the least with his conduct and situation, or with the effects which he is supposed to produce. All that we see of him is a daring, underbred, forward, heartless fellow—very unlikely, we should suppose, to captivate the affections of the high-minded, romantic Minna, or even to supplant an old friend in the favour of the honest Udaller. The charm of the book is the picture of his family. Nothing can be more beautiful than the description of the two sisters, and the gentle and innocent affection that continues to unite them, even after love has come to divide their interests and wishes. The visit paid them by Norna, and the tale she tells them at midnight,

leads to a fine display of the perfect purity of their young hearts, and the native gentleness and dignity of their character. There is, perhaps, still more genius in the development and full exhibition of their father's character, who is first introduced to us as little else than a jovial, thoughtless, hospitable housekeeper, but gradually discloses the most captivating traits, not only of kindness and courage, but of substantial generosity and delicacy of feeling, without ever departing, for an instant, from the frank homeliness of his habitual demeanour. Norna is a new incarnation of Meg Merrilies, and palpably the same in the spirit. Less degraded in her habits and associates, and less pathetic in her denunciations, she reconciles fewer contradictions, and is, on the whole, inferior, perhaps, to her prototype; but is far above the rank of a mere imitated or borrowed character. The Udaller's visit to her dwelling on the Fitful-head is admirably managed, and highly characteristic of both parties. Of the humorous characters, Yellowlegs is the best. Few things, indeed, are better than the description of his equestrian progression to the feast of the Udaller. Claud Halcro is too fantastical, and peculiarly out of place, we should think, in such a region. A man, who talks in quotations from common plays, and proses eternally about glorious John Dryden, luckily is not often to be met any where, but least of all in the Orkney Islands. Bunce is liable to the same objection,—though there are parts of his character, as well as that of Fletcher and the rest of the crew, given with infinite spirit and effect. The denouement of the story is strained and improbable, and the conclusion rather unsatisfactory. But the work, on the whole, opens up a new world to our curiosity, and affords another proof of the extraordinary pliability, as well as vigour, of the author's genius.

THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL.

This work, though dealing abundantly in invention, is, in substance, like *Old Mortality* and *Kenilworth*, of an historical character, and may be correctly represented as an attempt to describe and illustrate, by examples, the manners of the court, and, generally speaking, of the age of James I. of England. And this, on the whole, is the most favourable aspect under which

it can be considered; for, while it certainly presents us with a very brilliant, and, we believe, a very faithful sketch of the manners and habits of the time, we cannot say that it either embodies them in a very interesting story, or supplies us with any rich variety of particular characters. Except King James himself, and Richie Moniplies, there is but little individuality in the personages represented. We should perhaps add Master George Heriot; except that he is too staid and prudent a person to engage very much of our interest. The best things in the book are the pictures or characters of the two former. A most admirable scene is that between them, respecting the crown jewels, of which the latter had got possession and which he had privately announced to the King that he would restore, if indulged with a private interview. * Though the scenes in Alsatia are by no means of an engaging character, they are drawn with great force. That of the murder is the most striking. Lord Dalgarno is very lively and witty, and represents all the gallantry and profligacy of the time. The worthy Earl, his father, figures as the type of the ruder and more uncorrupted age that preceded. We are amused with Jin Vin, the smart apprentice, the mixed childishness and heroism of Margaret Ramsay, the native loftiness and austere candour of Martha Trapbois, the humour of Dame Suddlechops, and other seducing persons and things.

This novel has neither so much genius nor so much interest as *Kenilworth* or *Ivanhoe*, or the earlier historical novels of the same author—and yet there be readers who will in all likelihood prefer it to those books,—and that for the very reasons which induce us to place it beneath them. These reasons are, 1st, that the scene is all in London—and that the piece is consequently deprived of the interest and variety derived from the beautiful descriptions of natural scenery, and the still more beautiful combination of its features and expression, with the feelings of the living agents, which abound in those other works. 2d, That the characters are more entirely borrowed from the written memorials of the age to which they refer, and less from that eternal and universal nature which is of all ages, than in any of his former works. The plays of that great dramatic era,

* *The Fortunes of Nigel*, p. 64.

and the letters and memoirs which have been preserved in such abundance, have made all diligent readers familiar with the peculiarities by which it was marked. But unluckily the taste of these writers was quaint and fantastical; and, though their representations necessarily give us a true enough picture of the fashions and follies of the time, it is obviously a distorted and exaggerated picture—and their characters plainly both speak and act as no living men ever did conduct or express themselves. Now, his style of caricature is too palpably copied in the work before us,—and, though somewhat softened and relaxed by the good sense of the author, is still so prevalent, that most of his characters strike us rather as whimsical humourists or affected maskers, than as faithful copies of the society of any historical period; and though they may afford great delight to such slender wits as think the commentators on Shakspeare the greatest men in the world, and here find their little archæological persons made something less inconceivable than usual, they cannot fail to offend and disappoint all those who hold that nature alone must be the source of all natural interest. 3dly, We object to this work, as compared with those to which we have alluded, that the interest is more that of situation, and less of character or action, than in any of the former. The hero is not so much an actor or a sufferer in most of the events represented, as a spectator. With comparatively little to do in the business of the scene, he is merely placed in the front of it, to look on with the reader as it passes. He has an ordinary and slow-moving suit at court—and, a-propos of this—all the humours and oddities of the sovereign are exhibited in rich and splendid detail. He is obliged to take refuge for a day in Whitefriars—and all the horrors and atrocities of the Sanctuary are spread out before us through the greater part of a volume. Two or three murders are committed, in which he has no interest, and no other part than that of being accidentally present. His own scanty part, in short, is performed in the vicinity of a number of other separate transactions; and this mere juxtaposition is made an apology for stringing them all up together into one historical romance. We should not care very much if this only destroyed the unity of the piece—but it sensibly weakens its interest—and reduces it from the rank of a comprehensive and engaging narrative, in which every event gives and receives

importance from its connexion with the rest, to that of a mere collection of sketches relating to the same period and state of society.

The character of the hero, we also think, is more than usually a failure. He is not only a reasonable and discrete person, for whose prosperity we need feel no great apprehension, but he is gratuitously debased by certain infirmities of a mean and somewhat sordid description, which suit remarkably ill with the heroic character. His prudent deportment at the gaming table, and his repeated borrowings of money, have been already hinted at; and we may add, that when interrogated by Heriot about the disguised damsel who is found with him in the Tower, he makes up a false story for the occasion, with a cool promptitude of invention, which reminds us more of Joseph Surface and his French milliner, than of the high-minded son of a stern puritanical Baron of Scotland.

These are the chief faults of the work, and they are not slight ones. Its merits do not require to be specified. They embrace all to which we have not specially objected. The general brilliancy and force of the colouring, the ease and spirit of the design, and the strong touches of character, are all such as we have long admired in the best works of the author. Besides the King and Richie Moniplies, at whose merits we have already hinted, it would be unjust to pass over the prodigious strength of writing that distinguishes the part of Mrs. Martha Trapbois, and the inimitable scenes, though of a coarse and revolting complexion, with Duke Hildebrod and the miser of Alsatia. The Templar Lowestoffe, and Jin Vin, the aspiring apprentice, are excellent sketches of their kind. So are John Christie and his frail dame. Lord Dalgarno is more questionable. There are passages of infinite spirit and ability in this part; but he turns out too atrocious. Sir Mungo Malagrowth wears us, and so does the horologist Ramsay—because they are both exaggerated and unnatural characters. We scarcely see enough of Margaret Ramsay to forgive her all her irregularities and her high fortune. But a great deal certainly of what we do see is charmingly executed. Dame Ursula is something between the vulgar gossiping of Mrs. Quickly in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and the atrocities of Mr. Turner and Lady Suffolk; and it is rather a contamination of Margaret's purity to have used such counsel.

DAVID RAMSAY. "In the year 1634, Davy Ramsay, his Majesty's clockmaker, made an attempt to discover a precious deposit supposed to be concealed in the cloister of Westminster Abbey, but a violent storm of wind put a stop to his operation." —*Lilly's Life*, p. 47. This Ramsay, according to Osborne, in his "Traditional Memorials," used to deliver money and watches, to be recompensed, with profit, when King James should sit on the King's chair at Rome, so near did he apprehend (by astrology, doubtless) the downfall of the papal power. His son wrote several books on astrological subjects, of which his "Astrologia Restaurata" is very entertaining. In the Preface, he says that his father was of an ancient Scottish family, viz. of Eighterhouse (Auchterhouse), "which had flourished in great glory for 1500 years, till these latter days," and derives the clan from Egypt (it is wonderful that the idea of gypsies did not startle him) where the word Ramsay signifies joy and delight. But he is extremely indignant that the world should call his father "no better than a watchmaker," asserting that he was, in fact, page of the bedchamber, groom of the privy-chamber, and keeper of all his Majesty's clocks and watches. "Now, how this," quoth he to the reader, "should prove him a watchmaker, and no other, more than the late Earles of Pembroke ordinary chamberlains, because they bore this office in the King's house, do thou judge."—

QUENTIN DURWARD.

The Memoirs of Philip de Comines have long been esteemed as furnishing an impartial, authentic, and lively delineation of the remarkable era of Louis XI. of France. These have acquired more than usual interest, as the ground-work of one of the most vigorous and beautiful of those master productions, by which the spirit of past ages is brought before us in the most natural and vivid colours; and the bare historical outline of great events and remarkable personages is worked up into a portraiture full of life and beauty. Quentin Durward is, in fine, a picture of foreign manners towards the end of the fifteenth century. And well it

s contrasted with the introductory outline, which commences this volume, of those of the beginning of the nineteenth, in which the interesting portrait of a restored emigrant of the old court is one of the happiest probably ever drawn even by the master of *Waverley*.

It is exceedingly curious and instructive to trace such a writer to the sources from which he has derived his incidents and characters ; to mark where he has followed, or where he has departed from, the authentic relations or established traditions of the periods of which he treats ; and to discover how readily a creative genius avails itself of the most trifling anecdote, or the slightest description, to give a spirit and truth to his fictions which pure invention can never attain.

• We recommend to our readers to compare the character our author has given of Louis XI., with the annexed description which Comines has left us of the same ambitious and crafty monarch :

“ Of all the princes that I ever had the honour to know, the wisest and most dexterous to extricate himself out of any danger or difficulties in time of adversity, was (says Comines) our master King Louis XI. He was the humblest in his conversation and habit, and the most painful and indefatigable to win over any man to his side, that he thought capable of doing him either much mischief or good : though he was often refused, he would never give over a man whom he once undertook, but still pressed and continued his insinuations, promising him largely, and presenting him with such sums and pensions as he knew would satisfy his ambition : and for such as he had discarded in the time of peace and prosperity, he paid dear (when he had occasion for them) to recover them again ; but when he had once reconciled them, he retained no pique to them for what had passed, but employed them freely for the future. He was naturally kind and indulgent to persons of indifferent condition, and morose to such as he thought had no need of him. Never prince was so conversable, nor so inquisitive as he ; for his desire was to know every body he could ; and indeed, he knew all persons of any authority or worth in England, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, the territories of the Dukes of Burgundy and Bretagne, and in his own country ; and by those qualities he preserved the crown upon his head, which was in much danger by the enemies he had created to himself through his inadvertency upon his accession to the throne. But, above all, his great bounty and liberality did him greatest service ; and yet, as he behaved himself wisely in time of distress, so when he thought himself a little out of danger, though it were but by a truce, he would disoblige the servants and officers of his court by mean and trifling ways, which were little to his advantage : and as for peace, he could hardly bear the thoughts of it. He spoke lightly of most people, and rather before their faces than behind their backs, unless he was afraid of them, and of that sort there

were a great many, for he was naturally timorous. When he had done himself any prejudice by his talk, or was apprehensive he should do, so to make men amends whom he had injured, he would say to the persons whom he had disobliged, 'I am sensible my tongue has done me a great deal of mischief, but, on the other hand, it has sometimes done me good; however, it is but reason I should make some reparation for the injury;' and he never used those kind of apologies to any person, but he did something for the person to whom he made it, and it was always considerable. It is certainly a great blessing for any prince to have experienced adversity as well as prosperity, good as well as evil, and especially if the good outweighs the evil, as it did in our master. I am of opinion that the troubles he was involved in, in his youth, when he had fled from his father, and resided six years together in the Duke of Burgundy's court, were of great service to him; for there he learned to be complacent to such as he had occasion to use, which was no little improvement."

Comines, who knew Charles the Bold intimately, thus speaks of him also, after describing his death, in 1476, through the treachery of the Count of Campo-basso:

"I have known him a powerful and honourable prince, in as great esteem and as much courted by his neighbours (when his affairs were in a prosperous condition) as any prince in Europe, and perhaps more; and I cannot conceive what should provoke God Almighty's displeasure so highly against him, unless it was his self-love and arrogance, in appropriating all the success of his enterprises and all the renown he ever acquired, to his own wisdom and conduct, without attributing any thing to God; yet, to speak truth, he was master of several good qualities. No prince ever had a greater ambition to entertain young noblemen than he, nor was more careful of their education; his presents and bounties were never profuse and extravagant, because he gave to many, and had a mind that every body should taste of it. No prince was ever more easy of access to his servants and subjects. Whilst I was in his service he was never cruel, but a little before his death he took up that humour, which was an infallible sign of the shortness of his life. He was very splendid and curious in his dress and in every thing else, and indeed a little too much. He paid great honours to all ambassadors and foreigners, and entertained them nobly. His ambitious desire of fame was insatiable, and it was that which induced him to be eternally in wars, more than any other motive. He ambitiously desired to imitate the old kings and heroes of antiquity, whose actions still shine in history and are so much talked of in the world, and his courage was equal to any prince's of his time."

The contentions of passion in the mind of the Duke of Burgundy, after the seizure of Louis,* are painted with a glowing hand by the novelist; and the parallel passages in Comines would abundantly recompense the attention of the reader, did our limits permit us to embrace them.

The meeting of the king and the Duke of Burgundy, in the tower of Peronne, is also powerful delineated.

It is one very amiable, though very dangerous, characteristic of the "Author of Waverley," that throughout his works we perceive a wish, generally speaking, to veil and extenuate the weaknesses and faults of those historical personages whom he has occasion to mention.

The description of the holy man,* or hermit of Plessis, was probably suggested by the following curious passages in Comines, in which he details the King's fits of devotion, when the fear of death, in his last illness, had begun to seize upon him :

"Among men renowned for devotion and sanctity of life, he sent into Calabria for one Frari Robert, whom, for the holiness and purity of conversation, the King called the holy man; and in honour to him our present King erected a monastery at Plessis-du-Place, in compensation for the chapel near Plessis at the end of the bridge. This hermit, at the age of twelve years, was put into a hole in a rock, where he lived three, and, forty years and upwards, till the king sent for him by the steward of his household, in the company of the Prince of Tarento, the King of Naples' son. But this hermit would not stir without leave from his Holiness and from his King, which was great discretion in a man so inexperienced in the affairs of the world as he was. He built two churches in the place where he lived; he never ate flesh, fish, eggs, milk, or any thing that was fat, since he undertook that austerity of life: and truly I never saw any man living so holy, nor out of whose mouth the Holy Ghost did so manifestly speak; for he was illiterate and no scholar, and only had his Italian tongue, with which he made himself so much admired. This hermit passed through Naples, where he was respected, and visited (with as much pomp and ceremony as if he had been the Pope's Legate) both by the King of Naples and his children, with whom he conversed as if he had been all the days of his life a courtier. From thence he went to Rome, where he was visited by the cardinals, had audiences three times of the Pope, and was every time alone with him three or four hours; sitting always in a rich chair, placed on purpose for him (which was great honour for a person in his private capacity) and answering so discreetly to every thing that was asked him, and every body was extremely astonished at it, and his Holiness granted him leave to erect a new order, called the Hermits of St. Francis. From Rome he came to our King, who paid him the same adoration as he would have done to the Pope himself, falling down upon his knees before him, and begging him to prolong his life; he replied as a prudent man ought. I have heard him often in discourse with the king that now is, in the presence of all the nobility of the kingdom; and that not above two months ago, and it seemed to me, whatever he said or remonstrated was done by inspiration; or else it was impossible for him to have spoken of some things that he discoursed of. He is still living, and may grow either better or worse, and therefore I will say nothing. There were some of the courtiers that made a jest of the king's sending for the hermit,

* *Quentin Durward*, p. 19.

and called him the holy man, by way of banter; but they knew not the thoughts of that wise king, and had not seen what it was that induced him to do it."

Claude de Seyssel, the historian of Louis XI., furnishes a remarkable illustration of the superstition of Louis XI. :

"His devotion was more superstitious than religious. — * * * *. His hat was always filled with images, for the most part of lead or pewter, which, whenever any good or evil news arrived, or when the fantasy took him, he would kiss them, throwing himself upon his knees before them, sometimes so suddenly that he appeared deranged in his mind rather than a wise man."

This sort of superstition, which was the prevalent weakness of his mind, led Louis XI. to place implicit belief in all the pretensions of astrology. In this persuasion he always retained about him some professor of that art. Our author has availed himself of this trait to introduce the character of Galeotti Marti,* where he has very properly represented him as something superior to the lying conjurors of the days of ignorance; he has also made him figure as an agent at the Court of Plessis, which, however, is incorrect, as he was never fortunate enough to enter the service of Louis XI., having broken his neck at their first interview.† The following account, extracted from the "Addition à l'Histoire de Louis XI.," by M. Naudet, is extremely curious :

"As to Galeotus Martius, who was a native of the city of Narno, in Italy, he was a man profoundly skilled in letters, a great critic, a philosopher, a physician, an astrologer, a humourist, and an orator; as may be seen by his books *de Doctrina*, *de Homine*, *de Dictis Matthiæ Regis*, *de Censurâ*, *Operum Philèlphi*, and *de Vulgo incognitis*: of which, although I have seen only the three first in print, it must nevertheless be supposed that the fourth is so likewise, seeing that Marsile and some other authors and librarians often cite it; and the hat filled with very learned and curious maxims, of which some samples may be seen in Vadianus and la Popelinière, is now preserved in the library of the King, where the learned and reverend father Mersene has assured me he has many times consulted it. Besides this, he was also very adroit in the management of all sorts of arms; and, though he was of a somewhat large, heavy, and bulky stature, he nevertheless overcame, in a

* See Quentin Durward, p. 287.

† The interview between the astrologer Galeotti, and the incensed king is admirably managed; and it is again to the fruitful Comines we must look for the origin of this incident.

solemn challenge and regular combat, the most able wrestler of his time, as Janus Panonius, bishop of five churches, has remarked in an Epigram.

"Wherefore Louis XI., having heard of this great prodigy of learning, 'grew somewhat jealous of Mathias Corvinus, who had chosen him for his master, and the companion of his studies; and moved by an honourable emulation made proposals to him of so much advantage, that he determined at length on quitting Hungary, to the end that he might better and more fully enjoy the honour and the reputation which he had acquired by his merits, and breathe in all comfort the air of France, under the favour and liberality of so powerful a king. But, a strange misfortune on his arrival at Lyons, where the King was, in the year 1476, he was so surprised by the suddenness of the meeting, that in his hurry to alight, in order to salute him, he fell from his horse with great violence, that he broke his neck and died on the spot. The learned Joannes Valerianus, from whom we have this story, relates it in his book *De Litterariorum Infelicitate*. In which nevertheless he does not agree with Paul Jove and Scardeon, who describe his death as having come to pass in a town near unto Padua, where he was suffocated by his obesity and corpulency."

The twenty-third chapter is one of the most powerful in the novel. As a portraiture of horror it is perhaps unequalled. I describes the sanguinary fury of William de la Marck, the courageous piety of the Bishop of Liege, and his brutal murder by a ferocious ruffian. It is necessary to guard the reader of history against giving implicit credence to this magnificent description. The facts of the insurrection at Liege, previous to the imprisonment of Louis XI. at Peronne, are distinctly described by Comines, and from him we learn that William de la Marck was not then an actor in these scenes; that the Liegeois revolted under William de Wilde, and that the Bishop was not killed. The death of the Bishop of Liege did actually take place by the hands of William de la Marck, but this event occurred some years after the era of the novel. The catastrophe is thus briefly described by Comines :

"The bishop took into his councils Monsieur William de la Marck, a fine gentleman and a brave soldier, but of a cruel and malicious temper, and one who favoured the citizens of Liege, and had always been an enemy to the Duke of Burgundy's family, and to the bishop himself. The Princess of Burgundy gave this De la Marck fifteen thousand florins, partly on the bishop's account and partly to oblige him to espouse her interest; but it was not long before he openly declared both against her and his master the bishop, and by the assistance of our king would have made his own son bishop of Liege; after which he fought with, defeated and with his own hands slew the bishop in battle, and ordered his body to be thrown into the river, where it was found three days after."

It should be mentioned, that Louis of Bourbon did not lose his life until some time * after the death of the Bold Duke of Burgundy; nor was William de la Marck personally concerned in the revolt of the Liegeois, which preceded the confinement of Louis XI. at Peronne, and was led by "a knight called Monsieur William de la Ville, *alias*, by the French, le Sauvage." Comines, p. 102. In that disturbance, however, one of the Bishop's most confidential domestics was brutally butchered before the face of his master, while the wretches who committed the outrage flung at each other the mangled limbs of their victim. The Bishop was led as a prisoner into the city, from which he escaped upon the approach of the King and the Duke of Burgundy. His death is thus mentioned in Bulteel's Mezeray, fol. London, 1688, p. 504; "1482, William de la Mark, called the wild boar of Ardenne, incited and assisted by the King, massacred, most inhumanly, Lewis de Bourbon, Bishop of Liege, either in an ambuscade, or after he had defeated him in battle,† and soon after himself, being taken by the Lord de Horne, brother to the Bishop, successor to Lewis, had his head cut off at Maestrich." From Comines it appears that de la Marck, who is styled "a brave person, and a valiant gentleman, but cruel and malicious," had an idea of placing his own son in the bishopric, with the assistance of the King of France.

The anachronism caused by thus antedating the death of the Bishop may not be without excuse, as deepening the interest of a fictitious narrative. A more strange oversight is committed in the *rifacimento* of the King's prayer to the lady of Clery, as given by Brantome, where the author of Quentin Durward has retained the passage respecting the death of Charles the duc de Guienne, who was personally interested in the treaty of Peronne, and was not poisoned until three or four years after, viz. in 1471. Mezeray thus tells the story which is not a little romantic.

* From the narrative of Comines, it would appear that he perished in the year following the death of the duke, who lost his life before Nancy, 6th Jan 1457. Mezeray does not mention it until the year 1482.

† Comines, page 280, tells us, that he slew the bishop with his own hands in battle, and caused his body to be thrown into the river, where it was found three days afterwards.

"He loved a lady, daughter of the Lord Monserau, and widow of Lewis d'Amboise, and had for confessor a certain Benedictine monk, abbot of St. John d'Angely, named John Favre Versois. This wicked monk poisoned a very fair peach, and gave it to that lady, who, at a collation, put it to steep in wine, presented one-half of it to the Prince, and eat the other herself. She, being tender, died in a short time; the Prince, more robust, sustained for some while the assaults of the venom, but however could not conquer it, and in the end yielded his life to it.

"Such as adjust all the phenomena of the Heavens to the accidents here below, might have applied it to this same comet of extraordinary magnitude, which was visible fourscore days together from the month of December. Its head was in the sign of the Balance, and it had a long tail, turning a little towards the north."—P. 494. Bulteel.

The duke died on the 12th of May. The king was very anxious to get the perpetrator of the crime out of the hands of the Duke of Burgundy, who had been thrown into inexpressible rage on hearing the catastrophe of Charles. "The monk was found dead in prison, the devil, as was said, having broken his neck the night before that day wherein they were to pronounce his sentence. This was what the King desired, that so the proof of the crime might perish with the poysoner." P. 495.

In Dr. Dibdin's "Tour," vol. iii. p. 591, there is a very beautiful miniature figure of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, at prayers: it is taken from a manuscript breviary on vellum, of the fifteenth century, executed for his use. A more hard-featured and truculent-looking visage is scarcely to be imagined than that prefixed to one of the four portraits intended to adorn the frontispiece of the edition of the "*Memoires de Comines*."

At the close of his own life, Louis placed all hope in his physician, James Coctier, who received 10,000 crowns by the month for the last five months. (Mezeray, p. 505).

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

The following outline of Peveril's Castle of the Peak, which might have made a conspicuous figure in the novel of that name, may still relieve the disappointment of many of our antiquarian readers.

On the summit of a steep and rocky eminence, at the base of which is that vast subterranean recess, the Peak Cavern, stand the remains of the ancient castle of the PEAK, from which the adjacent village of Castleton derives its name. The elevated situation of the fortress, and the almost perpendicular chasms that partially insulate the rock which it occupies, must have rendered it nearly impregnable, prior to the use of artillery in sieges. On the east and south sides its site is bounded by a narrow ravine called the cave ; and on the west it is skirted by the precipice which frowns over the cavern. The most accessible part is towards the north. Yet even here the path has been carried in a winding, or rather in a zig-zag direction, in order to obviate the steepness of the ascent. The Castle-yard, or Ballium, included nearly the whole summit of the eminence. The enclosing wall, though for the most part in ruins, measures twenty feet in height in a few places on the outside. On the north side were two small towers, now destroyed. The entrance was at the north-east angle, where part of an arched way still remains. Near the opposite angle in the *keep*, the walls of which, on the south and west sides, are the most entire, and at the north-west corner, they are above fifty feet high ; the north and east sides are much shattered. On the outside the keep forms a square of thirty-eight feet, but its interior dimensions are unequal ; the extent from north to south being rather more than twenty-one feet, but from east to west only nineteen. The walls consist of broken masses of limestone, embedded in mortar of such tenacity, that it imparts to the whole the solidity of an entire rock. Some of the herring-bone masonry may be observed on the inner side. The interior is now a complete vacuity ; but it anciently consisted of two chambers, one on the ground floor and one above, over which the roof was raised with a gable end to the north and south, but not equal in height

to the outer walls. The lower chamber was about fourteen feet high, and the upper one about sixteen : the only entrance to the former appears to have been through a doorway on the south-side of the latter, down a flight of steps now wholly destroyed, but said to have existed within memory. At the south-east angle are the ruins of a narrow winding staircase communicating with the roof. In the east wall of the upper apartment is a kind of recess or niche, of a rectangular figure, having a singular canopy.

That eminent antiquary Mr. King, who has minutely described this curious edifice in the "Sequel to his Observations on Ancient Castles," in the sixth volume of the "*Archæologia*," and also in the third volume of his elaborate "*Monumenta antiqua*," has endeavoured to prove that this castle was erected by the Pagan Saxons, and was the dwelling of some great chieftain of that nation ; he suspects, rather fancifully perhaps, that the niche above-mentioned, like that in Conesborough Castle in Yorkshire, might have been designed for the reception of an idol. By other antiquaries the Peak's Castle is considered to be a Norman structure, built by William Peveril, natural son of the Conqueror ; to whom, indeed, the traditions of the neighbourhood ascribe its erection. This opinion is in some degree countenanced by the ancient appellation of the castle, "Peverel's place in the Peke." Whichever of these suppositions be the true one, it is certain that this fortress was possessed by Peveril, at the period of the doomsday survey, together with the Peak forest, and numerous manors.

The following curious and romantic account of a tournament held here, is related by Mr. Pelkington, in his "*View of Derbyshire*":—"William, a valiant knight, and sister's son to Pain Peveril, Lord of Whittington, in the county of Salop, had two daughters, one of whom, called Mallet, was no less distinguished by a martial spirit than her father. This appeared from the declaration which she made respecting the choice of a husband. She firmly resolved to marry none but a knight of great prowess ; and her father, to confirm her purpose, and to procure and encourage a number of suitors, invited all noble young men, who were inclined to enter the lists, to meet at Peveril's place in the Peke, and there decide their pretensions by the use of arms ; declaring at the same time, that whoever vanquished his

competitors should receive his daughter, with the castle of Whittington, as a reward of his skill and valour. Guarine de Meez, a branch of the house of Lorraine, and an ancestor of the Lord Fitzwarrine, hearing this report, repaired to the place above-mentioned. He had a silver shield with a peacock for his crest, and there engaged with a son of a king of Scotland, and also with a baron of Bourgoigne, and, vanquishing them both, obtained the prize for which he fought.

JEFFREY HUDSON, being one of the important personages in *Peveril of the Peak*,* a brief notice of him here may not be uninteresting. He was born at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, in 1619, and at about the age of seven or eight, being then but 18 inches high, was retained in the service of the Duke of Buckingham, who resided at Burleigh on the Hill. Soon after the marriage of Charles I., the King and Queen being entertained at Burleigh, little Hudson was served up to table in a cold pie, and presented by the Duchess to the Queen, who kept him as her dwarf. From the age of seven to thirty he grew no taller; but after thirty he shot up to three feet, nine inches, and there fixed. Jeffrey became a considerable source of entertainment at court. Sir W. Davenant wrote a poem called 'Jeffreilos,' or a battle between him and a turkey cock; and in 1683 was published a very small book, called the "New Year's Gift," presented at court from the Lady Percival, to the Lord Minimus (commonly called little Jeffrey), her Majesty's servant, &c., written by Micropholus, with a little print of Jeffrey prefixed. Before this period Jeffrey was employed on a negociation of great importance: he was sent to France to fetch a midwife for the Queen, and on his return with this gentlewoman and her Majesty's dancing-master, and many rich presents to the Queen, from her mother, Mary de Medicis, he was taken by the Dunkirkers. Jeffrey thus made of consequence, grew to think himself really so. He had borne with little temper the teasing of the courtiers and domestics, and had many squabbles with the King's gigantic porter. At last, being provoked by Mr. Crofts, a young gentleman of family, a challenge ensued; and the appointment being on a level, Jeffrey with the first fire shot his

* *Peveril of the Peak*, p. 411.

antagonist dead. This happened in France, whither he had attended his mistress in the troubles. He was again taken prisoner by a Turkish rover, and sold into Barbary. He probably did not remain long in slavery; for at the beginning of the civil war, he was made a captain in the royal army; and in 1644, attended the Queen of France, where he remained till the restoration. At last, upon suspicion of his being privy to the Popish plot, he was taken up in 1682, and confined in the gate-house, Westminster, where he ended his life in the 63d year of his age.

The following passage in a work not much known, "*Mémoires d'un Homme qui se repose*," bears a striking similarity to the history and description of Sir Geoffrey Hudson, in *Peveril of the Peak*:—"We stopped two or three days at Prague, to see some friends we had known at Vienna. We dined one day at the house of a lady, whose name has escaped me, where I remarked a custom which is pretty general in the principal houses in Bohemia and Saxony, that of having a dwarf, as one has a favourite dog or cat: some are very well made and well proportioned. The late king Stanislaus had a very small one, which amused him exceedingly, walking to and fro on the table conversing with the guests. The king had him served up once in a large pie, out of which he issued, to the great astonishment of some foreign princes who were dining with the king, and had not yet seen the dwarf. This one has been dead some years, but I saw his face in wax, with his clothes: he was about the height of a child of four years of age. The one I saw at Prague dined with the company, and was a little boaster that babbled and talked the whole time of dinner. He was waited on at table by another dwarf, hideously ugly, who amused me greatly by the 'sidelong looks of hate' he cast on his brother dwarf while he served him; and indeed the little man at table had no greater advantage over the one that waited on him than being better made." The date of this tour is 1770.

ST. RONAN'S WELL.

Meg Dods, the landlady of the village inn, had a prototype in Nelly Bathgate, who kept the metropolitan grocery shop of inner-teithen, forming a kind of cynosure to a district extending nearly from Selkirk to Peebles. Before St. Ronan's Well had drawn so many fashionables around that retired spot, Nelly flourished in her little shop, undisturbed by opposition, like the moon just before the creation of the stars. Rivals innumerable have now sprung up around honest Nelly, and her ancient and respectable, but unpretending sign-board, simply importing, "N. BATHGATE, GROCER," quails under the glowing and gilt-lettered rubrics of "———, from Edinburgh," etc., etc., who specify that they import heir own teas and wines, and deal both *en gros et en détail*.

REDGAUNTLET.

This Novel is an inferior kind of Waverley. It has little of the romantic, and less of the historical merit. The heir of the Stuarts is again introduced, but in the winter of his fortune, and in the vale of years. The uncle of the hero is another Fergus M'Ivor—his sister, a feeble Flora—Peter Peebles is as vigorous a sketch as the Baron of Bradwardine; they are both descriptive of intellectual aberrations, in different ways—Callum Beg is the elder brother of Little Benjie. The inferior characters have their counterparts in that earlier production; perhaps Joshua Geddes, the Quaker, is *sui generis*; but for Wandering Willie, and the senior Fairford—are they not of the same class as Davy Gellatly and the Baillie M'Wheeble?—In the progress of the plot, and the grouping of the characters, there are also resemblances and coincidences. Both heroes are abstracted in a state of insensibility, for the purpose of being attached, by interested parties, to the cause of the Prince; and the scerie in the farm-house, where the second hero is attended upon by one Dorcas or Cicely, is very similar to that in the hut, where Rose Bradwardine flits about the bed of the first during

his convalescence. Both are presented to the Chevalier, whose cause is in each instance unsuccessful ; but here the coincidence is in the historical fact, not in the novelist's fiction.

But we must not be misunderstood. In the plot and construction of *Redgauntlet*, however comparatively defective, the hand of a superior artist is constantly apparent. The epistolary opening is written in a superior style to the subsequent parts of the book. The form adopted is decidedly poetical ; composed of episodes, but not of the sort condemned by Aristotle, if we except those of *Wentworth* and *Peter Peebles*, which are connected slightly,—yet so judiciously, as to deepen the shades of the litigant's character, whom no term or degree of endurance and misery, suffered in his own person, can discipline to sympathy or repentance for the ruin inflicted by himself on the widow and the fatherless, that might be justified by legal form and judicial process. In the uniformity of the story, there are differences—in the identity of the characters, there are distinctions. It has been usual to speak of the latter as mere duplicates, one of the other ; but this is incorrect. They are of the same class, not the same individuals. The invention of the author is still exercised ; and the greatest masters of their art have preferred the representation of the individual to the species. Shakspeare's characters are not all of different classes—many are individuals of the same.

The Jacobite intrigues which wind up the plot in this novel are best understood by a reference to Dr. King's anecdotes of his own times, pp. 36—190 et seq.

We have already, in our remarks on *Guy Mannering*, stated that the lawyers in Edinburgh formerly resided in dense and insalubrious parts of the city, and in the lanes nearest to the Parliament House ; but that they were the first to remove to better accommodations at the erection of *Brown's Square* and the suburbs. This change is fully pointed out in "*Redgauntlet*," where a writer to the signet is represented as removing from the *Luckenbooths* to *Brown's Square* about the time specified—which personage, disguised under the name of *Saunders Fairford*, we have no doubt was designed for Sir Walter Scott's own father, a practitioner of the same rank, who then removed from the Old Town to a house at the head of the College Wynd, in

which his distinguished son, the Allan Fairford of the romance, was born and educated.

It is supposed that the characters, if not the fortunes, of the Redgauntlet family, are founded upon those of the Griersons of Lagg. This celebrated, or rather notorious family, is of considerable antiquity in Galloway,*—a district abounding, to a greater degree than either Wales or the Highlands of Scotland, in families of remote origin and honourable descent. Grierson of Lagg was one of those Border barons, whose fame and wealth the politic James V. endeavoured to impair, by lodging himself and his whole retinue upon them during a progress, to the irreparable ruin of their numerous flocks, and the alienation of their broad lands. The Grierson family never recovered the ground then lost, and has continued, down even to the present day, to struggle with many difficulties in supporting its dignity. Sir Robert Grierson, grandfather of the present Laird, made himself conspicuous in the reigns of the latter Stuarts, by the high hand which he carried in persecuting the recusant people of his own districts, and by the oppression which the spirit of those unhappy times empowered him to exercise upon his tenants and immediate dependants. He was but a youth when these unhappy transactions took place, and survived the Restoration nearly fifty years. His death, which took place in 1736, was in the remembrance of people lately alive. Many strange traditionary stories are told about him in Dumfries-shire, and, in particular, the groundwork of "Wandering Willie's Tale" is quite well known and accredited among the common people thereabouts. The popular account of his last illness, death, and burial, are exceedingly absurd and amusing, and we willingly give them a place in our motley record.

Sir Robert Grierson died in the town of Dumfries. The house where this memorable incident took place is still pointed out.

* "The family of Grierson is descended from Gilbert, the second son of Malcolm, Laird of M'Gregor, who died in 1374. His son obtained a charter from the Douglas family of the lands and barony of Lagg, in Nithsdale, and Little Dalton, in Annandale; since which his descendants have continued in Nithsdale, and married into the best families in that part of the country, namely, those of Lord Maxwell, the Kirkpatricks of Closeburn, the Charterises of Amisfield, the Fergusons of Craigdarroch, and of the Duke of Queensberry."—*Grose's Antiquities of Scotland*.

It is now occupied by a decent baker, and is a house of singular construction, having a spiral or turnpike stair, like the old houses of Edinburgh, on which account it is termed the Turnpike-House. It is at the distance of about two hundred yards from the river Nith; and it is said that when Sir Robert's feet were in their torment of heat, and caused the old water in which they were placed to boil, relays of men were placed between the house and the river, to run with pails of water to supply his bath; and still, as one pail was handed in, the preceding one was at the height of boiling-heat, and quite intolerable to the old Laird's unfortunate extremities. Sir Robert at length died, and was laid in a hearse to be taken to the church-yard, which was some miles off. But, Oh the mysterious interferences of the evil one! though six stout horses essayed their utmost might, they could not draw the wicked persecutor's body along; and there they stood, fixed to the spot, as though they had been yoked to the stedfast Criffel instead of an old family hearse! In this emergency, when the funeral company were beginning to have their own thoughts, Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, an old friend of the Laird's, happened to come up, with two beautiful Spanish horses, and, seeing the distress they were in, swore an oath, and declared that he would drive old Lagg, though the devil were in him. So saying, he yoked his Spanish barbs to the hearse, mounted the box himself, and drove away at a gallop towards the place of interment. The horses ran with such swiftness that their master could not restrain them, and they stopped at the church-yard gate, not by any management or direction on his part, but by some miraculous and supernatural agency. The company came slowly up, in the course of an hour thereafter, and Sir Robert Grierson was, after all, properly interred, though not without the loss of Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick's beautiful horses, which died in consequence of their exertions.

The story of the Redgauntlet horse-shoe seems to have its foundation in the following:—

“Major Weir's mother appears to have set the example of witchcraft to her children, as Jean Weir, while in prison, declared that ‘she was persuaded that her mother was a witch; for the secretest thing that either I myself, or any of the family,

could do, when once a mark appeared upon her brow, she could tell it them, though done at a great distance.' Being demanded what short of a mark it was? she answered, I have some such like mark myself, when I please, upon my forehead.' Whereupon she offered to uncover her head, for visible satisfaction. The minister refusing to behold it, and forbidding any discovery, was earnestly requested by some spectators to allow the freedom: he yielded: she put back her head-dress, and, seeming to frown, there was an exact horse-shoe, shaped for nails, in her wrinkles, terrific enough, I assure you, to the stoutest beholder. ""

THE TALES OF THE CRUSADERS.

THE BETROTHED.

(In the New Introduction to the first volume of the Tales of the Crusaders, the author announces that it was by the advice of his friends, rather than by his own taste, that he adopted this title;—and in fact, the story of "the Betrothed" is less an incident belonging to the Crusaders, than one which was occasioned by the singular cast of mind introduced and spread wide by those memorable undertakings.

"The confusion among families was not the least concomitant evil of the extraordinary preponderance of this superstition. It was no unusual thing for a Crusader, returning from his long toils of war and pilgrimage, to find his family augmented by some young off-shoot, of whom the deserted matron could give no very accurate account, or perhaps to find his marriage-bed filled, and that, instead of becoming nurse to an old man, his household dame had preferred being the lady-love of a young one. Numerous are the stories of this kind told in different parts of Europe; and the returned knight or baron, according to his temper, sat down good-naturedly contented with the account which his lady gave of a doubtful matter, or called in blood and fire to vindicate his honour, which, after all, had been endangered chiefly by his forsaking his household gods to seek adventures in Palestine."

* Sinclair's *Satan's Invisible World Discovered*.

The period is that of the wars between the Welsh and the Norman lords of the Marches, and the history of that time will fully vindicate the probability of the tale.

THE TALISMAN.

The scene of this Romance is Palestine, and the period, that at which Richard Cœur de Lion was opposed to Saladin.

The title is derived from the principal incident in the Romance founded on a story of the same kind, often told in the west of Scotland; the relic alluded to is still in existence, and even yet held in veneration.

“ Sir Simon Lockhart of Lee and Cartland made a considerable figure in the reigns of Robert the Bruce and of his son David. He was one of the chiefs of that band of Scottish chivalry, who accompanied James, the Good Lord Douglas, on his expedition to the Holy Land, with the heart of King Robert Bruce. Douglas, impatient to get at the Saracens, entered into war with those of Spain, and was killed there. Lockhart proceeded to the Holy Land with such Scottish knights as had escaped the fate of their leader, and assisted for some time in the wars against the Saracens.”

The following adventure is said by tradition to have befallen him : —

“ He made prisoner in battle an Emir of considerable wealth and consequence. The aged mother of the captive came to the Christian camp, to redeem her son from his state of captivity. Lockhart is said to have fixed the price at which his prisoner should ransom himself; and the lady, pulling out a large embroidered purse, proceeded to tell down the ransom, like a mother who pays little respect to gold in comparison of her son's liberty. In this operation, a pebble inserted in a coin, some say of the Lower Empire, fell out of the purse, and the Saracen matron testified so much haste to recover it, as gave the Scottish knight a high idea of its value, when compared with gold or silver. “ I will not consent,” he said, “ to grant your son's liberty, unless that amulet be added to his ransom.” The lady not only consented to this, but explained to Sir Simon Lockhart the mode in which the Talisman was to be used, and the uses to which it might be put. The water in which it was dipt ope-

rated as a styptic, as a febrifuge, and possessed several other properties as a medical talisman.

“Sir Simon Lockhart, after much experience of the wonders which it wrought, brought it to his own country, and left it to his heirs, by whom, and by Clydesdale in general, it was, and is still, distinguished by the name of the Lee-penny, from the name of his native seat of Lee.

“The most remarkable part of this history, perhaps, was, that it so especially escaped condemnation when the Church of Scotland chose to impeach many other cures which savoured of the miraculous, as occasioned by sorcery, and censured the appeal to them, “excepting only that to the amulet, called the Lee-penny, to which it had pleased God to annex certain healing virtues which the Church did not presume to condemn.” It still, as has been said, exists, and its powers are sometimes resorted to. Of late, they have been chiefly restricted to the cure of persons bitten by mad dogs; and as the illness in such cases frequently arises from imagination, there can be no reason for doubting that water which has been poured on the Lee-penny furnishes a congenial cure.”

The author confesses, that most of the incidents introduced in the tale are fictitious, and that reality, where it exists, is only retained in the characters.”

WOODSTOCK.

[The period of the tale is the great civil war, and some wonderful adventures which happened in Woodstock in the year 1649, are the principal incidents. These adventures are fully detailed in the new Introduction.

In order that our readers may be able to compare the author's description of Prince Charles's escape with the real facts, we shall here give Mr. Home's account of the interviews of Flora Macdonald with Charles, and the manner in which she conducted him to the isle of Skye.

“Mrs. Macdonald first saw Prince Charles in South Uist; she then resided in the family of Angus Macdonald, of Milton, her brother. Mrs. Macdonald (then Miss Macdonald) being upon a visit in Clanronald's family, saw one Colonel O'Neale there,

native of Ireland, a French officer, and constant attendant of Prince Charles in his distressed state. Miss Macdonald expressed an earnest inclination to see the Prince, and said that, provided she could in any degree prove serviceable in saving him from his enemies, she would do so with all her heart. Colonel O'Neale then proposed to Miss Macdonald to take the Prince as her maid, dressed in women's clothes, and conduct her to Skye. This undertaking appeared to her so fantastical and dangerous, that she positively declined it. A Macdonald, a Macleod, and a Campbell militia were then in quest of the Prince : a guard was posted at every ferry ; every boat was seized ; no person could travel out of the country without a passport ; and the channel between Uist and Skye was covered with ships of war. Soon after this conversation, the Colonel introduced the Prince to Miss Macdonald at a farm belonging to her brother. The Prince was at this time in a state of bad health, of a thin and weak habit of body, and greatly exhausted with fatigue, and want of proper accommodation. Under these calamities he possessed a cheerfulness, magnanimity, and fortitude, remarkably great, and incredible to all but such as saw him there. Miss Macdonald was so strongly impressed with his critical and forlorn state, that she instantly consented to conduct him to Skye.

“Leaving the Prince and his conductor at the farm, Miss Macdonald, without loss of time, repaired to Clanronald's family, to provide the necessary requisites for the voyage to Skye. She procured a passport from Captain Hugh Macdonald, who commanded the Macdonald militia in South Uist. Captain Macdonald was father-in-law to Miss Macdonald. The Prince, denominated Betty Burke in the passport, was recommended by Captain Macdonald to his wife at Armadale in Skye, as an excellent spinner of flax, and a faithful servant.

“The night before the Prince left South Uist, he very narrowly escaped being taken prisoner. Miss Macdonald having procured an open boat with six hands, and every other necessary, walked along the shore to the distance of a mile from Clanronald's house, where, according to appointment, the Prince (dressed in female apparel) and the Colonel met her. As the Prince, along with Lady Clanronald, Miss Macdonald, and the Colonel, were in the evening taking supper upon the sea-side, a

messenger came to Lady Clanronald, informing her that General Campbell and Captain Ferguson were in her house in quest of Prince Charles. She instantly repaired home; soon after her departure, four armed cutters appeared on the coast. They were so close to the shore, that they could not get away unobserved by the soldiers on board, and therefore skulked among the rocks till the cutters passed them.

“The day following being calm and serene, the Prince, Miss Macdonald, and the six boatmen set out in the morning for Skye. As the boat was passing the point of Naternich, in Skye, a party of the Macleod militia, stationed there, observing it, ran to the shore with their guns, and levelled them at the boat. The tide being out, the boat got out of the reach before they could get so near as to force them to land, or launch out a boat to pursue them. The boat landed at Mugstole, the family seat of Macdonald. Miss Macdonald dined with Lady Margaret Macdonald, and after dinner, she and the Prince (still disguised as her maid) set out for Kingsburgh, where they arrived in the evening, and lodged that night. Next day the Prince went to a hill near the house of Kingsburgh, and put on a Highland dress. Miss Macdonald accompanied him to Portree, and left him there. He was then greatly restored to health, had recovered much strength, and was in good spirits. Miss Macdonald went to Armadale, to her step-father’s house.

“The men who ferried the Prince and Miss Macdonald to Skye, were, after their return, suspected of what they had done, and being apprehended, were forced to make a confession.

“Captain Macleod, of Talisker (afterwards Colonel Macleod) who commanded the militia in Skye, ordered a party to go to Armadale, and apprehend Miss Macdonald. They took her prisoner, and gave her up to a body of fuzileers, who delivered her to General Campbell, at that time on board of Captain Ferguson’s ship, which lay between Sconcer and Rasay. She was on board this ship twenty-two days. General Campbell treated her with much humanity and politeness, and afterwards consigned her to Admiral Smith on the coast of Lorn in Argyleshire. This most worthy gentleman treated her, not as a stranger or a prisoner, but with the affection of a parent.”

CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE.

THE first volume under this title, contains three Tales "THE HIGHLAND WIDOW," "THE TWO DROVERS," and "THE SURGEON'S DAUGHTER," and three other pieces, which were formerly published in "The Keepsake," viz. "MY AUNT MARGARET'S MIRROR," "THE TAPESTRIED CHAMBER," and "THE LAIRD'S JOCK."

The Introduction to the Chronicles of the Canongate contains the detail of the circumstances which rendered it impossible for the author to continue any longer in the possession of his *incognito*, and will be read with painful feelings by the admirers of his powerful talents and noble character. It also contains a most interesting account of a public Dinner for the Theatrical Fund, extracted from the Edinburgh Weekly Journal, of the 28th February, 1827.

To the former explanation of the plan of the Chronicles, presented in Chapter II. by the imaginary Editor, Mr. Croftangry, the Author now adds the following:—

"The lady, termed in his narrative Mrs. Bethune Baliol, was designed to shadow out in its leading points the interesting character of a dear friend of mine, Mrs. Murray Keith, whose death occurring shortly before had saddened a wide circle, much attached to her, as well for her genuine virtue and amiable qualities of disposition, as for the extent of information which she possessed, and the delightful manner in which she was used to communicate it. In truth, the author had, on many occasions, been indebted to her vivid memory for the *substratum* of his Scottish fictions—and she accordingly had been, from an early period, at no loss to fix the Waverley Novels on the right culprit.

"In the sketch of Chrystal Croftangry's own history, the author has been accused of introducing some not polite allusions to respectable living individuals: but he may safely, he presumes, pass over such an insinuation. The first of the narratives which Mr. Croftangry proceeds to lay before the public, 'The Highland Widow,' was derived from Mrs. Murray Keith, and is given, with the exception of a few additional circumstances—the introduction of which I am rather inclined to regret—very much as the excellent old lady used to tell the story. Neither the High-

land cicerone MacTurk, nor the demure washing-woman, were drawn from imagination: and on re-reading my tale, after the lapse of a few years, and comparing its effect with my remembrance of my worthy friend's oral narration, which was certainly extremely affecting, I cannot but suspect myself of having marred its simplicity by some of those interpolations, which, at the time when I penned them, no doubt passed with myself for embellishments.

"The next tale, entitled 'The Two Drovers,' I learned from another old friend, the late George Constable, Esq. of Wallace-Craigie, near Dundee, whom I have already introduced to my reader as the original Antiquary of Moukbarns. He had been present, I think, at the trial at Carlisle, and seldom mentioned the venerable judge's charge to the jury, without shedding tears, which had peculiar pathos, as flowing down features carrying rather a sarcastic or almost a cynical expression.

THE SURGEON'S DAUGHTER.

THIS Tale forms part of the second series of *Chronicles of the Canongate*, published in 1827.—The author, in his new Introduction, says "that the principal incident on which it turns, was narrated to him one morning at breakfast by his worthy friend, Mr. Train, of Castle Douglas, in Galloway, whose kind assistance he has so often had occasion to acknowledge in the course of these Prefaces; and that the military friend who is alluded to as having furnished him with some information as to Eastern matters, was Colonel James Ferguson, of Huntly Burn, one of the sons of the venerable historian and philosopher of that name—which name he took the liberty of concealing under its Gaelic form of MacErries."

Mr. Train was requested by Sir Walter Scott to give him in writing the story as nearly as possible in the shape in which he had told it; but the following narrative, which he drew up accordingly, did not reach Abbotsford until July, 1832.

"In the old Stock of Fife, there was not perhaps an individual whose exertions were followed by consequences of such a remarkable nature as those of Davie Duff, popularly called 'The Thane of Fife,' who, from a very humble parentage, rose to fill one of the chairs of the magistracy of his native burgh.

By industry and economy in early life, he obtained the means of erecting, solely on his own account, one of those ingenious manufactories for which Fifeshire is justly celebrated. From the day on which the industrious artisan first took his seat at the Council Board, he attended so much to the interests of the little privileged community, that civic honours were conferred on him as rapidly as the Set of the Royalty* could legally admit.

“To have the right of walking to church on holyday, preceded by a phalanx of halberdiers, in habiliments fashioned as in former times, seems, in the eyes of many a guild brother, to be a very enviable pitch of worldly grandeur. Few persons were ever more proud of civic honours than the Thane of Fife, but he knew well how to turn his political influence to the best account. The council, court, and other business of the burgh, occupied much of his time, which caused him to intrust the management of his manufactory to a near relation whose name was D——, a young man of dissolute habits; but the Thane, seeing at last, that by continuing that extravagant person in that charge, his affairs would, in all probability, fall into a state of bankruptcy, applied to the member of Parliament for that district to obtain a situation for his relation in the civil department of the state. The knight, whom it is here unnecessary to name, knowing how effectually the Thane ruled the little burgh, applied in the proper quarter, and actually obtained an appointment for D—— in the civil service of the East India Company.

“A respectable surgeon, whose residence was in a neighbouring village, had a beautiful daughter named Emma, who had long been courted by D——. Immediately before his departure to India, as a mark of mutual affection, they exchanged miniatures, taken by an eminent artist in Fife, and each set in a locket, for the purpose of having the object of affection always in view.

“The eyes of the old Thane were now turned towards Hindostan with much anxiety; but his relation had not long arrived in that distant quarter of the globe before he had the satisfaction of receiving a letter, conveying the welcome intelligence of his

* The Constitution of the Borough.

having taken possession of his new station in a large frontier town of the Company's dominions, and that great emoluments were attached to the situation ; which was confirmed by several subsequent communications of the most gratifying description to the old Thane, who took great pleasure in spreading the news of the reformed habits and singular good fortune of his intended heir. None of all his former acquaintances heard with such joy the favourable report of the successful adventurer in the East, as did the fair and accomplished daughter of the village surgeon ; but his previous character caused her to keep her own correspondence with him secret from the parents, to whom even the circumstance of her being acquainted with D—— was wholly unknown, till her father received a letter from him, in which he assured him of his attachment to Emma long before his departure from Fife ; that having been so happy as to gain her affections, he would have made her his wife before leaving his native country, had he then had the means of supporting her in a suitable rank through life ; and that, having it now in his power to do so, he only waited the consent of her parents to fulfil the vow he had formerly made.

“The Doctor having a large family, with a very limited income to support them, and understanding that D—— had at last become a person of sober and industrious habits, he gave his consent, in which Emma's mother fully concurred.

“Aware of the straitened circumstances of the Doctor, D—— remitted a sum of money to complete at Edinburgh Emma's Oriental education, and fit her out in her journey to India ; she was to embark at Sheerness, on board one of the Company's ships, for a port in India, at which place, he said, he would wait her arrival, with a retinue suited to a person of his rank in society.

“Emma set out from her father's house just in time to secure a passage, as proposed by her intended husband, accompanied by her only brother, who, on their arrival at Sheerness, met one C——, an old schoolfellow, captain of the ship by which Emma was to proceed to India.

“It was the particular desire of the Doctor that his daughter should be committed to the care of that gentleman, from the time of her leaving the shores of Britain, till the intended mar-

riage ceremony was duly performed on her arrival in India, a charge that was frankly undertaken by the generous sea-captain.

On the arrival of the fleet at the appointed port, D——, with a large cavalcade of mounted Pindarees, was, as expected, in attendance, ready to salute Emma on landing, and to carry her direct into the interior of the country. C——, who had made several voyages to the shores of Hindostan, knowing something of Hindoo manners and customs, was surprised to see a private individual in the Company's service with so many attendants; and when D—— declined having the marriage ceremony performed, according to the rites of the Church, till he returned to the place of his abode, C——, more and more confirmed in his suspicion that all was not right, resolved not to part with Emma, till he had fulfilled, in the most satisfactory manner, the promise he had made before leaving England, of giving her duly away in marriage. Not being able by her entreaties to alter the resolution of D——, Emma solicited her protector C—— to accompany her to the place of her intended destination, to which he most readily agreed, taking with him as many of his crew as he deemed sufficient to ensure the safe custody of his innocent protégée, should any attempt be made to carry her away by force.

“Both parties journeyed onwards till they arrived at a frontier town, where a native Rajah was waiting the arrival of the fair maid of Fife, with whom he had fallen deeply in love, from seeing her miniature likeness in the possession of D——, to whom he had paid a large sum of money for the original, and had only intrusted him to convey her in state to the seat of his government.

“No sooner was this villanous action of D—— known to C——, than he communicated the whole particulars to the commanding officer of a regiment of Scotch Highlanders that happened to be quartered in that part of India, begging at the same time, for the honour of Caledonia, and protection of injured innocence, that he would use the means in his power, of resisting any attempt that might be made by the native chief to wrest from their hands the virtuous female who had been so shamefully decoyed from her native country by the worst of

mankind. Honour occupies too large a space in the heart of the Gael to resist such a call of humanity.

“The Rajah, finding his claim was not to be acceded to, and resolving to enforce the same, assembled his troops, and attacked with great fury the place where the affrighted Emma was for a time secured by her countrymen, who fought in her defence with all their native valour, which at length so overpowered their assailants, that they were forced to retire in every direction, leaving behind many of their slain, among whom was found the mangled corpse of the perfidious D——.

“C—— was immediately afterwards married to Emma, and my informant assured me he saw them many years afterwards, living happily together in the county of Kent, on the fortune bequeathed by the “Thane of Fife.”

J. T.

CASTLE DOUGLAS, *July*, 1832.

THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH

Is by far the best Tale of the Chronicles, and the principal incidents are founded on the following historical facts, extracted from Tales of my Grandfather, first series, pp. 166 and seq.

“It happened, fortunately perhaps for the Lowlands, that the wild Highlanders were as much addicted to quarrel with each other as with their Lowland neighbours. Two clans, or rather two leagues or confederacies, composed each of several separate clans, fell into such deadly feud with each other, as filled the whole neighbourhood with slaughter and discord.

When this feud or quarrel could be no otherwise ended, it was resolved that the difference should be decided by a combat of thirty men of the Clan Chattan, against the same number of the Clan Kay; that the battle should take place on the North Inch of Perth, a beautiful and level meadow, in part surrounded by the river Tay; and that it should be fought in presence of the King and his nobles. Now, there was a cruel policy in this arrangement; for it was to be supposed that all the best and leading men of each clan would desire to be among the thirty which were to fight for their honour, and it was no less to be expected that the battle would be very bloody and desperate.

Thus, the probable event would be, that both clans, having lost very many of their best and bravest men, would be more easily managed in future. Such was probably the view of the King and his counsellors in permitting this desperate conflict, which, however, was much in the spirit of the times.

The parties on each side were drawn out, armed with sword and target, axe and dagger, and stood looking on each other with fierce and savage aspects, when, just as the signal for fight was expected, the commander of the Clan Chattan perceived that one of his men, whose heart had failed him, had deserted his standard. There was no time to seek another man from the clan, so the chieftain, as his only resource, was obliged to offer a reward to any one who would fight in the room of the fugitive. Perhaps you think it might be difficult to get a man, who, for a small hire, would undergo the perils of a battle which was likely to be so obstinate and deadly. But in that fighting age, men valued their lives lightly. One Henry Wynd, a citizen of Perth, and a saddler by trade, a little bandy-legged man, but of great strength and activity, and well accustomed to use the broadsword, offered himself, for half a French crown, to serve on the part of the Clan Chattan in the battle of that day.

The signal was then given by sound of the royal trumpets, and of the great war-bagpipes of the Highlanders, and the two parties fell on each other with the utmost fury; their natural ferocity of temper being excited by feudal hatred against the hostile clan, zeal for the honour of their own, and a consciousness that they were fighting in presence of the King and nobles of Scotland. As they fought with the two-handed sword and axe, the wounds they inflicted on each other were of a ghastly size and character. Heads were cloven asunder, limbs were lopped from the trunk. The meadow was soon drenched with blood, and covered with dead and wounded men.

In the midst of the deadly conflict, the chieftain of the Clan Chattan observed that Henry Wynd, after he had slain one of the Clan Kay, drew aside, and did not seem willing to fight more.

“ ‘How is this,’ said he, ‘art thou afraid?’ ”

“ ‘Not I,’ answered Henry; ‘but I have done enough of work for half-a-crown.’ ”

“ ‘Forward and fight,’ said the Highland chief; ‘he that doth not grudge his day’s work, I will not stint him in his wages.’ ”

“Thus encouraged, Henry Wynd again plunged into the conflict, and, by his excellence as a swordsman, contributed a great deal to the victory, which at length fell to the Clan Chattan. Ten of the victors, with Henry Wynd, whom the Highlanders called the *Gow Chrom* (that is, the crooked or handy-legged smith, for he was both a smith and saddler, war-saddles being then made of steel), were left alive, but they were all wounded. Only one of the Clan Kay survived, and he was unhurt. But this single individual dared not oppose himself to eleven men, though all more or less injured, but, throwing himself into the Tay, swam to the other side, and went off to carry to the Highlands the news of his clan's defeat. It is said, he was so ill received by his kinsmen that he put himself to death.

“Some part of the above story is matter of tradition, but the general fact is certain. Henry Wynd was rewarded to the Highland chieftain's best abilities; but it was remarked, that, when the battle was over, he was not able to tell the name of the clan he had fought for, replying, when asked on which side he had been, that he was fighting for his own hand. Hence the proverb, ‘Every man for his own hand, as Henry Wynd fought.’”

ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN.

THIS Novel, by the Author's own confession, contains more violations of accuracy in historical details, than any of the others. It was chiefly the work of leisure hours in Edinburgh, not of quiet mornings in the country, and he was obliged to trust too much memory. He says in his Introduction: “Perhaps there are few men whose memory serves them with equal fidelity as to many different classes of subjects; but I am sorry to say, that while mine has rarely failed me as to any snatch of verse or trait of character that had once interested my fancy, it has generally been a frail support, not only as to names, and dates, and other minute technicalities of history, but as to many more important things.

“I hope this apology will suffice for one mistake which has been pointed out to me by the descendant of one of the persons introduced in this story, and who complains with reason that

I have made a peasant deputy of the ancestor of a distinguished and noble family, none of whom ever declined from the high rank, to which, as far as my pen trenched on it, I now beg leave to restore them. The name of the person who figures as deputy of Soleure in these pages, was always, it seems, as it is now, that of a patrician house. I am reminded by the same correspondent of another slip, probably of less consequence. The Emperor of the days my novel refers to, though the representative of that Leopold who fell in the great battle of Sempach, never set up any pretensions against the liberties of the gallant Swiss, but, on the contrary, treated with uniform prudence and forbearance such of that nation as had established their independence, and with wise, as well as generous kindness, others who still continued to acknowledge fealty to the imperial crown. Errors of this sort, however trivial, ought never, in my opinion, to be pointed out to an author, without meeting with a candid and respectful acknowledgment.

“With regard to a general subject of great curiosity and interest, in the eyes at least of all antiquarian students, upon which I have touched at some length in this narrative, I mean the Vehm^{ic} tribunals of Westphalia, a name so awful in men’s ears during many centuries, and which, through the genius of Goëthe, has again been revived in public fancy with a full share of its ancient terrors, I am bound to state my opinion that a wholly new and most important light has been thrown upon this matter since Anne of Geierstein first appeared, by the elaborate researches of my ingenious friend, Mr. Francis Palgrave.”

At the end of the Introduction he adds, “there are probably several other points on which I ought to have embraced this opportunity of enlarging; but the necessity of preparing for an excursion to foreign countries, in quest of health and strength, that have been for some time sinking, makes me cut short my address upon the present occasion.

“Although I have never been in Switzerland, and numerous mistakes must of course have occurred in my attempts to describe the local scenery of that romantic region, I must not conclude without a statement highly gratifying to myself, that the work met with a reception of more than usual cordiality among the descendants of the Alpine heroes whose manners I

had ventured to treat of; and I have in particular to express my thanks to the several Swiss gentlemen who have, since the novel was published, enriched my little collection of armour with specimens of the huge weapon that sheared the lances of the Austrian chivalry at Sempach, and was employed with equal success on the bloody days of Granson and Morat. Of the ancient double-handed *espadons* of the Switzer, I have, in this way, received, I think, not less than six, in excellent preservation, from as many different individuals, who thus testified their general approbation of these pages. They are not the less interesting, that gigantic swords, of nearly the same pattern and dimensions, were employed in their conflicts with the bold knights and men-at-arms of England, by Wallace, and the sturdy foot-soldiers who, under his guidance, laid the foundations of Scottish independence."

COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS.

The following Advertisement, from the pen of the author's son-in-law, Mr. Lockart, precedes the last edition of Count Robert of Paris.

"SIR WALTER SCOTT transmitted from Naples, in February 1832, an Introduction for CASTLE DANGEROUS; but if he ever wrote one for a Second Edition of ROBERT OF PARIS, it has not been discovered among his papers.

"Some notes, chiefly extracts from the books which he had been observed to consult while *dictating* this novel, are now appended to its pages; and in addition to what the author had given in the shape of historical information respecting the principal real persons introduced, the reader is here presented with what may probably amuse him, the passage of the Alexiad, in which Anna Comnena describes the incident which originally, no doubt, determined Sir Walter's choice of a hero.

"May, A.D. 1097.—As for the multitude of those who advanced towards THE GREAT CITY, let it be enough to say that they were as the stars in the heaven, or as the sand upon the seashore. They were, in the words of Homer, *as many as the waves and flowers of spring*. But for the names of the leaders, though they are present in my memory, I will not re-

late them. The numbers of these would alone deter me, even if my language furnished the means of expressing their barbarous sounds; and for what purpose should I afflict my readers with a long enumeration of the names of those, whose visible presence gave so much horror to all that beheld them?

“As soon, therefore, as they approached the Great City, they occupied the station appointed for them by the Emperor, near to the monastery of Cosmidius. But this multitude were not, like the Hellenic one of old, to be restrained and governed by the loud voices of nine heralds; they required the constant superintendence of chosen and valiant soldiers, to keep them from violating the commands of the Emperor.

“He, meantime, laboured to obtain from the other leaders that acknowledgment of his supreme authority, which had already been drawn from Godfrey [Γουτοφρε] himself. But notwithstanding the willingness of some to accede to this proposal, and their assistance in working on the minds of their associates, the Emperor’s endeavours had little success, as the majority were looking for the arrival of Bohemund [Βαιμοντος], in whom they placed their chief confidence, and resorted to every art with the view of gaining time. The Emperor, whom it was not easy to deceive, penetrated their motives; and by granting to one powerful person demands which had been supposed out of all bounds of expectation, and by resorting to a variety of other devices, he at length prevailed, and won general assent to the following of the example of Godfrey, who also was sent for in person to assist in this business.

“All, therefore, being assembled, and Godfrey among them, the oath was taken; but when all was finished, a certain Noble among these Counts had the audacity to seat himself on the throne of the Emperor. [Τολμήσας τις ἀπο πάντων τῶν κομητῶν εὐχετῆς εἰς τὸν σκιμποδά τῆ βασιλεως ἐκάθισεν.] The Emperor restrained himself and said nothing, for he was well acquainted of old with the nature of the Latins.

“But the Count Baldwin [Βαλδουινος] stepping forth, and seizing him by the hand, dragged him thence, and with many reproaches said, ‘It becomes thee not to do such things here, especially after having taken the oath of fealty [δουλειαν ὑποσχόμενος.] It is not the custom of the Roman Emperors to permit any of their inferiors to sit beside them, not even of such as are

born subjects of their empire; and it is necessary to respect the customs of the country. But he, answering nothing to Baldwin, stared yet more fixedly upon the Emperor, and muttered to himself something in his own dialect, which, being interpreted, was to this effect—‘Behold, what rustic fellow [χωρίτης] is this, to be seated alone while such leaders stand around him!’ The movement of his lips did not escape the Emperor, who called to him one that understood the Latin dialect, and enquired what words the man had spoken. When he heard them, the Emperor said nothing to the other Latins, but kept the thing to himself. When, however, the business was all over, he called near to him by himself that swelling and shameless Latin [ὁ φιλοφρονα ἑκείνον καὶ ἀναιδέη], and asked of him, who he was, of what lineage, and from what region he had come. ‘I am a Frank,’ said he, ‘of pure blood, of the Nobles. One thing I know, that where three roads meet in the place from which I came, there is an ancient church, in which whosoever has the desire to measure himself against another in single combat, prays God to help him therein, and afterwards abides the coming of one willing to encounter him. At that spot long time ~~did~~ I remain, but the man bold enough to stand against me I found not.’ Hearing these words the Emperor said, ‘If hitherto thou hast sought battles in vain, the time is at hand which will furnish thee with abundance of them. And I advise thee to place thyself neither before the phalanx, nor in its rear, but to stand fast in the midst of thy fellow-soldiers; for of old time I am well acquainted with the warfare of the Turks.’ With such advice he dismissed not only this man, but the rest of those who were about to depart on that expedition.”—*Alexiad*, Book x, pp. 237, 238.

Ducange, as is mentioned in the novel, identifies the church, thus described by the crusader, with that of *Our Lady of Soissons*, of which a French poet of the days of Louis VII. says—

Veiller y vont encore li Pelerin
Cil qui bataille veulent faire et fournir.

DUCANGE in *Alexiad*, p. 86.

The Princess Anna Comnena, it may be proper to observe, was born on the first of December, A.D. 1083, and was consequently in her fifteenth year when the chiefs of the first

crusade made their appearance in her father's court. Even then, however, it is not improbable that she might have been the wife of Nicephorus Bryennius, whom, many years after his death, she speaks of in her history as *τον εμυ καισαρα*, and in other terms equally affectionate. The bitterness with which she uniformly mentions Bohemund, Count of Tarentum, afterwards Prince of Antioch, has, however, been ascribed to a disappointment in love; and on one remarkable occasion, the Princess certainly expressed great contempt of her husband. I am aware of no other authorities for the liberties taken with this lady's conjugal character in the novel.

Her husband, Nicephorus Bryennius, was the grandson of the person of that name, who figures in history as the rival, in a contest for the imperial throne, of Nicephorus Botoniates. He was, on his marriage with Anna Comnena, invested with the rank of *Panhypsebastos*, or *Omnium Augustissimus*; but Alexius deeply offended him, by afterwards recognising the superior and simpler dignity of a *Sebastos*. His eminent qualities, both in peace and war, are acknowledged by Gibbon: and he has left us four books of Memoirs, detailing the early part of his father-in-law's history, and valuable as being the work of an eyewitness of the most important events which he describes. Anna Comnena appears to have considered it her duty to take up the task which her husband had not lived to complete; and hence the *Alexiad*—certainly, with all its defects, the first historical work that has yet proceeded from a female pen.

“The life of the Emperor Alexius,” (says Gibbon), “has been delineated by the pen of a favourite daughter, who was inspired by tender regard for his person, and a laudable zeal to perpetuate his virtues. Conscious of the just suspicion of her readers, the Princess repeatedly protests, that, besides her personal knowledge, she had searched the discourse and writings of the most respectable veterans; and that after an interval of thirty years, forgotten by, and forgetful of the world, her mournful solitude was inaccessible to hope and fear: that truth, the naked perfect truth, was more dear than the memory of her parent. Yet instead of the simplicity of style and narrative which wins our belief, an elaborate affectation of rhetoric and science betrays in every page the vanity of a female author. The genuine character of Alexius is lost in a vague constellation of virtues;

and the perpetual strain of panegyric and apology awakens our jealousy, to question the veracity of the historian, and the merit of her hero. We cannot, however, refuse her judicious and important remark, that the disorders of the times were the misfortune and the glory of Alexius; and that every calamity which can afflict a declining empire was accumulated on his reign by the justice of Heaven and the vices of his predecessors. In the east, the victorious Turks had spread, from Persia to the Hellespont, the reign of the Koran and the Crescent; the west was invaded by the adventurous valour of the Normans; and, in the moments of peace, the Danube poured forth new swarms, who had gained in the science of war what they had lost in the ferociousness of their manners. The sea was not less hostile than the land; and, while the frontiers were assaulted by an open enemy, the palace was distracted with secret conspiracy and treason.

“On a sudden, the banner of the Cross was displayed by the Latins; Europe was precipitated on Asia; and Constantinople had almost been swept away by this impetuous deluge. In the tempest Alexius steered the Imperial vessel with dexterity and courage. At the head of his armies, he was bold in action, skilful in stratagem, patient of fatigue, ready to improve his advantages, and rising from his defeats with inexhaustible vigour. The discipline of the camp was reversed, and a new generation of men and soldiers was created by the precepts and example of their leader. In his intercourse with the Latins, Alexius was patient and artful; his discerning eye pervaded the new system of an unknown world.

“The increase of the male and female branches of his family adorned the throne, and secured the succession; but their princely luxury and pride offended the patricians, exhausted the revenue, and insulted the misery of the people. Anna is a faithful witness that his happiness was destroyed and his health broken by the cares of a public life; the patience of Constantinople was fatigued by the length and severity of his reign; and before Alexius expired, he had lost the love and reverence of his subjects. The clergy could not forgive his application of the sacred riches to the defence of the state; but they applauded his theological learning, and ardent zeal for the orthodox faith, which he defended with his tongue, his pen, and his sword.

Even the sincerity of his moral and religious virtues was suspected by the persons who had passed their lives in his confidence. In his last hours, when he was pressed by his wife Irene to alter the succession, he raised his head, and breathed a pious ejaculation* on the vanity of the world. The indignant reply of the Empress may be inscribed as an epitaph on his tomb,—‘ You die, as you have lived—a hypocrite.’

“ It was the wish of Irene to supplant the eldest of her sons in favour of her daughter, the Princess Anna, whose philosophy would not have refused the weight of a diadem. But the order of male succession was asserted by the friends of their country; the lawful heir drew the royal signet from the finger of his insensible or conscious father, and the empire obeyed the master of the palace. Anna Comnena was stimulated by ambition and revenge to conspire against the life of her brother; and when the design was prevented by the fears or scruples of her husband, she passionately exclaimed that nature had mistaken the two sexes, and had endowed Bryennius with the soul of a woman. After the discovery of her treason, the life and fortune of Anna were justly forfeited to the laws. Her life was spared by the clemency of the Emperor, but he visited the pomp and treasures of her palace, and bestowed the rich confiscation on the most deserving of his friends.”—*History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, chap. xlviii.

The year of Anna’s death is nowhere recorded. She appears to have written the *Alexiad* in a convent; and to have spent nearly thirty years in this retirement, before her book was published.

For accurate particulars of the public events touched on in *Robert of Paris*, the reader is referred to the above quoted author, chapters xlviii, xlix, and l; and to the first volume of Mills’ *History of the Crusades*.

J. G. L.

LONDON, 1st March, 1833.

CASTLE DANGEROUS.

THE following introduction to “ *Castle Dangerous* ” was forwarded by Sir Walter Scott from Naples in February, 1832,

together with some corrections of the text, and notes on localities mentioned in the Novel.

The materials for the Introduction must have been collected before he left Scotland, in September, 1831; but in the hurry of preparing for his voyage, he had not been able to arrange them so as to accompany the first edition of this Romance.

A few notes, supplied by the Editor, are placed within brackets.

“The incidents on which the ensuing Novel mainly turns, are derived from the ancient Metrical Chronicle of ‘the Bruce,’ by Archdeacon Barbour, and from the ‘History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus,’ by David Hume of Godscroft; and are sustained by the immemorial tradition of the western parts of Scotland. They are so much in consonance with the spirit and manners of the troubled age to which they are referred, that I can see no reason for doubting their being founded in fact: the names, indeed, of numberless localities in the vicinity of Douglas Castle, appear to attest, beyond suspicion, many even of the smallest circumstances embraced in the story of Godscroft.

“Among all the associates of Robert the Bruce, in his great enterprise of rescuing Scotland from the power of Edward, the first place is universally conceded to James, the eighth Lord Douglas, to this day venerated by his countrymen as ‘the Good Sir James:’

“The Gud Schyr James of Douglas,
That in his time sa worthy was,
That off his price and his bounté,
In far landis renownyt was he.”

BARBOUR.

“The Good Sir James, the dreadful blacke Douglas,
That in his dayes so wise and worthie was,
Wha here, and on the infidels of Spain,
Such honour, praise, and triumphs did obtain.”

GORDON.

“From the time when the King of England refused to reinstate him, on his return from France, where he had received the education of chivalry, in the extensive possessions of his family, —which had been held forfeited by the exertions of his father, William the Hardy—the young knight of Douglas appears to have embraced the cause of Bruce with enthusiastic ardour, and to have adhered to the fortunes of his sovereign with unwearied

fideliety and devotion. ‘The Douglass,’ says Hollinshed, ‘was right joyfully received of King Robert, in whose service he faithfully continued, both in peace and war, to his life’s end. Though the surname and familie of the Douglasses was in some estimation of nobilitie before those daies, yet the rising thereof to honour chanced through this James Douglass; for, by meanes of his advancement, others of that lineage tooke occasion, by their singular manhood and noble prowess, shewed at sundrie times in defence of the realme, to grow to such height in authoritie and estimation, that their mightie puissance in mainrent, * lands, and great possessions, at length was (through suspicion conceived by the kings that succeeded) the cause in part of their ruinous decay.’

“In every narrative of the Scottish war of independence, a considerable space is devoted to those years of perilous adventure and suffering which were spent by the illustrious friend of Bruce, in harassing the English detachments successively occupying his paternal territory, and in repeated and successful attempts to wrest the formidable fortress of Douglas Castle itself from their possession. In the English, as well as Scotch Chronicles, and in Rymer’s *Fœdera*, occur frequent notices of the different officers intrusted by Edward with the keeping of this renowned stronghold; especially Sir Robert de Clifford, ancestor of the heroic race of the Cliffords, Earls of Cumberland; his lieutenant, Sir Richard de Thurlewall (written sometimes Thruswall), of Thirwall Castle, on the Tippal, in Northumberland; and Sir John de Walton, the romantic story of whose love-pledge, to hold the Castle of Douglas for a year and day, or surrender all hope of obtaining his mistress’s favour, with the tragic consequences, softened in the Novel, is given at length in *Godscroft*, and has often been pointed out as one of the affecting passages in the chronicles of chivalry. †

“The Author, before he had made much progress in this, probably the last of his Novels, undertook a journey to Douglasdale, for the purpose of examining the remains of the famous Castle, the Kirk of St. Bride of Douglas, the patron saint of that

* Vassalage.

† [The reader will find both this story, and that of Robert of Paris, in Sir W. Scott’s *Essay on Chivalry*, published in 1818, in the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.—E.]

great family, and the various localities alluded to by Godscroft, in his account of the early adventures of Good Sir James; but though he was fortunate enough to find a zealous and well-informed cicerone in Mr. Thomas Haddow, and had every assistance from the kindness of Mr. Alexander Finlay, the resident Chamberlain of his friend, Lord Douglas, the state of his health at the time was so feeble, that he found himself incapable of pursuing his researches, as in better days he would have delighted to do, and was obliged to be contented with such a cursory view of scenes, in themselves most interesting, as could be snatched in a single morning, when any bodily exertion was painful. Mr. Haddow was attentive enough to forward subsequently some notes on the points which the Author had seemed desirous of investigating; but these did not reach him until, being obliged to prepare matters for a foreign excursion in quest of health and strength, he had been compelled to bring his work, such as it is, to a conclusion.

“The remains of the old Castle of Douglas are inconsiderable. They consist indeed of but one ruined tower, standing at a short distance from the modern mansion, which itself is only a fragment of the design on which the Duke of Douglas meant to reconstruct the edifice, after its last accidental destruction by fire. His Grace had kept in view the ancient prophecy, that

* [The following notice of Douglas Castle, &c. is from the Description of the Sherifffdom of Lanark, by William Hamilton of Wishaw, written in the beginning of the last century, and printed by the Maitland Club of Glasgow in 1831:—

“Douglas parish, and baronie, and lordship, heth very long appertained to the family of Douglass and continued with the Earles of Douglass untill their fatall forfeiture, anno 1455; during which tyme there are many noble and important actions recorded in histories performed by them, by the lords and earls of that great family. It was thereafter given to Douglass, Earl of Anguse, and continued with them untill William, Earle of Anguse, was created Marquess of Douglass, anno 1633; and is now the principal seat of the Marquess of Douglass and his family. It is a large baronie and parish, and ane laick patronage; and the Marquess is both titular and patron. He heth there, near to the church, a very considerable great house, called the Castle of Douglass; and near the church is a fyne village, called the town of Douglass, long since erected in a burgh or baronie. It heth ane handsome church, with many ancient monuments and inscriptions on the old interments of the Earles of this place.

“The water of Douglas runs quyte through the whole length of this parish, and upon either side of the water it is called Douglasdale. It toucheth Clyde towards the north, and is bounded by Lesmahagow to the west, Kyle to the southwest, Crawford John and Carmichaell to the south and south-east. It is

as often as Douglas Castle might be destroyed, it should rise again in enlarged dimensions and improved splendour, and projected a pile of building, which, if it had been completed, would have much exceeded any nobleman's residence then existing in Scotland—as, indeed, what has been finished, amounting to about one-eighth part of the plan, is sufficiently extensive for the accommodation of a large establishment, and contains some apartments the dimensions of which are magnificent. The situation is commanding; and though the Duke's successors have allowed the mansion to continue as he left it, great expense has been lavished on the environs, which now present a vast sweep of richly undulated woodland, stretching to the borders of the Cairntable mountains, repeatedly mentioned as the favourite retreat of the great ancestor of the family in the days of his hardship and persecution. There remains at the head of the adjoining bourg, the choir of the ancient church of St. Bride, having beneath it the vault which was used till lately as the burial-place of this princely race, and only abandoned when their stone and leaden coffins had accumulated, in the course of five or six hundred years, in such a way that it could accommodate no more. Here a silver case, containing the dust of what was once the brave heart of Good Sir James, is still pointed out; and in the dilapidated choir above appears, though in a sorely ruinous state, the once magnificent tomb of the warrior himself. After detailing the well-known circumstances of Sir James's death in Spain, 24th August, 1330, where he fell, assisting the King of Arragon in an expedition against the Moors, when on his way back to Scotland from Jerusalem, to which he had conveyed the heart of Bruce,—the old poet Barbour tells us that—

“ Quhen his men lang had mad murnyn,
 Thai debowalyt him, and syne
 Gert scher him swa, that mycht be tane
 The flesch all haly fra the bane,
 And the carioun thar in haly place
 Erdyt, with rycht gret worschip, was

a pleasant strath, plentiful in grass and corn, and coal; and the minister is well provided.

“ The lands of Heysleside, belonging to Samuel Douglass, has a good house and pleasant seat, close by a wood,” &c.—p. 65.]

"The banyſ haue thai with thaim tane ;
 And syne ar to thair schippis gane ;
 Syne towart Scotland held thair way,
 And thar ar cummyn in full gret hy.
 And the banyſ honorabillly
 In till the Kyrk off Douglas war
 Erdyt, with dule and mekill car.
 Schyr Archebald his sone gert syn
 Off alabastre, bath fair and fyne,
 Ordane a tumbe sa richly
 As it behowyt to swa worthy."

"The monument is supposed to have been wantonly mutilated and defaced by a detachment of Cromwell's troops, who, as was their custom, converted the kirk of St. Bride of Douglas into a stable for their horses. Enough, however, remains to identify the resting-place of the great Sir James. The effigy, of dark stone, is cross-legged, marking his character as one who had died after performing the pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, and in actual conflict with the infidels of Spain; and the introduction of the Heart, adopted as an addition to the old arms of Douglas, in consequence of the knight's fulfilment of Bruce's dying injunction, appears, when taken in connexion with the posture of the figure, to set the question at rest. The monument, in its original state, must have been not inferior in any respect to the best of the same period in Westminster Abbey; and the curious reader is referred for farther particulars of it to 'The Sepulchral Antiquities of Great Britain, by Edward Blore, F.S.A.' London, 4to, 1826; where may also be found interesting details of some of the other tombs and effigies in the cemetery of the first house of Douglas.

"As considerable liberties have been taken with the historical incidents on which this novel is founded, it is due to the reader to place before him such extracts from Godscroft and Barbour as may enable him to correct any mis-impression. The passages introduced in the Appendix, from the ancient poem of 'The Bruce,' will moreover gratify those who have not in their possession a copy of the text of Barbour, as given in the valuable quarto edition of my learned friend Dr. Jamieson, as furnishing on the whole a favourable specimen of the style and manner of a venerable classic, who wrote when Scotland was still full of the fame and glory of her liberators from the yoke of Plantage-

net, and especially of Sir James Douglas, 'of whom,' says Godscroft, 'we will not omit here (to shut up all), the judgment of those times concerning him, in a rude verse indeed, yet such as beareth witness of his true magnanimity and invincible mind in either fortune:—

' Good Sir James Douglas (who wise, and wight, and worthy was),
Was never overglad in no winning, nor yet oversad for no tining;
Good fortune and evil chance he weighed both in one balance.'

W. S.

N. I.

Extracts from "The History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus. By Master David Hume of Godscroft." Fol. Edit.

* * * AND here indeed the course of the King's misfortunes begins to make some halt and stay by thus much prosperous succeſſe in his own person; but more in the person of Sir James, by the reconquests of his owne castles and countries. From hence he went into Douglasdale, where, by the means of his father's old servant, Thomas Dickson, he took in the Castle of Douglas, and not being able to keep it, he caused burn it, contenting himself with this, that his enemies had one strength fewer in that country than before. The manner of his taking of it is said to have beene thus:—Sir James taking only with him two of his servants, went to Thomas Dickson, of whom he was received with tears, after he had revealed himself to him, for the good old man knew him not at first, being in mean and homely apparell. There he kept him secretly in a quiet chamber, and brought unto him such as had been trusty servants to his father, not all at once, but apart by one and one, for fear of discoverie. Their advice was, that on Palmsunday, when the English would come forth to the church, and his partners were convened, that then he should give the word, and cry the Douglas slogan, and presently set upon them that should happen to be there, who being dispatched, the Castle might be taken easily. This being concluded, and they come, so soon as the English were entered into the church with palms in their hands (according

to the costume of that day), little suspecting or fearing any such thing, Sir James, according to their appointment, cried too soon (a Douglas, a Douglas!) which being heard in the church (this was Saint Bride's church of Douglas), Thomas Dickson, supposing he had beene hard at hand, drew out his sword, and ran upon them, having none to second him but another man, so that, oppressed by the number of his enemies, he was beaten downe and slaine. In the mean time, Sir James being come, the English that were in the chancel kept off the Scots, and having the advantage of the strait and narrow entrie, defended themselves manfully. But Sir James encouraging his men, not so much by words, as by deeds and good example, and having slain the boldest resisters, prevailed at last, and entring the place, slew some twenty-six of their number, and tooke the rest, about ten or twelve persons, intending by them to get the Castle upon composition, or to enter with them when the gates should be opened to let them in: but it needed not, for they of the Castle were so secure, that there was none left to keep it save the porter and the cooke, who knowing nothing of what had hapned at the church, which stood a large quarter of a mile from thence, had left the gate wide open, the porter standing without, and the cooke dressing the dinner within. They entred without resistance, and meat being ready, and the cloth laid, they shut the gates, and tooke their refection at good leasure.

Now that he had gotten the Castle into his hands, considering with himselfe (as he was a man no lesse advised than valiant) that it was hard for him to keep it, the English being as yet the stronger in that countrey, who if they should besiege him, he knewe of no reliefe, he thought better to carry away such things as be most easily transported, gold, silver, and apparell, with ammunition and armour, whereof he had greatest use and need, and to destroy the rest of the provision, together with the Castle itselfe, then to diminish the number of his followers for a garrison there where it could do no good. And so he caused carrie the meale and malt, and other cornes and graine, into the cellar, and laid all together in one hcape: then he took the prisoners and slew them, to revenge the death of his trustie and valiant servant, Thomas Dickson, mingling the victuals with their bloud, and burying their carkasses in the heap of corne: after that he struck out the heads of the barrells and puncheons,

and let the drink runn through all; and then he cast the carkasses of dead horses and other carrion amongst it, throwing the salt above all, so to make all together unusefull to the enemie; and this cellar is called yet the Douglas Lairder. Last of all, he set the house on fire, and burnt all the timber, and what else the fire could overcome, leaving nothing but the scorched walls behind him. And this seemes to be the first taking of the Castle of Douglas, for it is supposed that he took it twice. For this service, and others done to Lord William his father, Sir James gave unto Thomas Dickson the lands of Hisleside, which hath beene given him before the castle wastaken as an encouragement to whet him on, and not after, or he was slain in the church: which was both liberally and wisely done of him, thus to hearten and draw men to his service by such a noble beginning. The Castle being burnt, Sir James retired, and parting his men into divers companies, so as they might be most secret, he caused cure such as were wonnded in the fight, and he himselfe kept as close as he could, waiting ever for an occasion to enterprise something against the enemie. So soone as he was gone, the Lord Clifford being advertised of what had happened, came himselfe in person to Douglas, and caused re-edifie and repair the Castle in a very short time, unto which he also added a Tower, which is yet called Harries Tower from him, and so returned into England, leaving one Thurswall to be Captain thereof.—Pp. 26—28.

“He (Sir James Douglas) getting him again into Douglasdale, did use this stratagem against Thurswall, Captain of the Castle, under the said Lord Clifford. He caused some of his folk drive away the cattle that fed near unto the Castle, and when the Captain of the garrison followed to rescue, gave orders to his men to leave them and to flee away. Thus he did often to make the Captain slight such frays, and to make him secure, that he might not suspect any further end to be on it; which when he had wrought sufficiently (as he thought), he laid some men in ambuscado, and sent others away to drive such beasts as they should find in the view of the Castle, as if they had been thieves and robbers, as they had done often before. The

Captain hearing of it, and supposing there was no greater danger now than had been before, issued forth of the Castle, and followed after them with such haste that his men (running who should be first) were disordered and out of their ranks. The drivers also fled as fast as they could till they had drawn the Captain a little way beyond the place of ambuscado, which when they perceived, rising quickly out of their covert, they set fiercely upon him and his company, and so slew himself and chased his men back to the Castle, some of whom were overtaken and slain, others got into the Castle and so were saved. Sir James, not being able to force the house, took what booty he could get without in the fields, and so departed. By this means, and such other exploits, he so affrighted the enemy, that it was counted a matter of such great jeopardy to keep this Castle, that it began to be called the adventurous (or hazardous) Castle of Douglas: Whereupon Sir John Walton being in suit of an English lady, she wrote to him that when he had kept the adventurous Castle of Douglas seven years, then he might think himself worthy to be a suitor to her. Upon this occasion, Walton took upon him the keeping of it, and succeeded to Thurswall; but he ran the same fortune with the rest that were before him.

“For, Sir James having first dressed an ambuscado near unto the place, he made fourteen of his men take so many sacks, and fill them with grass, as though it had been corn, which they carried in the way toward Lanark, the chief market town in that county: so hoping to draw forth the Captain by that bait, and either to take him or the Castle, or both.

Neither was this expectation frustrate, for the Captain did bite, and came forth to have taken this victual (as he supposed). But ere he could reach these carriers, Sir James, with his company, had gotten between the castle and him: and these disguised carriers, seeing the Captain following after them, did quickly cast off their upper garments, wherein they had masked themselves, and throwing off their sacks, mounted themselves on horseback, and met the Captain with a sharp encounter, he being so much the more amazed that it was unlooked for: wherefore, when he saw these carriers metamorphosed into warriors, and ready to assault him, fearing (that which was) that there was some train laid for them, he turned about to have retired into the Castle; but there also he met with his enemies;

between which two companies he and his followers were slain, so that none escaped; the Captain afterwards being searched, they found (as it is reported) his mistress's letters about him. Then he went and took in the Castle, but it is uncertain (say our writers) whether by force or composition; but it seems that the Constable, and those that were within, have yielded it up without force; in regard that he used them so gently, which he would not have done if he had taken it at utterance. For he sent them all safe home to the Lord Clifford, and gave them also provision and money for their entertainment by the way. The Castle, which he had burnt only before, now he razeth, and casts down the walls thereof to the ground. By these and the like proceedings, within a short while he freed Douglassdale, Attrick Forest, and Jedward Forest, of the English garrisons and subjection."—*Ibid.* page 29.

N. II.

[Extracts from the Bruce.—“*Liber compositus per Magistrum Johannem Barber, Archidiaconum Abyrdonensem, de gestis, bellis, et virtutibus, Domini Roberti Brwyss, Regis Scocie illustrissimi, et de conquestu regni Scocie per eundem, et de Domino Jacobo de Douglas.*”—Edited by John Jamieson, D.D., F.R.S.E., &c. &c. Edinburgh, 1820.]

Now takis James his wiage
Toward Dowglas, his heretage,
With twa yemen, for owt, a ma;
That wes a symple stuff to ta,
A land or a castell to win.
The quhethir he yarnyt to begyn
Till bring purposs till ending;
For gud help is in gud begynnyng,
For gud begynnyng, and hardy,
Gyff if be followit wittily,
May ger oftsyss unlikly thing
Cum to full conabill ending.
Swa did it here: but he wes wyss
And saw he mycht, on nakyn wyss,
Werray his fa with evyn mycht;
Tharfor he thocht to wyrk with slycht.
And in Dowglas daile, his countré,
Upon an evynnyng entryt he.

And than a man wonnyt tharby, '
 That was off freyndis weill mychty,
 And ryche of moble, and off cateill;
 And had bene till his fadyr leyll;
 And till him selff, in his yowthed,
 He haid done mony a thankfull deid.
 Thom Dicson wes his name perfay.
 Till him he send; and gan him pray,
 That he wald cum all anerly
 For to spek with him priuely.
 And he but daunger till him gais:
 Bot fra he tauld him quhat he wais,
 He gret for joy, and for pité;
 And him rycht till his houss had he;
 Quhar in a chambre priuely
 He held him, and his cumpany,
 That nane had off him persaving.
 Off mete, and drynk, and othyr thing,
 That mycht thaim eyss, thai had plenté.
 Sa wrocht he thorow sutelté,
 That all the lele men off that land,
 That with his fadyr war duelland,
 This gud man gert cum, ane and ane,
 And mak him manrent cuir ilkane;
 And he him selff fyrst homage maid.
 Dowglas in part gret glaidship haid,
 That the gud men off his countré
 Wald swagate till him bundyn be.
 He speryt the conwyne off the land,
 And quha the castell had in hand.
 And thai him tauld all halily;
 And syne amang them priuely
 Thai ordanyt, that he still suld be
 In hiddillis, and in priweté,
 Till Palme Sondag, that wes ner hand,
 The thrid day eftyr folowand.
 For than the folk off that countré
 Assemblyt at the kyrk wald be;
 And thai, that in the castell wer,
 Wald als be thar, thar palmys to her,
 As folk that had na dreid off ill;
 For thai thought all wes at thair will.
 Than suld he cum with his twa men.
 Bot, for that men suld nocht him ken,
 He suld ane mantill haiff auld and bar,
 And a flaill, as he a thresscher war.
 Undyr the mantill nocht for thi
 He suld be armyt priuely.
 And quhen the men off his countré,
 That suld all ~~bonne~~ befor him be,
 His ensenye mycht her hym cry,
 Then suld thai, full enforceely,

Rycht ymyddys the kyrk aasaill
 The Ingliss men with hard bataill
 Swa that nane mycht eschap tham fra;
 For thar throwch trowyt thai to ta
 The castell, that besid wes ner.
 And qu'hen this, that I tell you her,
 Wes diuisyt, and undertane,
 Ilkane till his howss hame is gane;
 And held this spek in priuete,
 Till the day off thar assembly.

The folk upon the Sonounday
 Held to Saynct Bridis kyrk thair way;
 And tha that in the castell war
 Ischyt owt, bath less and mar.
 And went thair palmys for to ber;
 Owtane a cuk and a porter.
 James off Dowglas off thair cummyng,
 And quhat thai war, had witting;
 And sped him till the kyrk in hy.
 Bot or he come, too hastily
 Ane off his cryit, "Dowglas! Dowglas!"
 Thomas Dikson, that nerrest was
 Till thaim that war off the castell,
 That war all innouth the chancell,
 Quhen he "Dowglass!" swa hey herd cry,
 Drew owt his swerd; and fellely
 Ruschyt amang thaim to and fra.
 Bot ane or twa, for owtyn ma,
 Than in hy war left lyand,
 Quhill Dowglass come rycht at hand,
 And then enforeyt on thaim the cry.
 Bot thai the chansell sturdely
 Held and thaim defendyt wele,
 Till off thair men war slayne sumdell.
 Bot the Dowglace sa weill him bar,
 That all the men, that with him war,
 Had comfort off his wele doying;
 And he him sparyt nakyn thing,
 Bot provyt swa his force in fycht,
 That throw his worschip, and his mycht,
 His men sa keynly helpyt than,
 That thai the chansell on thaim wan.
 Than dang thai on swa hardyly,
 That in schort tyme men mycht se ly
 The twa part dede, or then deand.
 The lave war sesyt sone in hand
 Swa that off thretty levyt nane,
 That thai ne war slayne ilkan, or tane.

James off Dowglas, quhen this wes done,
 The presoneris has he tane alsone;

And, with thaim off his cumpany,
 Towart the castell went in hy,
 Or noyiss, or cry, suld ryss.
 And for he wald thaim sone surpriss,
 That levyt in the castell wcr,
 That war but twa for owtyner,
 Fyve men or sex befor send he,
 That fand all opyn the entré;
 And entryt, and the porter tuk
 Rycht at the gate, and syne the cuk.
 With that Dowglas come to the gat,
 And entryt in for owtyner debate;
 And fand the mete all redy grathit,
 With burdys set, and clathis layit.
 The gaitis then he gert sper,
 And sat, and eyt all at layser.
 Syne all the gudis turssyt thai
 That thaim thocht thai mycht haiff away;
 And namly wapnys, and armyng,
 Siluer, and tresour, and clethyng.
 Vycallis, that mycht nocht tursyt be,
 On this maner destroyit he.
 All the victualis, owtane salt,
 Als quheyt, and flour, and meill, and malt
 In the wyne sellar gert he bring;
 And samyn on the flur all flyng.
 And the prisoneris that he had tane
 Rycht thar in gert he heid ilkane;
 Syne off the townnys he hedis outstrak:
 A foule mellé thar gane he mak.
 For meile, and malt, and blud, and wyne,
 Ran all to gidder in a mellyne,
 That was unsemly for to se.
 Tharfor the men off that countré
 For swa fele thar mellyt wer,
 Callit it the "Dowglas Lardner."
 Syne tuk he salt, as he hard tell,
 And ded horss, and sordid the well;
 And brynt all, owtakyn stane;
 And is forth, with his menyne, gayne
 Till his resett; for him thought weill,
 Giff he had haldyn the castell,
 It had bene assegyt raith;
 And that him thought to mekill waith.
 For he ne had hop off reskewyng.
 And it is to peralous thing
 In castell assegyt to be,
 Quhar want is off thair thingis thire;
 Victaill, or men with thair armyng,
 Or than gud hop off rescuyng.
 And for he dred thair thingis suld faite,
 He chesyt furthwart to trawaill,

Quhar he mycht at his larges be ;
And swa dryve furth his destané

On this wise wes the castell tan,
And slayne that war tharin ilkan.
The Dowglas syne all his menye
Gert in ser placis depertyt be ;
For men suld wyt quhar thai war,
That yeid depertyt her and thar.
Thaim that war woundyt gert he ly
In till hiddillis, all priuely ;
And gert gud leechis till thaim bring
Quhill that thai war in till heling.
And him selff, with a few menye,
Quhile ane, quhile twa, and quhile thre,
And umquhill all him allane,
In hiddillis throw the land is gane.
Sa dred he Inglis men his mycht,
That he durst nocht wele cum in sycht.
For thai war that tyme all weldand
As maist lordis, our all the land.

Bot tythandis, that scalis sone,
Off this deid that Dowglas has done,
Come to the Cliffurd his ere, in hy,
That for his tynsaill wes sary ;
And menyt his men that thai had slayne,
And syne has to purpos tane,
To big the castell up agayne.
Thar for, as man of mekill mayne,
He assemblit gret cumpany,
And till Dowglas he went in hy.
And biggyt wp the castell swyth ;
And maid it rycht stalwart and styth
And put tharin victallis and men.
Ane off the Thyrwallys then
He left behind him Capitane,
And syne till Inghland went agayne.

Book IV. v. 255—460

Bor yeit than James of Dowglas
In Dowglas Daile travailland was ;
Or ellys weill ner hand tharby,
In hyddillys sumdeill prively.
For he wald se his gouernynng,
That had the castell in keping :
And gert mak mony juperty,
To se quhethyr he wald ische blythly
And quhen he persavyt that he
Wald blythly ische with his menye,

He maid a gadring priuely
 Off thaim that war on his party ;
 That war sa fele, that thai durst fycht
 With Thyrwall, and all the mycht
 Off thaim that in the castell war.
 He schupe him in the nycht to far
 To Sandylandis : and thar ner by
 He him enbuschyt priuely,
 And send a few a trane to ma ;
 That sone in the mornyng gan ga,
 And tuk catell, that wes the castell by,
 And syne withdrew thaim hastily
 Towart thaim that enbuschit war.
 Thau Thyrwall, for owtyr mar,
 Gert arme his men, forowtyn baid ;
 And ischyt with all the men he baid :
 And followyt fast eftir the cry.
 He wes armyt at poynt clenly,
 Owtane (that) his hede wes bar.
 Than, with the men that with him war,
 The catell folowit he gud speid,
 Rycht as a man that had na dreid,
 Till that he gat off thaim a sycht.
 Than prekyt thai with all thar mycht,
 Folowand thaim owt off aray ;
 And thai sped thaim fleand, quhill thai
 Fer by thair buschement war past :
 And Thyrwall ay chassyt fast.
 And than thai that enbuschyt war
 Ischyt till him, bath les and mar,
 And rayssyt sudanly the cry.
 And thai that saw sa sudanly
 That folk come egyrly prikand
 Rycht betuix thaim and thair warand,
 Thai war in to full gret effray.
 And, for thai war owt off aray,
 Sum off thaim fled, and sum abad.
 And Dowglas, that thar with him had
 A gret mengye, full egrely
 Assaylyt, and scalyt thaim hastily :
 And in schort tyme ourraid thaim swa,
 That weile nane eschapyt thaim fra.
 Thyrwall, that wes thair capitane,
 Wes thar in the bargane slane :
 And off his men the mast party.
 The lave fled full effraytly.

Book V. v. 10—60.

GLOSSARY

FOR

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

GLOSSARY.

A.

- A', *all*.
 Aa, aw, *awe*.
 Ableeze, *blazing*.
 Aboon, abune, *above*.
 Abulyements, *habiliments*: *accon-*
trements.
 Aefauld, *simple*.
 Aft, *off*.
 Aff-hands, *hands off*.
 Afore, *before*.
 Aft, *oft*.
 Aften, *often*.
 Afterhend, *afterwards*.
 Ahint, *behind*.
 Agee, ajee, *awry*; *off the right*
line; *obliquely*; *wrong*.
 Aiblins, *perhaps*.
 Ain, *own*.
 Aines, aince, *once*.
 Ainsells, *own selves*.
 Air, ear, *early*.
 Airn, *iron*.
 Airts, *points of the compass*.
 Airt, *to direct*.
 Aits, *oats*; *ait-meal*, *oat-meal*.
 Aiver, aver, *a work-horse*.
 Ajee, *awry*.
 Alane, *alone*.
 A-low, *a-fire*; *in a flame*.
 Altoun, *old town*.
 Amaist, *almost*.
 Ambry, aumry, almary, *close cup-*
board for keeping cold victuals,
bread, &c.
 An, *if*.
 Anes-errand, *of set purpose*, *sole-*
errand.
 Auent, *opposite*; *respecting*.
 Ancuch, *enough*.
 Ante-nup, *antenuptial fornication*
between persons who are after-
wards married to each other.
 Archilowe (of unknown derivation),
a peace-offering.
 Ark, *meal-ark*; *a large chest for*
holding meal.
 Arles, *earnest money*.
 Arriage and carriage, *plough and*
cart service.
 Ass, *ashes*.
 Assoilzie, assoilize, *acquit*.
 Aucht, aught, *to possess or belong*
to. "Whae's aught it?" *to whom*
does it belong?
 Aught, *possession*; *property*. "In
 ane's aught," *in one's keeping*.
 Atweel, *I wot well*.
 Auld, *old*.
 Auld-farran, *sagacious*.
 Auld-warld, *old-fashioned*; *antique*.
 Auld-warld stories, *ancient sto-*
ries.
 Aver, *work-horse*.
 Aweel, *well*.
 Awes, *owes*.
 Awmous, *alms*.
 Awmry, *v. ambry*.
 Awn, *owing*.
 Awsome, *awful*; *terrible*.
 Ax, *ask*.

B.

Ba, *hand-ball*.

Bab, *bunch*; *tassell*.

Back, *bucket, coal-scuttle*. Ass-
bucket, *ashe-scuttle*. Adj.
muckle-backit, *broad-backed*.

Baff, *blow*; *bang*; *heavy thump*.

Bayganet, *bayonet*.

Baik, *beck*; *curtsy*; *reverence*.

Baillie, *alderman*, or *magistrate*.

Bairns, *children*.

Baith, *both*.

Baittle, *rich pasture*.

—— grass grund, *rich close-cropped sheep pasture*.

Ballant, *ballad*.

Baldrick, *girdle*.

Ban, *curse*.

Band, *bond*.

Banes, *bones*.

Bang, *spring*; *a bound*.

Bannet, *bonnet*.

Bannock, *flat round cake*.

Bannock-fluke, *turbot*.

Bangster, *a violent fellow who carries every thing before him*.

Bargaining, *disputing*; *battling*.

Barken, *encrust*.

Barkit, *tanned*.

Barla fummil, *barley, an exclamation for a truce by one who has fallen down in wrestling or play, "By our Lady upset! I am down!"*

Barley, *barly* (from *parley*), *a cry among boys at their violent games for a truce*.

Barm, *yeast*.

Barns-breaking, *idle frolic*.

Barrace, *bounds*; *lists for combatants*.

Barrow-tram, *shaft of a wheelbarrow*.

Bartizan (in fortification), *battlement*.

Batts, *botts*.

Baudrons, *puss*; *a cat*.

Bauks, *uncultivated places between ridges of land*.

Bauld, *bald*, also *bold*.

Bawbee, *halfpenny*.

Bawbee rows, *halfpenny rolls*.

Bawson-faced, *having a white oblong spot on the face*.

Baxter, *baker*.

Be, "let be," *let alone*; *not to mention*.

Beal, biel (Gael.), *mouth, opening*; also *suppurate*.

Bean, bien, bein, *well to do*; *comfortable and well-provided*.

Bear, *barley that has more than two rows of grain in the ear*.

Bedesman, *one that prays for, or to*; *a poor pensioner*.

Bedral, *a beadle, also bed-rid*.

Bellummed, *palavered*; *flattered*.

Begrutten, *exhausted with weeping*.

Begunk, begoke, *trick*.

Beild, bield, *shelter*.

Bein, *wealthy*; *well-provided*.

Belike, *perhaps*.

Belive, belyve, *by and by*; *speedily*.

Bell-the-cat, *to contend with, especially of superior rank or power*; *to use strong measures regardless of consequences*.

Bell-wavering, *wandering*.

Ben (be-in), *the inner apartment* "To bring far ben," *to treat with great respect and hospitality*.

Bend-leather, *thick sole-leather*.

Bennison, *blessing*.

Bent, *a kind of grass*; *metaphorically, the hill*; *the moor*. "Ta'en the bent," *taken the field*; *run away*.

Bicker, *wooden vessel made by a cooper for holding liquor, brose, &c.*

- Bide**, *stay ; endure ; reside*. "Bide a blink," *stay a moment*.
Biding, *abiding ; waiting ; residing*.
Bield, *v. beild*.
Bien, *v. bein*.
Big, *build ; also great, large*.
Bigging, *building*.
Biggit, *buill*.
Biggonets, *linen caps of the fashion worn by the Beguine sisterhood*.
Bike, *byke, bink, wild-bees' nest*.
Billy (the infantine pronunciation of *brother*), *brother*.
Bind (in drinking), *as much liquor as one can carry under his band or girdle*. "I'm at my bind," *I've got my full measure*.
Bink, *bench ; bank ; acclivity*.
Binn, *bing, heap of unthrashed corn*.
Binna, *be not*.
Birkie, *a child's game at cards ; also a lively young fellow*.
Birling, *drinking ; administering liquor ; also making a grumbling noise like an old-fashioned spinning-wheel or hand-mill in motion*.
Birly-man, *the petty officer of a burgh of barony*.
Birn, *burden*. "Skin and birn," *full account of a sheep by bringing the skin with the tar-mark, and the head with the brand on the nose ; the whole of any thing*.
Birr, *noise ; vehemence ; stimulate*.
Birse, *bristles*. "Set up his birse," *roused him to his mettle ; put him in a towering passion*.
Bit (used as a diminutive), "Bit burn," *small rivulet*. "Bit lassock," *little girl*.
Bit, *small space ; spot*. "Blithe bit," *pleasant spot*.
Bite, *a bit*. "Bite of bread," *a mouthful of bread*.
Bittle, *beetle, a wooden bat for beating of linen*.
Bittock, *little bit ; a short distance*. (Ock is used as a diminutive, as in *lassock* for *lass*.)
Black-aviced, *dark-complexioned*.
Black-fishers, *poachers who kill salmon in close-time*.
Blackit, *blackened*.
Black-mail, *security money paid to freebooters*.
Black-nebs, *democrats ; factious discontented revilers*.
Blasting, *puffing and blowing ; also boasting*.
Blate, *bashful ; modest*.
Blawart, *blae-wort, blue-bottle, blue-wort, centaurea cyanus*.
Blaw-in-my-lug, *boast in mine ear ; flatterer ; parasite*.
Blawing in one's lug, *flattering ; using circumlocution*.
Blearing your ee, *blinding you with flattery*.
Bleeze, *blaze*.
Blether, *bladder*.
Blethers, *babbling ; foolish talk*.
Blink, *glance of the eye ; glimpse ; a twinkling*.
Blithe, *glad ; pleasant*.
Blood-wite, *compensation, or fine for bloodshed*.
Bluid, *blood*.
Blunker, *hungler ; one that spoils every thing he meddles with*.
Boast, *talking to intimidate*.
Bob, *dance up and down*.
Bodach, *old man ; bug-a-boo*.
Bode, *what is bidden ; offer*.
Boddle, *a copper coin, value the sixth part of an English penny, equal to two doits, or Scottish pennies*.
Bogilly, *full of goblins*.
Bogles, *goblins ; bugbears ; scare-crows*.
Bole, *boal, a locker in the wall of a cottage for keeping books, &c.*
"Window-hole", *a window with blinds of wood, with one small pane of glass in the middle, instead of casement*.
Bolt, *arrow*.
Bonnally, *bonnaile, a parting cup with a friend, in earnest of wishing him a prosperous journey*.
Bonny-wawlies, *toys, trinkets*. **Wau-**

- lie (*a daisy*) is commonly used figuratively to express what is beautiful.
- Boot, built, *a balance of value in barter*. "Into the boot," given into [instead of] the boot.
- Booth, *shop*.
- Bordel, *brothel*.
- Borrell-loons, *low rustic rogues*.
- Borrowing-days, *the three last days of March, O. S.*
- "*March borrowed frae Aprile
Three days, an' they were ill :
The first o' them was wind and weel,
The second o' them was snaw and sleet,
The third o' them was sic a freeze,
That the birds' legs stick to the trees.*"
- See Note, Heart of Mid-Lothian.
- Boss, *hollow*.
- Bonnet-laird, *small proprietor of land*.
- Bonnie, *honny, pretty ; beautiful ; also strong ; worthy ; approved*.
- Bothy, *hut ; hovel*.
- Bouking, *bucking*.
- Boul o' a pint stoup, *handle of a two-quart pot*.
- Bountith, *the bounty given in addition to stipulated wages*.
- Bourd, *jeer, mock*.
- Bourroks, bourrachs, *confused heaps ; miserable huts ; also small enclosures*.
- Bourtrees-bush, *elder-bush*.
- Row, boll, or dry measure, *containing the sixteenth part of a chaldar*.
- Bowies, *casks with the head taken out ; tubs ; milk-pails*.
- Bowk, *bulk ; body*.
- Bracken, *fern*.
- Brae, *rising ground*.
- Braid, *broad*.
- Brauder, *gridiron*.
- Brandered, *grilled ; broiled*.
- Brank-new, bran-new, *a phrase equivalent to "spick and span ;" quite new*.
- Brash, *transient fit of sickness*.
- Brattack, *standard ; literally cloth*.
- Braw, *brave ; fine*.
- Brawly, *bravely ; finely*.
- Braws, *braveries ; finery*.
- Breaskit, *briskit, the breast*.
- Brecham, *working-horse's collar*.
- Breckan, *fern*.
- Breeks, *breeches*. "Breeckless," *breechless*.
- Brent brow, *high forehead*.
- Brickle, *brittle ; ticklish*.
- Brig, *bridge*.
- Brither, *brother*.
- Broach, *broche, spit*.
- Broach, *breast-pin*.
- Brochan, *gruel*.
- Breering, *coming through the ground, as young corn, &c.*
- Brock, *badger (from its white or spotted face)*.
- Brockit-cow, *white-faced cow*.
- Brog, *a pointed instrument, such as a shoemaker's awl*.
- Brogging, *pricking with a sharp-pointed instrument*.
- Brogues, *shoes ; in the Lowlands, shoes of half-dressed leather*.
- Broken man, *outlaw ; bankrupt*.
- Broo, brec, *broth ; juice ; also, opinion founded on bruit or report*.
- Brose, *a kind of pottage, made by pouring boiling water or broth on meal, which is stirred while the liquid is poured. The dish is denominated from the nature of the liquid, as "water-brose," "kail-brose."*
- Brose, *brewis ; stir-about*.
- Brose-time, *brewis-time ; supper-time*.
- Brown Man of the Moors, *a droich, dwarf, or subterranean elf*.
- Brownies, *domestic goblins ; the "Robin Goodfellows" of Scotland*.
- Browst, *brewing ; as much as is brewed at one time*.
- Bruckle, *brickle ; brittle ; ticklish*.
- Bruick, *brook, use ; wear ; enjoy*.
- Bruilzie, *broil ; scuffle ; disturbance*.
- Brunstane, *brimstone*.
- Brusten, *burstled*.
- Buckie, *shell of a sea-snail, or any*

- **spiral shell, of whatever size.*
"De'il, or deevil's buckie, a per-
verse refractory youngster; a mis-
chievous madcap that has an evil
twist in his character.
Buik, buke, book.
Buirdly, strong; athletic.
Buist, boost, the mark set upon
cattle by their owners.
Bumbazed, amazed; confused; stu-
pified.
Bunker, bench. "Sand-bunker,"
sand bank; in cottages a seat
which also serves for a chest,
opening with a hinged lid.
Busk, dress.
Busking, dressing
- But-and-ben, be-out and be-in, or**
the outer and inner side of the
partition-wall in a house consist-
ing of two apartments.
Buttock-mail, fine imposed on for
nication in lieu of sitting on the
stool of repentance.
Bye, "down bye," down yonder;
not far off.
By ordinar, more than ordinary.
By, past; besides; over and above.
Bygones, bygones, what is gone by
and past.
Byre, shipper; cow-house.
Bytime, odd time; interval of lei-
sure; now and then.

C.

- Ca', drive. "Ca'-throw," disturbance;**
prevention. "Ca' the shuttle,"
drive the shuttle.
Ca', call.
Cadger, carrier; huxter.
Cadgy, lively and frisky; wanton.
Caickling, cackling.
Cailliachs (Gael.), old women.
Caimeid, kaimed, combed.
Caird, tinkler.
Cairn, heap of loose stones piled as
a memorial of some individual or
occurrence.
Calf-ward, v. cauf-ward.
Callan, callant, young lad; a some-
what irrisory use of the old term
gallant; a fine fellow.
Caller, cool, fresh. "Caller oysters,"
or "herrings," newly caught.
Cam, came.
Camstery, froward; perverse; un-
manageable.
Canna, cannot.
Cannily, skilfully; cautiously.
Canny, skilful; prudent; lucky; in
a superstitious sense, good-condi-
tioned and safe to deal with;
trustworthy.
- Cantle, the back part of the head;**
also a fragment broken off any
thing.
Cantrip, spell; incantation, charm.
Canty, lively and cheerful.
Capercaillie, the great cock of the
wood.
Cap, wooden vessel for holding food
or liquor.
Cappie, diminutive of cap.
Cappernoity, crabbed; peevish.
Capul, horse; in a more limited
sense work-horse.
Carfuffled, curfuffled, ruffled; rum-
pled.
Carle, churl; gruff old man.
Carline, carling, the feminine of
carle.
Carriage, horse-and-cart service.
Carried, in nubibus; having the
mind fixed upon something dif-
ferent from the business on hand;
having the wits gone "a-wool-
gathering."
Carritch, carritches, catechism.
Carvy, carraway.
Cast, got over; recovered from.
Cast, lot; fate.

Cast out, *fall out* ; quarrel.

Cast up, *appear* ; also, *throw in one's teeth* ; reproach with.

Cateran, *kearn* ; *Highland and Irish irregular soldier* ; *free-booter*.

Cauf-ward, calf-ward, *place where calves are kept in the field*.

Cauff, *chaff*.

Cauld, *cold*.

Cauldrife, *chilly* ; *susceptible of cold*.

Caup, cap, *cup* ; *wooden bowl* ; also *the shell of a snail, as snail-cap*.

Causey, causeway, calsay, *raised and paved street*. "To crown the causey," *to keep the middle or higher part of the street in defiance of all to be met*.

Cavey, *hen-coop* ; also *a partan, or common sea-crab*.

Certie, "mycertie," *my faith* ; *in good troth*.

Chack, *snack* ; *luncheon*.

Chafts, *jaws*.

Chalder (*dry measure*), *sixteen bolls*.

Chaney, *lucky*.

Chap, *customer* ; *fellow* ; also *a stroke*.

Chappit, *struck* ; also *pounded* ; *mashed*.

Chaw, *chew*.

Cheap o't, *well deserving of it* ; *deserving worse*.

Cheese-fat, *cheese dish* ; *cheese form*.

Chenzie, *chain*.

Chields, *chiels, young fellows*.

Chimley neuk, *chimney corner*.

Choast, (*ch as k in Tweeddale*), *hoast, severe cough*.

Chop, *shop*.

Chowl, *jowl*.

Chuckies, *barn-door fowls*.

Chuckie-stanes, *pebble-stones such as children play at chuck-farthing with*.

Clachan, *a small village*.

Clack-geese, *clack-geese, barnacle geese*.

Clagged, *claggit, clogged*.

Clairshach, *clairsho, harp*.

Claise, *clase, clothes*.

Claiths, *clothes*.

Clamyhewit, *stroke*.

Clanjamfrie, *mob* ; *tag-rag-and-bob-tail*.

Clap, *a stroke* ; also *moment*.

Clapper, *tongue* ; *tongue of a bell*.

"Ringing his clapper," *using his tongue freely*.

Clarty, *clorty, unclean* ; *very dirty*.

Clash, *tittle-tattle* ; *scandal* ; *idle talk*.

Clat, claut, *rake together* ; *an instrument for raking together mire, weeds, &c.*

Clatter, *tattle*.

Clatter-traps, *rattle traps, a ludicrous name for tools and accoutrements*.

Clautht, *clutched* ; *snatched violently*.

Claut, *v. clat*.

Clavering, *talking idly and foolishly*.

Clavers, *idle talk*.

Claw, *scratch* ; *scrape*. "Claw up their mittins," *give them the finishing stroke*. "Claw favour," *curry favour*.

Cleck, *collect* ; *bring together, hatch*.

"Clecking time," *hatching time*.

Cleed, *clothe*.

Cleek, *cleick, hook*.

Cleekit, *caught as with a hook*. "Cleekit in the cunzie," *hooked in the loin*.

Cleugh, *cliff* ; also *ravine*.

Clink, *smart stroke* ; also *a jingling sound* ; *metaph. money*.

Clinket, *clanket* ; *struck*.

Clipping time, *the nick of time*. "To come in clipping time," *to come as opportunely as he who visits a farmer at sheep-shearing time when there is always mirth and good cheer*.

Clocking hen, *clucking, hatching, breeding hen*.

Clodded, *threw clods* ; *threw with violence*.

Clomb, *climbed*.

Cloot, *cloove, divided hoof* ; *cloven*.

- hoof. "Clout and clout," *hoof and hoof*, i. e. *every hoof*.
- Clour, *bump upon the head from a blow*; also *indentation in a brass or pewter vessel*; *defacement*; *inequality of surface produced by a blow*.
- Cloured, *adj. of clour*.
- Clute, *v. clout*.
- Coal-heugh, *place where coals are hewed or dug*.
- Coble, *small fishing-boat upon a river*.
- Cock bree, cock broo, *cock broth*.
- Cocky-leeky, cock-a-leekie, *leek soup in which a cock has been boiled*.
- Cockernonie, *the gathering of a young woman's hair under the snood or fillet*.
- Cock-laird, *a land proprietor who cultivates his own estate*.
- Cockle-brained, *chuckle-headed*; *foolish*.
- Cock-paddle, *lump-fish*.
- Cod, *pillow*; also *pod*.
- Codling, *an apple so called*. "Carlisle codlings" are in great esteem.
- Cogue, cogie, *a round wooden vessel made by a cooper, for holding milk, brose, liquor, &c.*
- Collie, *cur, dog*.
- Collie-shangy, *quarrel; confused uproar like that produced when collies fall a-worrying one another about one of their own kind who has got a shangie or shagan, i. e. a canister, &c. tied to his tail*.
- Coney, *rabbit*.
- Cookie, *a kind of small sweet-bread for eating at tea*.
- Corbie, *raven*. "Corbie messenger," *one that is long upon his errand, or who, like the raven sent from the Ark, returns not again*.
- Coost, *cast*.
- Coronach, *dirge*.
- Corri (in the Highlands), *a hollow recess in a mountain open only on one side*.
- Cottars, *cottagers*.
- Cosy, Cozie, *warm and comfortable*.
- Couldna', *could not*.
- Coup, *turn over*. "Coup the crans," *go to wreck, like a pot on the fire, when the cran upon which it stood is upset*.
- Coup, *barter*.
- Couping, *buying, particularly horses; also trucking, or bartering*.
- Cove, *cave*.
- Cowt, *colt*.
- Cozie, cosie, *warm and comfortable*.
- Crack, *boast*.
- Crack, *new; showy*.
- Crack-hemp, *crack-rope; gallows-apple*.
- Cracks, *hearty conversation*.
- Craemes, krames, *warehouses where goods are crammed or packed; range of booths for the sale of goods*.
- Craft, *croft*.
- Craig, *crag, rock; neck; throat*.
- Craigsman, *one who is dexterous in climbing rocks*.
- Crap, *crop, produce of the ground*.
- Crap, *the top of any thing; the claw of a fowl, used ludicrously for a man's stomach*.
- Crappit heads, *puddings made in the heads of haddocks*.
- Creach, *Highland foray; plundering incursion*.
- Creel, *a basket or pannier*. "To be in a creel," or "To have one's wits in a creel," *to have one's wits jumbled into confusion*.
- Creelfu', *basketful*.
- Creish, creesh, *grease*.
- Creishing, *greasing*.
- Crewels, *scrofula*.
- Crombie, crummy, *a crooked-horned cow*.
- Crook, *pot-hook*.
- Crook, *winding*.
- Crouse, *brisk; full of heart; courageous-like*.
- Crowdy, *meal and milk mixed in a cold state; a kind of pottage*.
- Crown, *of the causeway, middle of the street*.
- Cruppin, *crept*.

- Cud, *cudgel*.
 Cuddie, *ass*.
 Cuitikins, *cutikings, guetres, gaiters*.
 Cuitle, *diddle*.
 Cuittle (Eng. *cuddle*, with a different shade of meaning), *tickle*.
 "Cuittle favour," *curry favour*.
 Cullion, (Gael.) *puppy; base spunging dog; base fellow, poltroon*.
 Cummer, *midwife; gossip*.
 Curch (Gael. and Fr.), *kerchief; a woman's covering for the head; inner linen cap, sometimes worn without the (v.) mutch*.
 Curfuffle, *ruffle; rumple; put in a disordered and tumbled state*.
 Curliewurlies, *fantastical circular ornaments*.
 Curmurring, *grumbling*.
 Curn, *a quantity; an indefinite number*.
 Curney, *round; granulated*.
 Curple, *curpin, crupper*.
 Currach, *a coracle, or small skiff; boat of wicker-work, covered with hides*.
 Cusser, *cuisser, stallion*.
 Cushat, *wood-pigeon*.
 Cut-lugged, *crop-eared*.
 Cutty (cut), *slut; worthless girl; a loose woman*.
 Cutty, *a spoon; tobacco-pipe, cut or broken short*. "Cutty spoon," *a short horn spoon*. "Cutty-stool," *short-legged stool*.

D.

- Dab, *daub, to peck as birds do*.
 Dabs, *small bits, or specks stuck upon any thing*.
 Dacker, *search, as for stolen or smuggled goods*.
 Daft, *mad; frolicsome*.
 Daffin, *thoughtless gaiety; foolish playfulness; foolery*.
 Daidling, *loitering; sauntering; getting on in a lazy, careless way*.
 Daiker, *to toil; as in job-work*.
 Daikering, *v. dacker*.
 Dais, *v. deas*.
 Dalt, *foster child*.
 Dammer, *miner*.
 Dammer, *stun, and confusion by striking on the head*.
 Danders, *cinders; refuse of a smith's fire*.
 Dandering, *sauntering; roaming idly from place to place*.
 Dandilly, *spoiled by too much indulgence*.
 Dang, *dung, struck; subdued, knocked over*.
 Darg, *dargue, day's work*.
 Darn, *dern, conceal*.
 Daur, *daured, dare; dared*.
 Day, "the day," *to-day*.
 Dead-thraw, *the death throws; last agonies*. When applied to an inanimate object, it means neither dead nor alive, neither hot nor cold.
 Deas, *dais, dees, table, great hall table; a pew in the church (also a turf seat erected at the doors of cottages, but not used by the Author of Waverley in this sense)*.
 Deasil, *motion contrary to that of the sun; a Highland superstitious custom, implying some preternatural virtue*.
 Death-ruckle, *death-rattle in the throat of a dying person*.
 Deave, *deafen*.
 Dee, *die*.
 Deeing, *dying; also doing*.
 Deevil's buckie, *imp of Satan; limb of the Devil*.
 Deil, *devil*.
 Deil's dozen, *thirteen*.
 Deil gaed o'er Jock Wahster, *every*

- thing went topsy-turvy; there was the devil to pay.*
 Deil may care, *the devil may care; I don't care.*
 Deil's snuff-box, *the common puff-ball.*
 Delieret, *delirious.*
 Deliver, *active; free in motion.*
 Deliverly, *actively; alertly.*
 Delve, *v. devel.*
 Demented, *insane.*
 Denty, *dainty; nice.*
 Dentier, *daintier; more nice and delicate.*
 Dern, *concealed; secret; hidden.*
 Denred, *concealed.*
 Devel, *delve, very hard blow.*
 Didna, *did not.*
 Dike, *dyke, stone-wall fence.*
 Ding, *strike; beat; subdue.*
 Dink, *neat; trim; tidy; also contemptuous; scornful of others.*
 Dinmonts, *wethers between one and two years old, or that have not yet been twice shorn.*
 Dinna, *do not.*
 Dinnle, *tingle; thrill.*
 Dirl, *thrill.*
 Dirdum, *uproar; tumult; evil; chance; penance.*
 Discreet, *civil.*
 Discretion, *civility.*
 Disjasked, *jaded; decayed; worn out.*
 Disjune, *dejupe, breakfast.*
 Dits, *stops up.*
 Div, *do.*
 Divot, *thin sod for thatching.*
 Doch-an-dorrach, (*Gael.*) *stirrup-cup; parting cup.*
 Doddie, *cow without horns.*
 Doiled, *dyled, dazed; stupid; doting.*
 Doited, *turned to dotage; stupid; confused.*
 Dole, *"dead dole," that which was dealt out to the poor at the funerals of the rich.*
 Donnert, *donnard, grossly stupid; stunned. "Auld donnert," in dotage.*
 Doo, *dove.*
 Dook, *duck; immerse under water; bathe.*
 Dooket, *doucat, dove-cot; pigeon-house.*
 Dookit, *v. doukit.*
 Dooms, *used intensively, as "dooms had," very bad, (mince of d——d bad.)*
 Doon, *down.*
 Door-stane, *threshold.*
 Dorlach, *v. dourlach.*
 Douce, *quiet; sober; sedate.*
 Dought, *could; was able.*
 Doukit, *ducked.*
 Doup, *bottom; butt-end.*
 Dour, *hard and impenetrable in body or mind.*
 Dourlach, (*Gael.*) *bundle; knapsack; literally satchel of arrows.*
 Dover, *neither asleep nor awake; temporary privation of consciousness.*
 Dowering, *walking or riding half asleep as if from the effect of liquor; besotted.*
 Dow (*pronounced as in how*), *are able. Dowed, was able.*
 Dow (*pronounced as in who*), *dove; a term of endearment.*
 Dow-cote, *pigeon-house.*
 Dowed, *faded; vapid; decayed.*
 Dowf, *hollow, dull.*
 Dowie, *dolly, dull; melancholy; in bad health; in bad tune.*
 Downa, *cannot; do not.*
 Down bye, *down the way.*
 Draff-poke, *bag of grains.*
 Draig, *draick, dreck, dreg; dregs; a word which frequently makes part of the name of a slovenly, low-lying place. In this manner it is used in Mospha-draig.*
 Drammock, *a thick raw mixture of meal and water.*
 Drap, *drop. Drappie, little drop.*
 Drappit egg, *poached egg.*
 Drave, *drove.*
 Dree, *suffer; endure; to dread the worst that may happen.*
 Dreeling, *drilling.*

Dreigh, *tardy ; slow ; tiresome.*
 Dridder, *dreadour, dread, fear.*
 Drigie, *dredgie, dirgie, funeral-company potation.*
 Droghling, *coghling, wheezing and blowing.*
 Droukit, *drenched.*
 Drouthy, *droughty, thirsty.*
 Drow, *drizzle ; mizzling rain.*
 Drudging-box, *flour-box* for basting in cookery.
 Drugsters, *druggists.*
 Dry multure, *astricted mill-dues paid to one mill for grain that is ground at another.*
 Duddy, *ragged.*
 Duds, *rags ; tatters ; clothes.*
 Dule, *dole, sorrow ; mourning.*
 Dulse, *dulce, sea-celery.*
 Dung ower, *knocked over.*

Dunniewassal (Gael., from *duine*, *a man*,—*wasal, well born*), *a Highland gentleman, generally the cadet of a family of rank, and who received his title from the land he occupied, though held at will of his chieftain.*
 Dunshin, *jogging smartly with the elbow.*
 Dunt, *knock, stroke, or blow*, that produces a din or sound ; also *a good sizeable portion of any thing.*
 Dwam, *dwaim, dwaum, qualm ; swoon.*
 Dwining, *decaying : declining in health.*
 Dyester, *dyer.*
 Dyke, *stone wall fence.*
 Dyvour, *debtor who cannot pay.*

E.

Eannaruich (Gael.), *strong soup.*

The pot is filled with beef of mutton (not any particular part), as much water is put in as will cover the meat, which is kept simmering until it is fully done, and when it is taken out, the *Eannarich* is what an English cook would call *double stock*.

Ear, *early.*
 Eard, *earth.*
 Earded, *put in the earth ; interred.*
 Earn, *eagle.*
 Easel, *eastward.*
 Ee, *eye.*
 Een, *eyes.*
 E'en, *even.* "E'en sae," *even so.*
 E'en, *evening.*
 Effair of war, *warlike guise.*
 Eident, *ay-doing ; diligent ; careful ; attentive.*
 Eik, *eke, addition.*
 Elding, *fuel.*

Eithly, *easily.*
 Elshin, *awl.*
 Eme, *uncle.*
 Endlong, *in uninterrupted succession ; even on ; at full length.*
 Eneough, *enough.*
 Enow, *just now.*
 Equal-aquals, *makes all odds even.*
 Errand. "For ance (ains) errand," *for that purpose alone.*
 Estreen, *yestreen, yesterday, more properly last night.*
 Etter-cap, *adder-cap, attercope, a spider ; a virulent atribilious person.*
 Ettle, *aim ; intend.*
 Evening, *comparing.*
 Evidents, *evidences.*
 Ewest, *nearest ; contiguous.*
 Ewhow ! *eh wow ! oh dear !*
 Ewking, *itching.*
 Exies, *hysteries ; ecstasies.*

F.

- Fa', faw, *fall*; *befall*.
 Fa, *get*. "We maunna fa that,"
we must not hope to get that.
 Fa'en, *fallen*.
 Fa'ard, *favoured*. "Ill fa'ard," *ill
favoured*.
 Fae, *foe*.
 Fae, frae, *from*.
 Fae, faie, *whose*; *who*.
 Faem, *foam*.
 Faither, *father*.
 Faitour, *rascal*; *mean fellow*.
 Fal-lalls, *foolish ornaments in dress*.
 Fallow, *fellow*.
 Falset, *falsehood*.
 Fan, whan, *when*.
 Fard, *colour*.
 Fard, faurd, v. fa'ard.
 Farl, farle, now *the fourth part of
a large cake, originally used for
corn or bread*.
 * Fash, fasherie, *trouble*.
 Fashing, *taking or giving trouble*.
 Fashious, *troublesome*.
 Fastern's e'en, Fastern e'en, *Shrove
Tuesday*.
 Fat, *what*.
 Fauld, *fold*.
 Faund, *found*.
 Faur'd, *favoured*. "Weel faur'd,"
well favoured; *good-looking*.
 Fause, *false*.
 Faut, *fault*; *default*; *want*.
 Feal, *sod*.
 Feal-dyke, *wall of sods for an en-
closure*.
 Feal, *faithful*; *loyal*.
 Feared, *affected with fear*.
 Fear, feer, *entire*.
 Fearfu', *terrible*.
 Feck, *strength and substance*; *part
of a thing*. "Best feck," *better
part*. "Maist feck," *greatest
part*.
 Feckless, *powerless*; *pithless*; *feeble*;
deficient in some quality. "Feck-
less body," *having barely the
remains of a man*.
 Fee, *wages*.
 Feel, *fool*.
 Fell, *skin*; also *rocky hill*.
 Fell, *strong and fierce*. "Fell
chield," *fiery fellow*; *terrible fel-
low*. "Fell airts," *hellish arts*.
 Fell, *befall*.
 Fend, *defend*; *keep out bad weather*;
provide against want.
 Fended, *provided*; *made shift*.
 Fending, *providing*; *provision*.
 Fendy, *clever in providing*.
 Ferlie, *wonder*; *rarity*. "To ferlie,"
to wonder.
 Fickle, *made to fike or fidge*; *puzzle*,
difficult.
 Fie, fey, *acting unaccountably, as
persons in health and soon to die
are supposed to do, in some last
and extraordinary effort*.
 Fient a heat, *deuce a thing*; *deuce
a bit*; (*from fiend*), *devil a bit*.
 Fiking, *fyking, fidgeting*; *fiddlefad-
dling*.
 Files, *defiles*; *spoils*.
 Finner, *a small whale*.
 Fireflaught, *flash of lightning*.
 Firiot, *fourth part of a boll of
corn*.
 Fissell, *bustle*.
 Fisscnless, *fizzenless, fusionless,*
pithless; *weak*.
 Fit, *foot*; *step*.
 Fite, *white*.
 Flaming, *basting*.
 Flash, *dash out rashly*.
 Flaughtering, *light shining fitfully*;
flickering.
 Flaunes, *pancakes*.
 Flaw, *gust*; *blast*.
 Fleech, *flatter*; *wheedle*.
 Fleeching, *flattering*.

- Flees, *fies*.
 Fleg, *fright*.
 Flemit, *frightened*.
 Flemet, *flamit, banished; expelled*.
 Fley, *frighten*.
 Flichtering, *fluttering*.
 Flight, *arrow*.
 Fling, *kick; throw out the legs like a horse*.
 Flisking, *whisking up and down*.
 Flisk-ma-hoys, *jill-flirts; giddy fly-flap-girls*.
 Flit, *remove; depart*.
 Flory, *vain*.
 Flow-moss, *watery moss; morass*.
 Fluff, *flash*.
 Fluff-gibs, *squibs*.
 Fluffed i' the pan, *burned prime without firing the barrel of the gun or pistol*.
 Flunkie, *footman*.
 Flyte, *flite, scold*.
 Folk free and sacless (IVANHOE), *a lawful freeman*.
 Follies, *foolish fashions in dress*.
 Forbears, *forefathers; ancestors*.
 Forbye, *besides; over and above*.
 Fore, "to the fore," *remaining still in existence; also in front*.
 Foretauld, *foretold*.
 Forfairn, *exhausted by fatigue or decay; sorely worn out*.
 Forfaulted, *forfeited*.
 Forfoughten, *exhausted with fighting; fatigued and breathless*.
 Forgathered, *fell in with*.
 Forgie, *forgive*.
 Forpet, *fourth part of a peck*.
 Forrit, *forward*.
 Forspeaks, *affects with the curse of an evil tongue, which brings ill luck upon what or whomsoever it praises*.
 Fortalice, *a keep; fortress; castle*.
 Fouats, *house-leeks*.
 Founmart, *foulmart, pole-cat*.
 Four-nooked, *four-cornered*.
 Fou, *fow, full; drunk; also a pitch-fork*.
 Foy, *departing feast*.
 Fozy, *soft and spongy*.
 Frack, *ready; eager; forward*.
 Fraction, *peevisish*.
 Frae, *from*.
 Frampul, *unruly; forward; evil-conditioned*.
 Freits, *freats, superstitious observances*.
 Frem, fremmit, fraim, frem'd, *strange not related*.
 Fristed, *put off for a time*.
 Fu', *full*.
 Fuff, *puff; whiff*.
 Fule, *fool*.
 Fusionless, *v. fissenless*.
 Funk, *funking, applied to a horse kicking up the rear without dashing out the heels*.
 Funk, *funk*, "In a funk," *in a foolish perplexity*.
 Fyke, *bustle; trouble; restlessness; much the same as funk*.

G.

- Gaberlunzie, *a mendicant; a poor guest who cannot pay for his entertainment*.
 Gad, *goad; bar of iron*.
 Gae, *go*.
 Gae down, *drinking about*.
 Gaed, *went*.
 Gae wa', *go away; have done: no more of that*.
 Gaen, *going*.
 Gaisling, *gosling*.
 Gait, *goat*.
 Gaitt, *gett, what is begotten; brat*.
 Gane, *gone*.
 Gang, *go*.
 Ganging, *going*.
 Gangrel, *a child beginning to walk; also a vagrant*.

- Gar, garr, *make*; *compel*.
 Gardyloo, (Fr.) *gardez l'eau*.
 Garr'd, *made*; *compelled*; *caused*.
 Gascromh (Gael, *cas crom*), *a long narrow spade, with a projecting foot-piece, used in the Highlands for digging in stony ground where no other instrument can be introduced*.
 Gash, *prattle*; *chatter*; *gossip*.
 Gash, *sharp*; *shrewd*.
 Gate, *way*; *manner*.
 Gathering-peat, *a fiery peat, which was sent round by the Borderers to alarm the country in time of danger, as the fiery cross was by the Highlanders*.
 Gathering peat, gathering coal, *either of them, put into the fire at night, with the ashes gathered around it, to preserve ignition for the morning*.
 Gaun, *going*.
 Gaunt, *yawn*.
 Gauntrees, *goan-trees, trams, or wooden frames on which casks in a cellar are placed*.
 Gauger, *exciseman*.
 Gawsie, *plump*; *jolly*; *pertly*.
 Gay, *pretty*. "Gay gude," *pretty good*. "Gay well," *pretty well*.
 Gear, *goods*; *dress*; *equipment*.
 Gecked, *tossed the head*; *jeered*.
 Geizened, *geissend, gushing*; *leaky*.
 Gelt, *brat*.
 Gentles, *gentlefolks*.
 Gentrice, *gentility*; *good descent*.
 Genty, *neat*; *trim*; *elegantly formed*.
 Gey sharp, *pretty sharp*. "Gey gude," *pretty good*.
 Ghalst, *ghost*.
 Gie, *give*.
 Gied, *gave*.
 Gien, *given*.
 Giff gaff, in old English, *ka me, ka thee, i. e. give and take*; *tit for tat*; *mutual service to one another*.
 Gillie, *man servant in the Highlands*.
 Gillie white-foot, gillie wet-foot, *a running footman, who had to carry his master over brooks and watery places in travelling*.
 Gills, *gullies*.
 Gillravaging, *plundering*.
 Gilpy, *frolicsome young person*.
 Gimmer, *two-year-old ewe*.
 Gin, *gisan, if*; *suppose*.
 Gingle, *gingling, jingle or clink*; *jingling*.
 Gird, *hoop*.
 Girdle, *an iron plate for firing cakes on*.
 Girn, *grin like an ill-natured dog*.
 Girning, *grinning*.
 Girnel, *meal-chest*.
 Girth, *gird, hoop*.
 Girths, "slip the girths," *tumble down like a pack-horse's burden, when the girth gives way*.
 Glaiks, *deception*; *delusion*. "Fling the glaiks in folk's een," *metaph. throw dust in people's eyes*. "Give the glaiks," *befool, and then leave in the lurch*.
 Glaikit, *glaik, light-headed*; *idle*; *foolish*.
 Glamour, *magical deception of sight*.
 Gled, *kite*.
 Gledging, *looking slyly at one*.
 Gleed, *flame*.
 Gleed, *gleid, gleyed, one-eyed*; *squinting*; *also oblique*; *awry*.
 Gaed a' gleed, "went all wrong".
 Gleeing, *squinting*.
 Gleg, *sharp*; *on the alert*.
 Gley, *a-gley, on one side*; *asquint*.
 Gliff, *glimpse*; *short time*; *also a fright*.
 Glisk, *glimpse*.
 Gloaming, *twilight*.
 Glowr, *glowering, stare, staring*.
 Glunch, *frown*; *gloom*.
 Gomeril, *fool*; *blockhead*.
 Gossipred, *gossiprie, familiarity, intimacy*; *sponsorship*.
 Goustie, *waste*; *desolate*; *what is accounted ghostly*.
 Gouth, *drop*.
 Gowan, *daisy*.
 Gowk, *cuckoo*; *fool*.

- Gowling, *howling; noisy; scolding.*
 Gowpen, gowpin, *as much as both hands held together, with the palms upward, and contracted in a circular form, can contain.*
 Graddan, *meal ground on the quern, or hand-mill.*
 Graff, greaf, *grave.*
 Graip, *dunk-fork.*
 Graith, *harness.*
 Gramashes, *gaiters reaching to the knee.*
 Gran, *grand; (Swedish, grann,) fine.*
 Grane, *groan.*
 Graning, *groaning.*
 Grat, *cried; wept.*
 Gree, *agree; also fame; reputation.*
 Greed, *greediness.*
 Greeshoch, *peat fire piled on the hearth.*
 Greet, *greeting, weep, weeping.*
 Grew, *shudder.*
 Grewsome, *horrible.*
 Grice, *sucking pig.*
 Griddle, *v. Girdle.*
 Grieve, *overseer.*
 Grilse, gilse, *gray; a young salmon.*
 Grip, *gripe.*
 Grippie for grippie, *gripe for gripe; fair play in wrestling.*
 Grippit, *laid hold of.*
 Gripple, *gripping: greedy; avaricious.*
 Grit, *great.*
 Grossart, *groser, gooseberry.*
 Grue, *shudder.*
 Grumach, *ill-favoured.*
 Grund, *ground, bottom.*
 Gude, *good.*
 Gude-dame, *grandmother.*
 Gude-man, *husband.*
 Gude-sire, *grandfather.*
 Gude-sister, *sister-in-law.*
 Guestened, *guested: been the guest of.*
 Guffaw, gaffaw, *loud burst of laughter.*
 Guided, *used; taken care of; treated.*
 Guisards, gysarts, *disguised persons; mummers, who volunteer vocal music for money about the time of Christmas and New-Year's day.*
 Gully, *large knife.*
 Guse, *goose.*
 Gusing-iron, *a laundress's smoothing-iron.*
 Gutter-bloods, *canaille.*
 Gy, *rope.*
 Gyre-carling, *hag: weird-sister; ogress.*
 Gyte, *crazy; ecstatic; senselessly extravagant; delirious.*

H.

- Ha', *hall.*
 Haaf, *sea. (Orkney.)*
 Hack, heck, *rack in a stable.*
 Hacket, *v. Howkit.*
 Had, *hold.*
 Hadden, *holden.*
 Haddows, haddies, *haddocks.*
 Ha'e, *have.*
 Haet, *thing.*
 Haffits, *half-heads; the sides of the head; the temples.*
 Haffin, *(half-long,) half; half-long.*
 Halft, *dwelling; custody.*
 Halfted, *domiciled.*
 Hag, *a year's cutting of oak.*
 Hagg, *brushwood.*
 Hagg, *pits and sloughs.*
 Haggies, haggis, *the pluck, etc. of a sheep, minced with suet, onions, etc. boiled in its stomach; dish consecrated by Burns as "Chieftain of the pudding race."*
 Haill, hale, *whole. "Hail o' my ain," all my own. "Hale and feer," whole and entire.*
 Hallan, *partition between the door of a cottage and the fire-place.*
 Hallanshaker, *fellow who must take*

- his place behind-backs at the hallan; sturdy beggarly scamp.*
 Hallions, rogues; worthless fellows.
 Halse, hause, throat; neck.
 Halse, hailse, hail; salute; embrace.
 Haly, holy. "Haly be his cast," *happy be his fate.*
 Hame, home.
 Hamely, homely; familiar.
 Hamshackle, to tie the head of a horse or cow to one of its forelegs.
 Hand-waled, chosen; picked out with the hand.
 Hane, hain, spare; not give away.
 Hantle, great many; great deal.
 Hank, rope; coil.
 Hap, hop.
 Hap, cover; cover warmly.
 Happer, hopper of a mill.
 Happit, happed, hopped; also covered for warmth or security.
 Hapshackle (used in the south of Scotland for hamshackle), to tie the forefeet of a horse together at the posteriors. Side-langle, is to tie the fore and hind foot of one side together.
 Harle, drag; trail along the ground. "Harle an old man's pow," scratch an old man's head.
 Harns, brains. "Harn-pan," brain-pan.
 Harry, to plunder.
 Harrying, plundering.
 Harst, harvest.
 Hash, a clumsy sloven.
 Hassock, any thing thick, bushy, and ill arranged.
 Hassock, haslock (from halse-lock), throat lock, or more bushy portion of the fleece of sheep, when they were in a more natural and less improved condition.
 Hasna, has not.
 Hat, "giving one a hat," taking off the hat in his presence.
 Hatted, or hattit-kit, a mixture of milk warm from the cow, and buttermilk.
 Haud, hold.
 Hauding, support; dependence.
 Haulds, holds; places of resort.
 Hause, throat; v. Halse.
 Havered, talked foolishly, or without method.
 Havers, haivers, idle talk.
 Havrels, haivrels, half-witted persons.
 Havings, behaviour; manners.
 Hawkit, white-faced, applied to cattle.
 Heart-scauld, heart-scaud, heart-burn; metaph. regret; remorse.
 Heartsome, cheerful.
 Heather, heath. "Heather cow," stalk of heath.
 Heather-blutters, cock-snipes; from their cry in alternate flights and descents in the breeding season.
 Heck and manger, rack and manger. "Living at heck and manger," applied to one who has got into quarters where every thing is comfortable and plenteous.
 Heckled, hackled.
 Heeze, hoist; raise up.
 Hellicat, half-witted.
 Hempie, rogue; gallows-apple; one for whom hemp grows. Its most common use is in a jocular way, to giddy young people of either sex.
 Hen-cavey, hen-coop.
 Herded, kept sheep.
 Herds, keepers of cattle or sheep.
 Herezeld, an acknowledgment of vassalage.
 Hership, plunder.
 Herse, hoarse.
 Hesp, hank of yarn.
 Het, hot.
 Heugh, precipitous acclivity; also hollow dell.
 Heugh-head, head of the cliff; also head of the glen between two cliffs.
 Hickery-pickery is clown's Greek for hicra-picra.
 Hie, go in haste.
 Hinderlands, latter ends; backsides.
 Hinderlans, back parts.
 Hinnny, honey. "My hinnie," my darling.

H irdie-girdie, *topsy-turvy*; *in reck less confusion*.

Hirple, *walk lamely*; *halt*.

Hirsel, *move forward with a rustling noise along a rough surface*; *move sideways in a sitting or lying posture, upon the ground or otherwise, by means of the hands only*.

Hizzie, *hussy*.

Hoaste, *v. choast*.

Hobbilshow, *confused kickup*; *up-roar*.

Hoddlle, *waddle*.

Holm, *flat ground along the side of a river*. Used in the North for *island*.

Hoodie-craws, *hooded-crows*.

Hool, *huil, hull*; *covering*; *slough*; *pea or bean-hull*.

Hooly and fairly, *fair and softly*.

Horse-cowper, *horse-dealer*.

Hotch, *hitch*.

Houts, *tuts*.

Howe, *hollow*; also *hoe*.

Houff, *chief place of resort*.

Howkit, *dug out*.

Howm, *v. holm*.

Hoying, *hollowing to*; *setting on a dog*.

Humdudgeon, *needless noise*; *muck-ado about nothing*.

Humle, *humble, without horns*.

Humlock-know, *hemlock-knoll*.

Hurcheon, *urchin*; *hedgehog*.

Houdie, *midwife*.

Hound, *hunt*; *set a dog after any thing*; *ferret out*; *in modern common parlance often contemptuously applied to individuals, such as "a sly hound," "a low hound," a selfish, greedy, rapacious, quirking fellow, who will alike employ fair or foul means for the attainment of his purpose*.

Housewife'skep, *hussieskep, housewifery*.

Hout fie, hout awa! (interj.) *psha!* *nonsense!*

Hurdies, *buttocks*.

Hure, *whore*.

Hurley-hackets, *small troughs or sledges in which people used formerly to slide down an inclined plane on the side of a hill*. Hurly-hackit is still a child's play.

Hurley-house, *literally last house*; *as the house now stands, or as it was last built*.

Huz, *us*.

J.

Jackman, *a man that wears a short mail jack or jacket*.

Jagg, *prick, as a pin or thorn*.

Jagger, *pedlar*.

Jaloose, *v. jealous*.

Jaud, *jadd, jade*; *mare*.

Jaug, *pedlars' wallets*.

Jaw, *wave*; also *petulant loquacity*; *coarse raillery*.

Jaw-hole, *sink*.

Jawing, *undulating*; *rolling water*; also, *loquacious talking*.

Jealous, *pronounced jaloose, suspect*; *guess*.

Jee, *move*.

Jedging, *judging*.

Jesticcoat, *justicoat, juste au corps*; *waistcoat with sleeves*.

Jimp, *slim*; *short*.

Jimply, *barely*; *scarcely*; *hardly*.

Jink, *a quick elusory turn*.

Jinketing about, *gadding about*.

Jirbbling, *pouring out*.

Ilk, *ilka, each*. "Of that ilk," *of the same, as "Knockwinnock of that ilk," Knockwinnock of Knockwinnock*.

Ilka-days, *every days*; *week days*.

Ill, *bad*; *difficult*; *evil*.

I'll-far'd, *evil-favoured*; *ugly*.

Ill-set, *spiteful*; *ill-natured*.

Ill-sorted, *ill-suited*; *ill-managed*.

Ingans, *onions*.

Ingle, *fire*. "Ingle-side," *fire-side*.

"Ingle-nook," *corner by the fire*.

Ingeer, *glean corn, &c.*

In ower and out ower, *positively and violently*.

In-put, *contribution*.

Jocteleg, *clasp-knife*.

Joos, *sweethearts*.

Jougs, *pillory*.

Jowing, *the swinging noise of a large bell*.

Jowk, jouk, *stoop down*.

Jowkery-packery, *sly juggling tricks*.

I'se, *I shall*.

Justified, *made the victim of justice; hanged*.

K.

Kail, *colewort; colewort soup*.

"Kail through the reek," *a good rating; a good scolding*.

Kail-blade, *colewort leaf*.

Kail-worm, *caterpillar*.

Kail-yard, *cabbage-garden*.

Kaim, *a Danish fortified station*.

Kame, *comb*.

Kain, kane, cane, *duty paid by a tenant to his landlord in eggs, fowls, &c.*

Keb, *to cast lamb*.

Kebback, kebbock, kebbuck, *a cheese*.

Keb-ewe, *an ewe that has lost her lamb*.

Kebbie, *cudgel; club; rough walking stick*.

Keek, *peep*.

Keeking-glass, *looking-glass*.

Keekit, *peeped*.

Keel, *ruddle, red chalk, soft stone for marking sheep*.

Keelyvine (keelyvein), *pen; pencil of black or red lead*.

Kelty, *fine of a bumper*. "Take kelties mends," *not drink fair cup-out in order to be fined in a bumper*.

Kemping, *striving for victory, as reapers on a harvest field, &c.*

Kemple, *forty wisps or windings (about 8lbs. each) of straw*.

Ken, *know*.

Kend, *known*.

Kennin', Kenning, *knowing; also small portion; a little*.

Kenspeckle, *gazing-stock*.

Kent, *cudgel; rough walking stick*.

Kerne, *freebooter*.

Kill-logie, *kiln fireplace*.

Kilt, *the philabeg or short petticoat of a Highlander*. "To kilt," *to tuck up or truss up*.

Kimmer, cummer, *gossip; idle gossiping girl*.

Kind gallows. *The gallows at Crieff was so called, probably because it was jocularly said that the Highlanders, when passing it, paid great respect to it, because it had assisted at the last moments of so many of their friends and relations, and was likely so to do for themselves*.

Kinrick, *kingdom*.

Kintray, *country*.

Kippage, *violent passion; disorder; confusion*.

Kipper, *salmon salted and smoke dried; also in the state of spawning*.

Kirk, *church*.

Kirn, *churn*.

Kirsten, kirsen, *christen*.

Kirstening, *christening*.

Kirtle, *gown; mantle, or petticoat*.

Kist, *chest; trunk; coffin*.

Kitchen, *any thing eaten with bread, such as butter, cheese, &c. to give it a relish*. "Hunger is gude kitchen," *hunger is good sauce*. "Bread to bread is nae kitchen,"

- it forms no enjoyment where individuals only of one sex associate.*
 Kitchen-fee, *drippings.*
 Kith, *acquaintance.*
 Kittle, *ticklish*, in all its senses.
 Kittled, *tickled.*
 Kittled, *breeded*, i.e. *brought forth young*; applied only to some domestic animals.
 Kiver, *cover.*
 Knacks, *trifles for ornament*; *nick-nacs.*
 Knapping (gnapping), *English, affecting to speak fine without knowing how.*
 Knave-bairn, *man-child.*
 Knave, *servant*; *miller's boy.*
 Knaveship, *mill-dues paid to the knaves or servants.*
 Knevelled, *nevelled*, *beat violently with the fists.*
 Know, knoll, *rising ground*; *hillock.*
 Krames, *v. Cremes.*
 Kyloes, *Highland cattle.*
 Kyte (kit), *belly.*
 Kythe, *seem*; *appear*; *make to appear.*
 Kylevene, *v. keelyvine.*

L.

- Laid, *load.*
 Laid till her, *awarded to her by fate*; *laid to her charge.*
 Laigh, *low.* Laigh-crofts, *low lying fields of inferior quality.*
 Lair, *lear, learning.*
 Laird, *lord of a manor*; *squire.*
 Laith, *loath.*
 Laive, *lave, the rest*; *what is left.*
 Lamiter, *lame person*; *cripple.*
 Lamping, *beating*; also *going quickly and with long strides.*
 Lammer, *lamer, laumer, amber.*
 Lane, "his lane," *himself alone.*
 "By their lane," *themselves alone.*
 Land (in towns), *a building including different tenements above one another upon the same foundation and under the same roof.*
 Landlouper, *runagate*; *one who runs his country.*
 Lang, *long.*
 Lang-syne, *long since*; *long ago.*
 Lap, *leaped.*
 Lapper, *coagulate*; *curdle.*
 Lassie, *lassock, little girl.*
 Lat, *let.* "Lat be," *let alone.*
 Latch, *dub*; *mire.*
 Lauch, *law*; *custom*; *usage.*
 Lave, *rest.*
 Lawing, *lawin, tavern reckoning*
 Leal, *loyal*; *true.*
 Leaguer lady, *soldier's wife*; *campaigner*; *camp-trotter.*
 Led-farm, *farm held along with another.*
 Leddy, *lady.*
 Leech, *physician.*
 Leelane, *leefu'lane, all alone*; *quite solitary.*
 Leesome, *pleasant.* "Leesome lane," *dear self alone.*
 Leevin', *leeving, living.*
 Leg-bail, "to give leg-bail," *to run away.*
 Leglin-girth, *girth of a milk-pail.*
 Leglins, *milk-pails.*
 Let-a-be, *let alone.*
 Let on, *acknowledge, confess.*
 Let that flee stick to the wa', *let that alone.*
 Lethering, *tanning the hide*; *thrashing.*
 Leugh, *laughed.*
 Leven, *lightning.*
 Lick-penny, *a greedy covetous person.*
 Lift, *sky.*
 Lift cattle, *make a prey of cattle*
 "Lift rents," *collect rents.*

Lafters, *cattle-dealers.*

Lightly, *slight.*

Like-wake, *lyke-wake, watching a corpse before interment.*

Lilt, *carol; lively air.*

Limmer, *a loose woman.*

Linking, *walking quickly and lightly.*

Links, *flat sandy ground on the sea-shore.*

Lippen, *rely upon; trust to.*

Lipping, *making notches on the edge of a sword or knife.*

Lippit, *notched.*

Lippy, *fourth part of a peck.*

Lith, *joint.*

Lithe, *pliant; supple.*

Loan, *lane; enclosed road.*

Loanin, *loaning, greensward on which cows are milked.*

Loch, *lake.*

Lock, *small quantity; handful.*

Loo, *love.*

Loof, *luif, palm of the hand. "Out-side of the loof," back of the hand.*

Lookit, *looked.*

Loom, *implement; vessel.*

Loon, *loun, rogue; rustic boy; naughty woman. The word is of both genders.*

Loop (Gael.), *bend of a river.*

Loopy, *crafty; deceitful.*

Loosome, *lovely.*

Looten, *permitted.*

Lound, *calm; low and sheltered; still; tranquil.*

Lounder, *severe stunning blow.*

Lounder, *quieter.*

Loup, *leap.*

Louping-ill, *leaping-evil; a disease among sheep.*

Louping-on-stane, *horse-block; lit. the step-stone by which one gets to the saddle.*

Loup the dyke, *leap the fence; break out of or into the enclosure; scamp.*

Low, *flame.*

Loveable, *loveable; praiseworthy.*

Luckie, *goody; gammer; old grandam.*

Luckie-dad, *luckie-daddie, grandfather.*

M.

Ma, *mamma.*

Mae, *ma, moe, more.*

Magg, *steal.*

Magg, *maggs, halfpenny; perquisite in pence to servants, &c.*

Magnum, *magnum bonum, double-sized bottle, holding two English quarts.*

Mail, *payable rent.*

Mailing, *farm.*

Mail-payer, *rent-payer.*

Mailed (with the bluid), *mixed.*

Maining, *bemoaning.*

Mains, *demesne.*

Mair, *more.*

Maist, *most; almost.*

Maisterfu', *imperious; violent.*

Maistry, *power.*

Majoring, *looking and talking big.*

Malison, *curse.*

Maltalent, *evil purpose; evil inclination.*

Mammie, *infantine of mamma.*

Mammocks, *gobbets.*

Mane, *moan.*

Manna, *must not.*

Manse, *parsonage house.*

Mansworn, *perjured.*

Manty, *mantua silk, mantle.*

Marches, *landmarks; boundaries.*

Marle, *marvel.*

Marrow, *match; mate; one of a pair.*

Mart, *the fatted cow, or whatever animal is slaughtered at Martinmas for winter provision.*

Mashlum, *mixed grain.*

- Mask, *mask* ; *infuse*.
 Masking-fat, *mask-tub*.
 Maukin, *hare*.
 Maun, *must*.
 Maundering, *palavering* : *talking idly*.
 Maunna, *must not*.
 Maw, *mow* (*with the scythe*).
 Mawking, *maulkin, hare*.
 Mawn, *mowed*.
 Maybie, *it may be ; perhaps*.
 Mayhap, *it may happen*.
 Mazed, *amazed*.
 Mear, *mare*.
 Meg dorts, *saucy Meg ; saucy wench*.
 Meikle, *much ; great ; large ; big ; preeminent*.
 Melder, *as much meal as is ground at one time*.
 Mells, *middles ; mixes ; interposes*.
 Meltith, *a meal*.
 Meiths, *mæths, eggs of the blow-fly upon meat*.
 Meiths, *marks ; landmarks*.
 Mends, *amends*.
 Mense, *manners ; moderation*.
 Mensefu', *mannerly ; modest*.
 Mess, *mass*.
 Messan, *a little dog*.
 Mickle, *v. meikle*.
 Midden, *dunghill*.
 Midges, *gnats*.
 Mightna, *might not*.
 Mim, *prim ; precise*.
 Minced collops, *minced beef*.
 Minnie, *mammie, infantine word for mamma*.
 Mint, *aim ; attempt ; endeavour*.
 Mirk, *dark*. Pit mirk (*pick mirk*), *dask as pitch*.
 Mirligoes, *dizziness ; megrims in the head*.
 Misca'd, *miscalled ; abused and called names*.
 Mischieve, *do a mischief to*.
 Misguggled, *mangled and disfigured ; rumpled and disordered*.
 Mislear'd, *ill-taught ; ill-bred*.
 Mislippen, *neglect ; also suspect and disappoint*.
 Misset, *put out of sorts*.
 Mister, *need*. "Mister wight," *child of necessity ; doubtful character*.
 Mistryst, *disappoint by breaking an engagement ; deceive ; use ill*.
 Mither, *mother*.
 Mittans, *worsted gloves worn by the lower orders*.
 Mizzles, *measles*.
 Mools, *v. moults*.
 Moor-ill, *a disease among cattle*.
 Mony, *many*.
 Morn, "the morn," *to-morrow*.
 Mornin', *morning, morning dram, or draught*.
 Morts, *the skins of lambs that die of themselves*.
 Moss-hags, *pits and sloughs in a mire or bog*.
 Moudiwarp, *mouidiwart, mouldwarp, mole*.
 Moulds, *mools, earth ; the grave*.
 Mousted (*muisid*) head, *cropped head of hair*.
 Muckle, *v. meikle*.
 Mugs, *the large Teeswater sheep*.
 Muhmc, (*Gael.*) *nurse*.
 Muils, *moulds ; cloth or list shoes for gout*.
 Muir, *moors*.
 Muir-pouts (*poots*), *young grouse*.
 Munt, *mount*.
 Murgeons, *grimaces ; wry mouths*.
 Mutch, *woman's linen or muslin cap*.
 Mutchkin, *English pint*.
 Mysell, *ma'sell, myself*.

N.

- Na, nac, *no*.
 Naig, *nag*.
 Nain, *own*.
 Nainsell, *own-self*.
 Napery, *table linen*.
 Nane, *none*.
 Nar, *near*.
 Nashgab, *impertinent chatter*.
 Natheless, *nevertheless*.
 Near, *close ; narrow ; niggardly*.
 Near-hand, *near-at-hand ; nearly ; almost*.
 Neb-hill, *nose ; point of any thing*.
 Neebor, *neighbour*.
 Necedna, *need not*.
 Ne'er-be-lickit, *nothing which could be licked up, by dog or cat ; absolutely nothing*.
 Ne'er-do-weels, *scapegraces ; never to thrive*.
 Neeve, *the closed hand ; fist*.
 Neevie-neevie-nec-nack, *the first line to the remaining three, viz.*
 Which hand will you tak,
 Tak the right, tak the wrang,
 I'll beguile you if I can.
A lottery rhyme used among boys while whirling the two closed fists round each other, one containing the prize, the other empty.
- Neist, *nighest ; next*.
 Neuk, *nook ; corner*.
 Nevelled, *v. Knevelled*.
 Nevoy, *nephew*.
 New-fangled, *new-fashioned ; engrossed with some novelty*.
 Nicher, *nicker, neigh*.
 Nick-nackets, *trinkets ; gimcracks*.
 Nick-sticks, *notched sticks ; tallies*.
 Nieve, *v. Neeve*.
 Nievefu', *handful*.
 Niffer, *exchange*.
 Niffy-naffy, *fastidious ; conceited and finical*.
 Night-cowl, *nightcap*.
 Noited, *knotted, rapped ; struck forcibly against ; as "Noited their heads," knocked heads together*.
 Nor, *than*.
 Norland, *north-land ; belonging to the north country*.
 Nourice, *nurse*.
 Nout, *nowt, nolt, black cattle*.
 Nudge, *jog with the elbow as a hint of caution*.

O.

- Od! odd! *a minced oath, omitting one letter*.
 Odd-come-shortly, *chance time not far off ; escape*.
 Oe, oy, oye, *grandchild*.
 Off-come, *come off ; escape*.
 Ohon, ohonari! (*interj.*) *alas! woe is me*.
 Onding, *fall of rain or snow*.
 Onfall, *falling on ; attack*.
 Onslaught, *inroad ; hostile incursion ; attack*.
 Onstead, *farm-stead ; the buildings on a farm*.
 Ony, *any*.
 Open steek, *open stitch*.
 Or, ere ; *before*.
 Ordinar, *ordinary ; common ; usual*.
 Orra, *odd ; not matched ; that may be spared ; unemployed*.
 Ostler-wife, *woman that kept an hostelry*.
 Out byc, *without ; a little way out*.

Outshot, *projecting part of an old building.*

Out take, *except.*

Ower, *over.*

Owerby, *over the way.*

Owerlay, *o'erlay, overlay, cravat ; covering.*

Overloup, *get over the fence ; tres-*

pass on another's property, "Start and overloup," a law phrase relating to Marches. See Marches.

Owertaen, *overtaken.*

Owsen, *oxen.*

Oyc, *grandson, v. Oe.*

P.

Pa, *papa.*

Pace, *Pasch, Easter.*

Paidic, *pettle ; staff ; ploughstaff ; also hoe.*

Paidle, *tramp as clothes in a tub ; also short and irregular steps, such as of children.*

Paik, *beat.*

Paiks, *blows ; a beating.*

Palmering, *walking infirmly.*

Panged, *crammed ; stuffed.*

Pantler, *keeper of the pantry.*

Paraffle, *ostentatious display.*

Parochine, *parish.*

Parritch, *porridge ; hasty pudding.*

Parritch-time, *breakfast-time*

Partan, *crab-fish.*

Passemented, *guarded with lace, fringe, &c.*

Pat, *pot.*

Pat, *put.*

Patrick, *paetrick, partrick, pertrick, partridge.*

Pattle, *plough-staff.*

Pauchty, *haughty.*

Pauk, *wile.*

Pawky, *wily ; sly ; drolly, but not mischievously.*

Pearlins, *pearlings ; lace.*

Pease-bogle, *scarecrow.*

Peaseweep, *peesweep, peewee, lapwing.*

Peat, *pet ; favourite.*

Peat-hagg, *sloughs in places from whence peat has been dug.*

Peeching, *v. Peghing.*

Pedder, *pedlar ; hawker.*

Peeble, *pebble.*

Peel, *a place of strength, or fortification, in general. In particular, it signifies a stronghold, the defences of which are of earth mixed with timber, strengthened with palisades.*

Peel. 'Peel-house, in the Border counties, is a small square tower, built of stone and lime.

Peengin, *whining.*

Peer, *poor ; also a pear.*

Peerie, *boy's spinning-top, set in motion by the pull of a string, in place of being whipped.*

Peerie, *curious ; suspicious.*

Peers, *pears.*

Peghing, *peching, puffing and panting ; breathing hard.*

Peghts, *the Picts.*

Pellack, *pellock, porpoise ; in old Scotch, a bullet.*

Peltrie, *furrier's wares.*

Pen-gun, *pop-gun ; from boys' play crackers formed of quill barrels.*

Pennystane, *stone quoit.*

Pensy, *proud and conceited.*

Pettle, *indulge ; treat as a pet.*

Phraising, *palavering ; making long or fine speeches.*

Pick, *pickaxe ; also pitch.*

Pick-mirk, *dark as pitch.*

Pickle, *grain of corn ; small quantity of any thing. "Pickle in our ain pockneuk," Supply ourselves from our own means.*

Pick-maw, *a small sea-gull.*

Netarnie, *the great tern.*

Pig, *earthen pot, vessel, or pitcher.*

Pigs, piggs, *crockery-ware.*

Pike, pick.

Pinnewinks, *instruments for torturing the fingers. v. Pinnywinkles.*

Pinchers, *iron crows.*

Pinging, *uttering feeble, frequent, and somewhat peevish complaints.*

A sickly spoiled child is called a pinging thing.

Pingled, *pained; put to difficulty.*

Pinner, *a cap with lappets, formerly worn by women of rank.*

Pinnywinkles, *a board with holes, into which the fingers are thrust, and pressed upon with pegs, as a species of torture.*

Pint, *two English quarts.*

Pioted, *pyebald.*

Pipestaple, *tobacco-stopper; also broken tubes of clay tobacco pipes.*

Pirn, bobbin; *the bobbin of a spinning-wheel; the reed, or quill bobbin in a weaver's shuttle.*

Pit, put.

Pith, strength.

Pithless, *wanting strength.*

Plack, *a copper coin, equal to the third part of an English penny.*

Plainstones, *the pavement.*

Plenishing, *furniture.*

Plough, plough.

Plough-pettle, plough-staff.

Plies, folds.

Pliskies, *mischievous tricks.*

Plot, scald.

Plottie, *mulled wine.*

Ploy, employment; harmless frolic; merry meeting.

Pluff, puff, *hairdresser's powder-puff.*

Pock, poke, *pouch; bag.*

Pockmanty, portmanteau.

Poind, distrain.

Polonie, Polonian, *a great coat; a Polish surtout.*

Pooin, pulling.

Poor-man of Mutton, *cold meat; cold mutton broiled.*

Poorfu', powerful.

Poortith, poverty.

Pootry, poutry, poultry.

Poots, pouts, poultis; *young grouse, &c.*

Poppling, bubbling; purling; rippling.

Pose, deposit; hoard of money.

Potatoe-bogle, scarecrow.

Pottercarrier, pottinger, apothecary.

Pouch, pocket.

Pouss, pouse, poos, push; slight, quick pull, or sportive snatch.

Pouther, powder.

Pouthered, powdered; corned; slightly salted.

Pouting, shooting at the young poultis of partridges.

Pow, poll; head; also pool.

Powney, pony.

Powsowdie, sheep's head broth; milk and meal boiled together; any mixture of incongruous sorts of food.

Powtering, pockering, poltering, groping among the ashes; or pockering incessantly in the fire; rummaging in the dark.

Pratty, pretty.

Preccesely, precisely.

Prent, print.

Prick, spur.

Prick-my-dainty, affected and finical.

Prie, taste; prove by tasting.

Prigged, entreated earnestly; pleaded hard; higgled for a bargain.

Propale, publish; disclose.

Propine, a present; gift.

Public, public-house; inn.

Puddings, guts; sausages.

Puir, poor.

Pupit, pulpit.

Pun, pund, pound.

Put on, clothed.

Putted a stane, pitched a stone.

Putting the stane is a very old Scottish and northern gymnastic exercise.

Pyat, magpie.

Pyket, picked.

Q.

Quaich, *small drinking cup.*

Quarters, *lodgings.*

Quean, *young woman.* The term, like the English *wench*, is sometimes used jocularly, though oftener disrespectfully.

Queans, *wenches.*

Queery-madam, *cuisse-madame*; a *pear* so called.

Queish, *quegh*, *v.* Quaich.

Quern, *handmill.*

Quey, *heifer*; *young cow.*

R.

Rade, *rode.*

Raes, *roes.*

Raff, *person of worthless character*; *v.* Scowff.

Raip, *rape*; *rope.*

Rair, *raired*, *outcry*; from *roar.*

Raise, *rose*; *arose.*

Rampallions, *rude romps.*

Rampauging, *raging and storming*; *prancing about with fury.*

Ram-stam, *forward*; *thoughtless*; *rash.*

Randy, *riotous*; *disorderly.*

Raploch, *coarse undyed woollen cloth.*

Rapparees, *worthless runagates.*

Rapscallions, *rascals.*

Rase, *rose.*

Rath, *ready*; *quick*; *early.*

Ratten, *rottin*, *rotton*, *rat.*

Raunletree, *randletree*, *rantletree*, *the beam from which the crook is suspended where there is no grate*; also *a tree chosen with two branches, which are cut short, and left somewhat in the form of the letter Y, set close to or built into the gable of a cottage, to support one end of the roof-tree.*

Rave, *tore.*

Ravelled, *entangled*; *confused.*

Rax, *stretch.*

Raxing, *reaching*; *stretching.*

Reaving, *open violent thieving.*

Red, *to interfere and separate, as in two people fighting*; *to disentangle*; *clear, and put in order.*

Red, redd, rede, *advise*; *advise.*

Redder's-lick, *v.* Redding-straik.

Redding, *unravelling*; *putting to rights.*

Redding-came, *large-toothed comb.*

Redding-straik, *a stroke received in attempting to separate combatants in a fray*; *a blow in return for officious interference.*

Redd up, *put in order.*

Rede, *advise.*

Redshank, *Highlander with buskins of red deer skin with the hair outwards*; applied also as a *nickname* to a Highlander, in derision of his bare limbs.

Red-wud, *stark mad.*

Reek, *smoke.*

Reekie, *smoky.*

Reek, reik, rink, *course*; *exploit*; *adventure*; *frolic.*

Reeving, *reiving*, *reaving*, *robbing.*

Reird, *v.* rair.

Reise, ryse, *twig.*

Reises, *cut brushwood*; *shrubs.*

Reist, *stop obstinately*; *stick fast in the middle.*

Reisted, *stopped*; *stuck fast.*

Reisted, *roosted*; *smoke dried.*

Reisting, *restive*; *having the habit of stopping* as a horse.

- iekle, *heap of stones; or peats, &c.*
 iding-days, *days of hostile incursions on horseback.*
 Rief, *robbery.*
 Rievers, *robbers.*
 Rieving. See Reecing.
 Riff-raff, *rabble.*
 Rig, *ridge of land; course; path.*
 Rigg, *wild adventure; dissipated frolic.*
 Rigging, *back; ridge; roof.*
 Rigging-tree, *roof-tree.*
 Rin, *run.*
 Rinthereout, *run out of doors; gad about; vagabond.*
 Ripe, *search.*
 Ritt, *rip; tear; cut; applied almost only to the surface of the ground.*
 Rive, *rift; split; rend; tear.*
 Riven, *rent; torn.*
 Rizzer'd, *half-salted and half-dried fish.*
 Rock, *distaff.*
 Rokelay, *short cloak.*
 Roopit, *hoarse.*
 Roose, *ruse, extol; praise.*
 Rotten, *rat.*
 Roughies, *withered boughs; a sort of rude torch; also dried heath.*
 Round, *roun, whisper.*
 Roup, *auction.*
 Rouping, *auctioning.*
 Rounpit, *rouped, sold by auction.*
 Rouping wife, *saleswoman, who attends rouns.*
 Roused, *rusted.*
 Routh, *plenty.*
 Ronting, *roaring; bellowing; snoring.*
 Roving, *raving; delirious.*
 Row, *roll.*
 Rowan-tree, *mountain-ash.*
 Rowed, *rolled.*
 Rowt, *roar like a bull.*
 Rubbit, *robbed.*
 Rudas, *rowds, haggard old woman.*
 Rug, *pull; dog cheap bargain.*
 Rugging, *pulling roughly.*
 Rullions, *shoes made of untanned leather.*
 Rund, *rand, selvage of broad cloth. list.*
 Rung, *a rough undressed staff.*
 Runt, *an old cow; also the stalk of colewort or cabbage.*

S.

- Sa, *sae, so.*
 Sack and fork, *Lat. fossa et furca, i. e. drowning and hanging.*
 Sack doudling, *bagpiping.*
 Sackless, *saikless, sakeless, innocent.*
 Sain, *bless against evil influence; literally, sign with the sign of the cross.*
 Sair, *sore; very much.*
 Salvage, *savage.*
 Sandy laverock, *sand lark; sand-derling.*
 Sap, *sop.*
 Sapeless, *v. Sackless.*
 Sark, *shirt.*
 Saugh, *sallow broad-leaved willow.*
 Saul, *soul; mettle.*
 Saulie, *a hired mourner.*
 Saultfat, *pickling tub; beef stand.*
 Saut, *salt.*
 Sautfit, *salt-dish.*
 Saw, *sow seed.*
 Sawing, *sowing.*
 Scaff-raff, *riff-raff; rabble.*
 Scaith, *harm; damage.*
 Scaithless, *unharmd; uninjured.*
 Scald, *scauld, scold.*
 Scart, *cormorant.*
 Scart, *scratch.*
 Scat, *tribute; tax; answering to the Latin vectigal.*
 Scathless, *free from harm.*
 Scauding, *scalding.*

Scauff and raff, *rough plenty, without selection; fun and frolic in plenty.*

Scaur, *scare; frighten.*

Scaur, *precipitous bank of earth overhanging a river.*

Schelm, *rogue.*

Sclated, *slated.*

Scomfishing, *suffocating by bad air.*

Scones, *small cakes.*

Scotch collops, *scotched collops; beef-steaks, scotched, and broiled in the frying-pan.*

Scouping, skelping, *moving hastily; running; scampering.*

Scour, *put forward.*

Scouter, *scorch.*

Scaughing, scaiching, *screaming hoarsely*

Screed, *a long stripe of cloth hastily torn off; a long tirade upon any subject, hastily brought out; a rash frolic.*

Screeded, *torn.*

Screigh o'morning, *the first dawn.*

Scud, *a heavy shower.*

Scudlar, *scullion.*

Scull, *shallow fish-basket.*

Sculduddery, *relating to what is unchaste.*

Scunner, *disgust.*

Sealgh, selch, *seal; sea-calf.*

Sea-maw, *sea-mew; sea-gull.*

Seannachie, *Highland antiquary.*

Seer, *sure.*

Seiled, *strained through a cloth, or sieve.*

Seiped, *oozed; seiping, oozing.*

Sell, *self; "the sell o' it," itself.*

Seuple, *of low birth, opposed to gentle.*

Ser'ing, sairing, *serving; as much as serves the turn; enough.*

Set, *fit; become; suit.*

Sey, *"back sey," sirlein.*

Shabble, *cutlass.*

Shand, *a cant term for base coin.*

Shanks, *legs; "shank yourself awa'," take to your legs; be off.*

Sharn, *thin cow-dung.*

Shatmont, *six inches in length.*

Shaughling, *shambling; "shaughling shoon," shoes trodden down on one side by bad walking.*

Shave, sheeve, *slice of bread, cheese, &c.*

Shaw, *show.*

Shaws, *woods; also, leaves of potatoes, turnips, &c.*

Shear, *cut; divide.*

Shearing, *sheering, reaping.*

Shealing, *temporary summer milk-house.*

Sheeling-hill (near a mill), *rising ground where the shelled oats are winnowed.*

Sheenest, *clearest.*

Shellum, skellum, *rogue.*

Sheltie, *pony.*

Shiel, *shell; take out of the husk.*

Shilpit, *weak, washy, and insipid.*

Shogging, *shaking; jogging.*

Shool, *shovel.*

Shoon, *shoes.*

Shored, *threatened.*

Shouldna, sudna, *should not.*

Shot-window, *a small window, chiefly filled with a board that opens and shuts.*

Shouter, *shoulder; "show the cauld shouter," appear cold and reserved.*

Shriegh, *shriek.*

Shule, *v. shool.*

Shute, *push; also shoot.*

Sibh, *related to by blood.*

Sic, siccan, *such.*

Sic like, *just so.*

Siccar, *secure, safe.*

Side, *long; said of garments.*

Siller, *silver; money.*

Sillock (fish), *podley; gadus carbonarius.*

Silly, *in a weakly state of health, whether of body or mind.*

Sindry, *sundry.*

Sith, *since.*

Skaith, *v. Scaith.*

Skarts, *scratches.*

Skeely, skeily, skeefu', *skilful; cunning.*

Skeens, *knives; "skeen dubh,"*

- Black knife ; the Highlander's dernier resort.*
- Skellies, *squints.*
- Skelloch, *shrill cry ; squall.*
- Skelping, *moving rapidly ; also, slapping with the palm of the hand.*
- Skeps, *bee-hives.*
- Skitchers, *skates.*
- Skinker, *pourer out of liquor.*
- Skink, *pour out ; also, soup made of the skink, or hough of beef.*
- Skirl, *shrill cry.*
- Skirl in the pan, *sop in the pan.*
- Skirling, *screaming.*
- Skitt, *banter ; jeer.*
- Skivic, *out of the proper direction ; deranged.*
- Skreigh, *screech ; loud shrill cry, "skreigh o'day," peep of day.*
- Skrimp, *stint, as to measure or quantity.*
- Skulduddery, *Sculduddery, fornication.*
- Skyte, *contemptible fellow.*
- Slack, *an opening between two hills ; hollow where no water runs.*
- Slade, *slid ; slipped along.*
- Slaistering, *doing any thing in an awkward and untidy way ; especially applied to dabbling in any thing moist or unctuous.*
- Slaisters, *dirty slops.*
- Slake, *smear ; splotch of that with which any thing is bedaubed.*
- Slap, *breach in a fence.*
- Sleaveless-gate, *sleaveless-errand, an idle errand ; hunting the cuckoo.*
- Slidery, *slippery.*
- Slighted (as a fortress), *dismantled.*
- Slink, *little worth ; not to be depended upon as good.*
- Slink, *veal of a calf killed immediately after calved.*
- Sloan, *sloven.*
- Slockened, *slaked.*
- Slogan, *war cry, or gathering word.*
- Slot-hounds, *sleuth-hounds, blood-hounds, who follow the slot, or scent.*
- Slue, *slip softly and quickly.*
- Sma', *small.*
- Smaik, *a silly fellow ; a puny fellow ; a paltry rogue.*
- Smeekit, *smoked.*
- Smoor, *smother.*
- Snag, *suaggy, "aik snag," knarry stump of an oak, a tree having the branches roughly cut off.*
- Snapper, *stumble.*
- Snaps, *gingerbread nuts.*
- Snaw, *snow.*
- Sneck, *latch ; "sneck-drawer," latch-lifter ; bolt-drawer ; sly fellow.*
- Sneckit, *notched.*
- Sneeshing, *snuff.*
- Snell, *sharp ; cold ; severe.*
- Sniggering, *tittering sneeringly*
- Snod, *neat.*
- Snood, *a young woman's maiden fillet for tying round her head.*
- Snotter, *the proboscis of a turkey-cock. "To snotter and snivel," to blubber and snuffle. To snotter, is also to go loiteringly.*
- Somedece, *somewhat.*
- Somegate, *somehow ; somewhere.*
- Sorners, *sojourners ; sturdy beggars ; obtrusive guests, who pleaded privilege, and were not easily got rid of, at least in the Highlands, where the acts of Parliament against them were not enforced.*
- Sorning, *spunging, and playing the unwelcome guest.*
- Sort, *to assort : arrange ; fit ; accommodate and manage.*
- Sough, *the noise of wind ; the breathing of a person in deep sleep ; the chaunt, or recitative, peculiar to the old Presbyterians in Scotland, and to certain extra-religious castes everywhere ; also, a rumour.*
- Soup, *spoonful, or mouthful of soup, or other liquid, or spoon-meat.*
- Souple, *the striking part of a flail.*
- Souple, *supple ; active ; also subtle.*

Souther, sowder, *solder*.

Southron, *south-country man*; *Englishman*.

Soutor, souter, *shoemaker*.

Sowens, *flummery*; *blancmangé*, made of the oatmeal which remains in the bran after bolting, converted into a sub-acid starch.

Spae, *foretell*.

Spaewife, *prophetess*.

Spang, *spring*.

Spanged, *sprung*.

Sparry-grass, *asparagus*.

Spauld, *shoulder*.

Speck and span new, *quite new*.

Speel, *climb*.

Speer, *ask*.

Speerings, *askings*; *answers to questions asked*; *information*.

Spence, *dispensary*; *parlour*.

Spick and span, *matter and form*.

Spleuchan, *tobacco-pouch*.

Splores, *frolics*; *riots*.

Sporran (Gael.), *purse*.

Sprack, *spruce*; *sprightly*.

Spraickle, *scramble*; *get on with difficulty*.

Spreagh, *prey*; *literally, cattle*.

Spreagherie, *cattle-lifting, prey-driving*; also, *small spoil*; *paltry booty of small articles*.

Sprees, *sprays, short irregularities, and convivial indulgences*.

Springs, *merry tunes, to which people spring and dance*.

Sprug, *sparrow*.

Sprush, *spruce*.

Spulzie, *spoil*.

Spule-bane, *blade-bone*.

Spune, *spoon*.

Spunk, *a match*; *a taper*; *a spark of fire*; *a small fire*.

Spunkie, *will-o'-wisp*; *jack with the lantern*; *ignis fatuus*.

Spur-whang, *spur leather*.

Staff, *stave*.

Staig, *an unbroke-in young horse*.

Staik, *steak*.

Stalwart, *stalwarth, steelworthy*; *stout and courageous*.

Stamach, *stomach*.

Stance, *standing-place*.

Stanchels, stancheons, *iron bars for securing windows*.

Stane, staine, *stone*.

Stang, *sting*; also, *a long pole*.

Stark staring mad, *evidently quite mad*.

Stark, *strong*; *rigid*; *stiff*.

Staw, *put to a stand*; *surfeit*.

Steek, *stitch*; also *shut*.

Steer, *stir*; *molest*.

Steer'd, *stirred*; *meddled with*.

Steery, *bustle*; *stir*; *quandary*.

Steeve, *stiff*; *strong*; *durable*.

Steevely, stievely, *firmly*.

Stell, *place of covert*; *shelter*.

Stend, *make long steps*.

Sterns, starns, *stars*.

Stibbler, *clerical probationer*; *applied in ridicule*.

Sticked, stickit, *stuck*; *stabbed*; also *bungled and spoiled in the making*.

Stickit minister, *a clerical student or probationer become unqualified for the ministerial office from imbecility, or immoral conduct*.

Stievely, *stiffly*; *firmly*.

Sting and ling, *vi et armis*.

Stir, *sir*.

Stirk, *a young steer or heifer between one and two years old*.

Stoiting, *staggering*.

Stoop and roop, *stump and rump*; *altogether*.

Stot, *a bullock between two and three years old*.

Stour, *dust*; *skirmish*; *battle*.

Stour, stoor, *large and strong*; *stern*.

Stour-looking, *gruff-looking*.

Stouth and routh, *plenty*.

Stouthrief, *robbery*.

Stow, *cut off*; *lop*.

Stowings, *sprouts of colewort gathered in spring*.

Strae, *straw*.

Strae-death, *death upon the bed-straw*; *natural death*.

Straik, *stroke*.

Straike, *a strike*; *a bushel*.

Strath, *a valley through which a river runs*.

- Straughted**, *stretched* ; *made straight*.
Streak, *streek*, *striek*, *stretch* ; *lay out a corpse*.
Stress, *hard pressure* ; *hard straining*.
Sturdied sheep, *a sheep that has the sturdy, or giddiness, from water in the head*.
Suckin, *mill-dues*.
Suddenty, *sudden*.
Suld, *should*.
Sumph, *soft muddy-headed fellow*.
Sune, *soon*.
Sune or syne, *sooner or later*.
Sunkets, *provision of any sort*.
Sunkie, *low stool*.
Surquedy (*Ivanhoe*), *presumption* ; *insolence*.
Sute, *soot*.
Swankie, *supple active young fellow*.
Swanking, *supple* ; *active*.
Swap, *exchange*.
Swart-back, *great black-and-white gull*.
Swarfit, *swarveit*, *swooned*.
Swarved, *swerved*.
Swattered, *squattered*, *spluttered* ; *founced* ; *moved rapidly in the water*.
Sweal, *to run* ; *said of a candle*.
Swear, *sweer*, *lazy* ; *reluctant*.
Sweepit, *swept*.
Swire, *neck* ; also, *declination in a hill* ; *hollow between two hills*.
Swirles, *whirls* ; *circular motions*.
Swith, *quickly*.
Swither, *doubt* ; *hesitation*.
Swuir, *swore*.
Sybo, *an onion that does not form a bulb at the root*.
Syke, *sike*, *small rill*, *commonly running out of a quagmire* ; *small rill without sand or gravel*.
Syn, *sync*, *sin*, *since* ; *then* ; *after that* ; *in that case*.
Synd, *rinse* ; *syndings*, *rinsings*.
Syver, *gutter* ; "causeyed syver," *stone-paved gutter*.

T.

- Tac**, *toe*.
Tac, the *ac*, *the one* ; *tac half*, *the one half*.
Taed, *taid*, *toad*.
Taen, *taken*.
Taillic, *deed of entail*.
Tait, *lock of wool*, &c.
Tale, "wi' their tale," *according to their own story* ; *as they pretend*.
Talent, *purpose* ; *inclination*.
Tammie-norie (*bird*), *the auk*, *or puffin*.
Tangle, *the stem of the larger fucus digitalis*, *a species of sea-weed*.
The term is also applied contemptuously to any long *dangling* person or thing.
Tangs, *tongs*.
Tap of tow, *the quantity of tow*, *or hards*, *that is made up in a conical figure*, *to be put upon the distaff*.
Tape, *to tape*, *to make a little go a great way* ; *to use sparingly*.
Tappit hen (*in drinking*), *a tin pot with a nob on the top*, *containing a quart of ale*.
Tarr'd, *marked with tar*, *as sheep* : "a' tarr'd wi' the same stick," *one as bad as the other*.
Tasker, *a labourer who does task-work*.
Tasse, *cup*.
Tassell, *tussell*.
Tatty, *natted*.
Tauld, *told*.
Taupie, *a slow foolish slut*.
Tawse, *the leather strap used for chastisement in Scotland*.
Tee'd ball (*at golf*), *a ball raised on a nob of earth*.

Teind, *see* Tiend.

Tender, *delicate*, as to health;
weakly; *ailing*.

Tent, *attention*; *caution*; *care*.

Tough, *teuch*, *tough*.

Thack, *thatch*.

Thae, *these*.

Thack, *thatch*. "Under thack and rape," *under thatch and rope*; commonly used in allusion to the stacks in the barn-yard, after they are thatched-in for the winter; so that, "under thack and rape" means *snug and comfortable*.

Thairm, *smallgut*; *catgut*; *fiddle-string*.

That,—*"no that far off," not very far off*.

Theeking, *thatching*; *thatch*.

Theow and Esne (IVANHOE), *thrall and bondsman*.

Thiggers, *mannerly beggars*, that ask a benevolence, not an alms.

Thigging, *going round collecting benevolences*; *genteel begging*.

Thegither, *together*.

Thereout, *out of doors*.

Thick, *intimate*.

Thirlage, *thralldom*; *astriction to a mill*.

Tholed, *suffered*.

Thought, *a very little*; *somewhat*.

Thowless, *sluggish*; *inactive*.

Thrang, *throng*; *busy*.

Thrapple, *thropple, throat*.

Thraw, *twist*; *writhe*. "Heads and thraws," *lying side by side, the feet of the one by the head of the other*.

Thoom, *thumb*.

Thrawart, *cross-grained*; *ill-tempered*.

Thrawing, *twisting*; *thwarting*.

Thrawn, *twisted*; *perverse*; *ill-tempered*; *crabbed*.

Threave, *twenty-four sheaves*, or *two shocks of grain*.

Threep, *threap, accusation*; *per- tinacious affirmation*; *threat*. "An auld threep," *a superstition obstinately persisted in of old*.

Threepit, *persisted in averring*.

Thresh, *a rush*.

Through-stane, *grave-stone*.

Thrum o'er, *tell over in a tiresome manner*.

Thumbikins, *thumb-screws for torture*.

Tiends, *tithes*.

Tig, *twitch*.

Till, *to*.

Tillie-wallie, *fiddle-faddle*.

Time about, *alternately*.

Tine, *lose*.

Tinklers, *tinkers*.

Tint, *lost*.

Tippences, *twopenny pieces*.

Tippenny, *ale at twopence a quart*.

Tirlie-wirlie holes, *intricate holes*.

Tirling, *digging up*; *uncovering*.

"Tirling at the door pin," *twirl- ing the handle of the latch*.

Tirrieves, *tantrums*.

Tittie, the infantine and endearing manner of pronouncing sister

Tocher, *marriage portion*.

Tocherless, *portionless*.

Tod, *fox*.

Toddling, *waddling* as children do.

Took of drum, *tuck of drum*.

Toom, *empty*.

Toon. *See* Town.

Toot (tout) of a horn, *blast of a horn*.

Torsk, tusk, a short thick *cod-fish* so called.

Tou, *thou*.

Toustie, *testy*.

Tout, *pout*; *pet*; *huff*; also sound of a horn.

Toutie, *haughty*.

Touzled out, *ransacked*.

Touzled. *in disorder*; such as the hair uncombed; *rumped*.

Tow, *hards*; also a rope.

Town, *any inhabited place*; a single *steading*.

Toy-mutch, *close linen cap*, without lace, frill, or border, and with flaps covering the neck and part of the shoulders.

Trailled, *dragged*.

Traiking, *lounging; dangling.*
 Tramped, *stamped; trod.*
 Trampler, *scamp; run-a-gate.*
 Trashed, *deteriorated through bad usage.*
 Treen, *made of tree; wooden.*
 Trig, *neat.*
 Trindling, *trundling.*
 Trocking, *trucking; bartering; having intercourse.*
 Troggs, *troth.*
 Trotcosie, *a warm covering for the head, neck, and breast, when travelling in bad weather.*
 Trow, *trew, believe; think; guess.*
 Trump, *Jew's harp.*
 Tryacle, *treacle.*

Tryst, *appointment; rendez-vous.*
 Trysted with, *met with.*
 Tuilzie, *toolyie, tusyle, scuffle.*
 Tup, *ram.*
 Turbinacious, *of, or belonging to peat, or rather turf.*
 Turnpike stair, *winding staircase.*
 Twa, *twae, two.*
 Twall, *twelve.*
 Twalpennies, *one penny sterling.*
 Twopenny, *beer which cost twopence a Scottish quart.*
 Tyke, *dog, of the larger kind.*
 Tyne, *lose; tint, lost.*
 Tynes, *antlers of a stag; teeth of a harrow.*

U.

Udal, *allodial.*
 Udaler, *one who holds his lands by allodial tenure.*
 Ugsome, *disgusting.*
 Ulzie, *oil.*
 Umquhile, *whilom; ci-devant; late.*
 Unbrized, *unbroken.*
 Uncanny, *dangerous; supposed to possess supernatural powers.*
 Unce, *ounce.*
 Unchancy, *unlucky; dangerous.*
 Unco, *uncouth; strange; unknown; it is also used intensively, as "Unco little," very little.*
 Unfreens, *unfriends; enemies.*

Unhalsed, *unsaluted.*
 Unkenn'd, *unknown.*
 Untenty, *incautious; careless.*
 Untill, *unto; till.*
 Up-bye, *a little way farther on; up the way.*
 Upcast, *reproach.*
 Upgoing, *ascent.*
 Uphaud, *uphold; maintain.*
 Uphauden, *supported; laid under obligation.*
 Upsetting, *conceited; assuming.*
 Upsides with, *even with; quit with.*
 Up-tak, *conception; applied to the understanding.*

V.

Vaes, in Orkney and Shetland, *inlets of the sea.*
 Vaik, *become vacant.*
 Vassaill, *vessels.*

Vassail-buird, *cup-board.*
 Visnomy, *visage.*
 Vivers, *food; eatables.*

.W.

- Wa', *wall*.
 Waal, *well*.
 Wabster, *webster; weaver*.
 Wad, *wager; pledge; hostage*.
 Wad, *would*.
 Wadna, *would not*.
 Wae, *woe*.
 Waesome, *woful*.
 Waff, *blast*.
 Waif, *strayed; vagabond*.
 Waising, *weissing, directing*.
 Wakerife, *vigilant*.
 Wale, *choice; choose*.
 Wallie, *valet*.
 Walise, *saddle-bags; portmanteau*.
 Wallowing, *weltering*.
 Wallydraigle, *the youngest bird in a nest, and hence used for any feeble ill-grown creature*.
 Walth, *plenty*.
 Wame, *womb; belly*.
 Wamefon', *bellyfull*.
 Wampishes, *tosses frantically*.
 Wan, *got; won*. "Wan o'er," *got over*.
 Wanchancy, *unlucky*.
 Wanion, *vengeance; the devil*.
 Wan-thriven, *stunted; decayed; whose thriving is retrograde*.
 Ware, *expend; lay out*.
 Wanle, *active; strong; healthy*.
 Wark, *work*.
 Wark looms, *tools*.
 Warlock, *wizard*.
 Warld, *world*.
 Warse, *worse*.
 Warstle, *wirstle, wrastle, wrestle*.
 Wasna, *was not*.
 Wastell cake, *wassail cake; an oaten loaf baked in the oven, with carraway seeds, &c. in it*.
 Wastrife, *wastry, waste; imprudent expense*.
 Wat, *wet*.
 Wat, *weet, know*.
 Water-broo, *water gruel*.
 Water-purpie, *water speedwell; brook lime*.
 Wather, *weather*.
 Wauch, *waff, wauff, nauseous; bad, shabby*.
 Wauff, *wave; flap*.
 Waught, *heartly draught of liquor*.
 Waur, *worse; also put to the worse; get the better of*.
 Waured, *worsted; vanquished*.
 Wawl, *roll the eyes, and look wildly*.
 Waws, wells, and swelchies, *waves, whirlpools, and gulfs*.
 Wean, *wee ane, little one; child*.
 Wear, *last; endure*.
 Wear, *weir, war*.
 "Wear the jacket." This phrase alludes to a custom now, we believe, obsolete, by which, ~~the~~ paying a certain fee, or otherwise making interest with the huntsmen of the Caledonian Hunt, any citizen aspirant, whose rank did not entitle him to become a member of that more highly born society, might become entitled to the field-privileges of the Hunt, and among others, was tolerated to *wear the jacket* of the order.
 Wearifu', *painful; distressing*.
 Weasand, *wind-pipe*.
 Weather-gaws, *signs of an approaching storm*.
 Wee, *small*.
 Weel, *well; weal*.
 Weel, weil, well; *prosperity; advantage*.
 West, *waft, woof*.
 Weigh bawks, *the beam of a balance for weighing*.
 Weight, *a sieve without holes, for winnowing corn*.
 Weel a weel, *well well!*
 Weil, *wiel, a small whirlpool*.

GLOSSARY.

- Weird, *destiny*. "The weird is dree'd," *the ill fortune is suffered; the destiny is fulfilled*.
- Weise, weize, wuss, wush, *lead; guide; point out; show the way; direct; put in the way*.
- Welked, waukit, *fulled cloth, callous*.
- Well-head, *spring*.
- Wern, *scar*.
- Werena, *were not*.
- We'se, *we shall*.
- Wha, *who*.
- Whample, *stroke; slash*.
- Whang, *leather*.
- Whap, *curlw*.
- Whar, whaur, *where*.
- What for no? *why not?*
- When, whin, *parcel; a number of persons or things*.
- Whidding, *scudding*.
- Whigamore, *great whig*.
- Whigging, *jogging rudely; urging forward*.
- Whigmalceries, *trinkets; nick-nackets; whims*.
- Whiles, *sometimes*.
- Whillied, *wheeled; cheated by wheeling*.
- Whillying, *bamboozling; deceiving with specious pretences*.
- Whilly-whas, *idle cajoling speeches; flummery*.
- Whilk, *which*.
- Whin, *v. When*.
- Whingeing, *fauning and whining like a dog*.
- Whinger, *a sort of hanger used as a knife at meals and in broils*.
- Whinnying, *neighing*.
- Whins, *furze; gorse*.
- Whirrying, *flying rapidly*.
- White hass, *sausages stuffed with oatmeal and suet*.
- Whittie-whattieing, *making foolish conjectures; reasoning to little purpose*.
- Whittle, *knife*.
- Whittret, *weasel, from white throat*.
- Whomling, *whelming; overturning*.
- Whorn, *horn*.
- Whully-whaing, *cajoling*.
- Whummle, *whelm; turn over*.
- Whunstone, *whin-stone*.
- Wi', *with*.
- Wife-carle, *a man who busies himself about household affairs or women's work*.
- Will-awa', weal-away, *woe is me!*
- Willyard, *wild; strange; unaccountable; shy*.
- Wimple, *winding turn*.
- Win, *get; "win by," get past; "win to," reach*.
- Windle-strae, *crested dog's-tail grass*.
- Windles, *a turning frame, upon which yarn is put, to be wound off*.
- Window-bole, *the part of a cottage window that is filled by a wooden blind*.
- Winna, wunna, *will not*.
- Winsome, *gainly; lovely; pretty; of engaging appearance, or character and manners*.
- Withershins, *wrong-ways about; from right to left; contrary to the apparent motion of the sun*.
- Withy, woody, *rope of twisted wands*.
- Witters, *barbs of a fishing-spear, or of a fishing-hook, &c.*
- Witting, weeting, *knowing*.
- Woo', *wool*.
- Woodie, *gallows; also, a withie, or rope of twisted wands, in which malefactors seem formerly to have been hanged*.
- Worriecow, wirriecow, *hobgoblin; bugbear; scarecrow; the devil*.
- Wowf, *wayward; wild; unclaimed; disordered in intellect*.
- Wraith, *an apparition*.
- Wud, wood, *mad*.
- Wuddy, *v. Woodie*.
- Wull-a-wins, *woe is me!*
- Wull-cat, *wild-cat; cat-a-mountain*.
- Wull, *will*. "What's yer wull," *what is your pleasure*.
- Wuzzent, *withered; dried*.
- Wun, win, *get, in all its senses*.

GLOSSARY.

Wunna, *winna*. *will not*.

Wuss, *wish*. See also *Weisse*.

Wyliccoat, *boy's flannel under-dress*
next the shirt; *flannel petticoats*.

Wynds (in a town), *turnings off*
from the streets; lanes.

Wyte, *blame*.

Wyted, *blamed*.

Y.

* Yaffing, *barking, like a dog in a*
passion; chattering.

Yagger, *hunter; ranger about the*
country; pedlar.

Yald, *supple; active; athletic*.

Yammered, *made a loud outcry*.

Yanking, *way of talking English*.

Yaud, *jade; mare*.

Yaud, "far yaud," *a cry of encour-*
agement, or direction, from a
shepherd to his dog.

Yauld, *alert; athletic*.

Yearned, *curdled*.

Yearning, *rennet*.

Yelloch, *shrill cry*.

Yelloched, *raised a shrill cry*.

Yellow yoldring, *yellow yorling,*
yellow-hammer.

Yer, *your*.

Yerl, *earl*.

Yestreen, *yester even; last night*.

Yin, *one*.

Yince, *once*.

Yett, *gate*.

Yoking, *the ploughing that is done*
at one putting-to of the horses.

Yon, *there; yonder; beyond*.

Yook, *yeuking, yowking, itch, itch-*
ing.

Yowe, *ewe*.

THE END.

